# KENTISH SONGSTER:

O R,

## Ladies and Gentlemen's Miscellany.

CONTAINING

## Above FOURTEEN HUNDRED

OF THE MOST CELEBRATED

## ENGLISH, SCOTCH, and IRISH SONGS;

IN WHICH ARE INCLUDED

All the Favourite New Songs fung at the THEATRES ROYAL, VAUXHALL,
RANGLAGH, and POLITE CONCERTS,

In the SEASON of the YEAR 1784.

#### The THIRD EDITION.

Music the siercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above.
Pore.

#### CANTERBURY,

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The fun just glancing through the trees

The morning is charming, all nature looks gay

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### To the Ladies and Gentlemen of Great Britain.

O compile a volume of Songs for the entertainment of the public, without of fending against the laws of decency, has been particularly attended to; for which purpose industry alone was requisite. In this refined age, the theatres, the public gardens, and every place of mufical entertainment, affords an ample-range for felecting a pleasing collection, both as to the music and words. It is too true, that the public have been nauseated with volumes of songs, which are the disgrace of our language. The general encouragement that has been given to musical entertainment, has naturally excited men of genius to exert their abilities in composing some very excellent pieces, and whilft the ear is pleased with the harmony of the numbers, the heart is improved by the delicacy of the fentiment. This Collection the Ladies may fafely open, without the fart of a blush upon their cheek, or offend. The ing the most rigid virtue; nor can the Gentlemen be more pleased by the particular attention flewn to the Ladies, than by the compliment we pay to their good-sense, by an omission of all indecent ribaldry. We are forry to see so many publications, that are equally a disgrace to the understanding of the publisher, as an insult on the judgment of the public; but of these it is sufficient to say,

Immodest words admit of no defence, For want of decency is want of fense.

By this Compilation we pretend to no other merit, than having made a decent provision for the hours of mirth, by affording to every musical person an opportunity of turning to the most approved English, Scotch, and Irish Songs; and if by this Collection we have put into the hands of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this Country Pollet chearful, entertaining Companion, we have every reason to hope that our industry will not go unrewarded, but that we may truly subscribe ourselves,

Their very much obliged humble servants,

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To

## KENTISH SONGS.

SONG 1. The Man of Kint.

WHEN Hareld was invaded,
And falling loft his crown,
And Norman William waded
Through gore to pull him down,
The counties round, with tears profound,
To mend their fad condition,
Their lands to fave, they homage paid,
Proud Kent made no submission.
Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
All loyal, brave, and free;
Of Britan's race, if one surpass,

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A Man of Kent is he.

The hardy frout freeholders,
Who faw the tyrants near,
With burthens on their shoulders
A grove of oaks did bear,
Which when he saw in battle draw,
And thought that he might need 'em,
He ceas'd his arms, comply d with terma,
And granted noble freedom.
Then, &c.

At hunting, and the race too;
They sprightly vigour shew;
And at the semale chace too,
None beats the Kentish beau.
Possess of wealth, and blest with health,
By fortune's kind embraces,
A yeoman here surpasses far
A knight in other places.
Then, &c.

The promis'd land of bleffing To our forefathers meant, Is now in right possessing,

For Canaan fore is Kent:

The Dome of Knowl, by same enroll'd,

The church of Canterbury,

The hops, the beer, the cherries there,

Oft' serve to make us merry.

Then, &c.

Augmented still in story,
Our antient fame shall rise,
And Wolfe, in matchless glory.
Shall soaring reach the skies;
Quebec shall own, with great renown,
And France, with awful wonder,
His deeds can tell, how great he fell
Amids his god-like thunder.
Then, &c.

And the despetic power
With iron reins do check,
Our British sons of freedom
Their paint cause will back:
With voice and pen they forthwith stand,
Brave Sawbridge soon will tell them,
That virtue's cause and British laws,
Bold Men of Kent won't fail them,
Then, &c.

When royal George commanded
Militia to be rais'd,
The French would fure have landed,
But for fuch youths as these;
Their owen stall, and cricket ball,
They lest for martial glory,
The Kentish lads shall win theodds
Your fathers did before you.
Then, Sc.

The noble GAME of CRICKET. Written in consequence of a Match between Hampfbire and Kent. August 19, 1772, which was decided in favour of the latter.

ATTEND all ye muses, and join to rehearse An Old English sport never prais'd yet in verse, 'Tis cricket I fing, of illustrious fame, No nation e'er boafted so noble a game. Derry down, &c.

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old, [bold Some were swift in the race, some in battle were The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd, Hark! they flout! & Olympia returns the glad found

What boasting of Castor, and Pollux-his brother, The one fam'd for riding, for bruining the other; Then luftre's eclips'd by the lads in the field, To Minshall and Miller these brothers must yie'd.

Here's guarding & catching, & throwing & toffing, And bowling and friking, & running & croffing; Each ma'e must excel in some principal part, The Pentathlon of Greece could not thew fo much art.

The parties are met, and array'd all in white, Fam'd Elis ne'er boafted fo pleafing a fight, Each nymph looks afkew at her favourite swain. And views him half ftrip'd, both with pleafure & pain

The wickets are pitch'd now, & meaf a'd the ground Then they form a large ring, & stand gazing around; Since Ajax fought Hector, in fight of a'l Troy, No contest was feen with such fear and such joy.

Ye bowlers take heed, to my precepts attend, On you the whole fate of the game must depend; Spare your vigour at first, nor exert all our ftrength But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length :

Ye strikers observe when the foe shall draw nigh, Mark the bowler advancing with vigilant eyes Your skill all depends upon distance and fight, Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Ye fields men look sharp, lest your pains ye beguile Move close, like an army, in rank and in file;

When the ball is return'd, back it fure, for I trow Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow,

The sport is now o'er, 10 victory rings, Echo doubles the chorus, & Fame fpreads her wings; Let us now hail our champions, all fleady and true Such as Homer ne'er fung of, nor Pindar e'er knew.

Minshall, Miller, and Parmore, with Lumpey & May, Fresh laurels have gain'd by their conquest to day; Wood, Pattenden, Simmons, with Fuggles and White, With Boreman we'll join, & we'll toat them all night

With heroes like thefe even Hampshire we'll drub, And bring down the pride of the Hambledon club; The Duke\* with Sir Horacet, are men of true ment And nobly support such brave fellows with spirit

Then fill up the glass, he's the best who drinks mod The Duke and Sir Horace in bumpers we'll toaft: Let us join in the prase of the bat and the wicket, And fing in full chorus the partons of cricket.

And when the game's o'er & our fate shall draw night ( For the heroes of cricket, like others, must die); Our bats we'll relign, neither troubled or wext, And give up our wickets to those that come next, Derry down, &

The Hor-Supper.

A Round the brown board at the farmer's we me Where plenty of all we could wish for was fet; His hops were all pick'd, and of corn his barns fu Man and wife were all joy, 'twas a fin to be dulle Derry down, Oc.

He blest with his friends with his children & Ipoul Gave freely, drank freely, and bid us caroule; By fove, we enjoy'd it, as sons of true mirth, We drank him success in the fruits of the earth,

But the farmer's large bowl, & his flaggons of be (As brown as a filbert, and ag d a full year) [kl Made our eyes (like the stars in a frosty night two Not a brow of threefcore had that night the les

\* Of Dorfet.

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I the king and the queen to our presence had stept, And view'd. with our joy, what decorum we kept, They'd wish'd to have join'd us, when we with their pow'r,

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Would have fettled the nation in less than an hour. We drank, fung, and danc'd, & told flories of fun, Ne'er heeded old time, nor his fands how they run, Twas the farmer's good will we of joy should be full We refolv'd to be fo, and hang all that were dull.

Now death, thou destroyer of good and of evil, (Directed by providence) be to us civil; The life of the worthy pray lengthen the span, And spare this good farmer as long as you can.

Derry down, &c.

The ALLIANCE. WHEN Harwich Camp was form'd And Kent and York did meet, Like brethren they accorded; And did each other greet, In friendship's bands, they joined hands, In token of alliance; And to all foes, that dar'd oppole, They boldly bid defiance. Then fing in praise of Harwich Camp In which we all agree, Mongst soldiers brave, if one you'd have,

Of Harwich Camp is he.

We both have left our houses; And countries far behind, And now our vengeance rous'd is; We fear not fform or wind. The French to fight we both unite, Our country's rights maintaining ; Whene'er they come, we'll fend some home Most bitterly complaining. Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

Under our gallant leaders; We'll fight while we have breath, We'll go where'er they need us; In feorn of wounds or death.

When Dorfet bids, or Harvey leads, We'll prove our king's defenders, With bold Thornton, and Dallifon, We'll baffle all pretenders. Then fing in praise, &c. &c. We love our Majors, Captains;

Lieutenants, Enfigns too, Nor would forget our Chaplains; Could we their faces view. They cure our fouls o'er flowing bowls, Their bufiness is not fighting; At home they stay, receive their pay, Perchance their fermons writing. Then fing in praise, Gr. Gc.

As Men of Kent fo fam'd; And Yerksbire so renown'd, We will not be asham'd; To boast our native ground; Our meat we'll drefs, together mefs, And know no proflitution; We'll drink and fing, God fave the King And eke our conflitution. Then fing in praise, Gc. Gc.

And the' we've loft our Effex friends; We never can forget them, We hope they'll make us some amends; Whene'er the wind will let them; In the mean time, we'll meet in rhime. And wish them mirth and pleasure, With every sport, within the fort, They can have without measure;

And when the wars are over. Again we'll tend the plough, From foldiers we'll turn lovers. With laurels on our brow; Our wives we'll kils, our friends carele, And every toil forgetting; We'll cure our wounds, with the crash of hounds, From fun-rife to the fetting;

Then fing, Sc.

Then fing in praise, &c. &c.

Ope in Praise of KENT.

SWEET Melody! the charm repeat! We watch the birth of found.

To please the mind's a feast complete:

Rent's sons must ev'ry way with harmony be crown'd

Again inform the willing lyre,

With notes that might Apollo charm, Sweet and prevailing, like his fire. That please and melt us as they warm.

Along thy fertile fides, The swelling Thames, with plenty loaded, glides, Enriching thee with tributary tides.

Safe there, and in thy Medway's wat'ry bed, The floating guard of Britain's wealth and trade, In flate triumphant rides.

Her fleetscheir being owe to thee; Thou her fure bulwark; Europe's she,

Nor dost thou raise those giant frames alone, (Whose pow'r e'en Neptune's self must own:)
To rule where'er expanded ocean rolls;
Thou fills those bodies with heroic souls [sphere They journey with the sun, they join each hemi-And spread alike thy pow'r & blessings every where.

So well fet out for peace or war, What may not Albion dare!

Sweet liberty, thy Briton's boats,
To thy fons indulgent most,
Bids here succession be secure,
And titles still endure:
For virtues with estates come down,
And from the father bless the son.
Great souls with plenty rais'd, aspire:
A gen'rous spirit, e'en in swains,
Enlarg'd with ease, and seedom reigns,
That heav'nly double gift, the soud of manly fire.

The bleffing flows, as pleasure glides with health, From thy reviving springs;

And that'd by all the happy subject's wealth, Here magnifies the kings. Kent, early pious, early great,
Fair Albion's front, her awful head,
Her neighbour's envy, wish, and dread's
Thyself a royal state!
All rock, all fortress, to their fight;
To thy blest sons, all Eden, all delight!
While fond of thee, untaught to yield,
They're first to take, and last to quit the field's
Secure the eastern world you sace,
Nor can the greater mate the less.

The first great William, fortunate and brave, Who came to conquer, as the last to save, When on to Kent with victor troops he rode, Late of a thousand ships the load,

Britain, which he who half the world could awe, Great Cafar little more than faw, Bow'd to the Norman law.

The fons of Kent alone the tide withstood;
Of right tenacious, fingular in good;
Unshaken, tho' the only unsubdu'd.
In arms collected all agree,

To live and die, like their great fathers, free. Grasp'd with one hand, the threat'ning steel they The other, verdant boughs display'd. [sway'd In dire array, thus dreadful from afar, Invasion's living bar,

On the brow of the threaten'd land, The moving forest made a dreadful stand. The warrior king, mov'd at the doubtful sight,

So equal both for friendship, or for light, A parley founds; pleas'd even in focs to fee, Spirits so worthy to be free. They come, they answer d, newligent of life.

By friendly peace and generous firife,

To claim their dearer liberty and right.

Undanted race, the hero cry'd,

Such virtue cannot be deny'd;

Take more from me than foes can claim,

My friendship; nay, my conquiror's name;
Thus to your rights, and valour true,
Tis more like you to dare than kingdoms to subdis

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# SONGS.

## HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

Now family the woods and the fields?

Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!

As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,

Now landscapes encounter the eye;

Now Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,

Than that of the hounds in full cry.

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fight,

NGS

New strength from the chace we derive; Its exercise purges the blood:

How happy that mortal must live,
Whose sport yields both physic and food!
In new and so varied its charms, they ne'er cloy
Like those of the bottle and sace;
The oftner, the harder, the more we enjoy,
The more we're in love with the chace.

 Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn and the cry of the hounds.
Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
All the blessings I ask, is the blessing of health;
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,
No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.
Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we roam, Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home; Where the chearful good humour gives honesty grace, And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the face Then follow, &c.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn, Salutes the rosy, r sing morn, And echoes thro' the dale;

B

With

With clam'rous peals the hills refound, The hounds quick-scented scour the ground, And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brifk, high mettled, flarting fleed,
The jovial pack purfue;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The diffant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forfakes, And to the copfe for shelter makes, There pants a while for breath; When now the noise alarms her ear, Her haunts descry, her fate is near, She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rends the skies.

TARK! away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn,
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.
And all the day long.
This, this is our long;
Still hallowing.
And following.

And following, So frolic and free;

Our joys know no bounds, While we're after the hounds, No mortals on earth are fo happy as we.

While the hills they all echo, hillo!
With a bounce from his cover he flies,
Then our fhouts shall resound to the skies,
And all the day long, Se.

When we sweep o'er the valles, or climb
Up the health breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel?
Which alone they who taste can reveal.
And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done, Then we will go halloing home, With hallo, hallo, and huzza, Resolving to meet the next day, And all the day long, &c.

OME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters all

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We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phebus has shewn us the glimpse of his face, Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chate; He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away, And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps to lie down;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place;
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy; At his brosh nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly; They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll; We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowle

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King, From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring; To George peace and glory may heaven dispense, And foxhunters stourish a shouland years hence,

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rife,
The opening hound returns the found,
And echo fills the skies;
And echo fills the skies.

B 2

See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
On you blue mountain's brow;
The neighing fleed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now;
The neighing fleed, &c.

In ancient days, as flory fays,
The woods our fathers fought;
The ruftic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.
Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the foreft's charms;
Then o'er the bowl expand the foul,
And reft in Chloe's arms.

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THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
O'er hill and o'er valley he slies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet is the bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day;
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom, all happiness sours;
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with slow'rs.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.
O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,
So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun;

Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign.
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline:
A chace of two hours, or more, she has led;
She's down-look about you-they have her-she's dead.
How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

HE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold;
How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay?
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport, And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the

No care nor ambition our patience annoy, But innocence fill gives a zeft to our joy. With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.
With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the foldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the buly, hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleffings we ask is the bleffing of health,
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to
roam.

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home. With the sports of the field, &c.

THE

#### HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

The early horn falutes the morn
That gilds this charming place,
With chearful cries bids echo rife,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
All return the entivining found.

ITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to my woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd foon,
And ie to my torchead a waxing moon;
With shouting and hooting we piece thro' the sky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day,
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.
Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the feason invites, with all its delights,
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the fight when Aurora first dawns, To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns; To welcome the sun, now returning from rest, Their matins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To flart just as Phæbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley resounds
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate, Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate, Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear, And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town, And forn the dull pleafure of sleeping in down; Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, Sc.

OME, rouse from your trances! The fly morn advances, To catch fluggish mortals in bed; Let the horn's jocund note In the wind fweetly float, While the fox from the brake lifts his head; Now creeping, Now peeping. The fox from the brake lifts his head; Each away to his steed, Your goddeis shall lead, Come follow, my worthippers, follow, For the chace all prepare, See the hounds inuff the air. Hark, hark, to the huntiman's fweet hallo! Hark Fowler, hark Rover, See Reynard breaks cover, The hunters fly over the ground; Now they skim o'er the plain, Now they dart down the lane, And the hills, woods, and vallies refound; With dashing, And fplathing. The hills, woods, and vallies refound: Then away with full speed, Your goddess shall lead, Come follow, my worshippers, follow; O'er hedge, ditch, and gate, If you stop you're too late, Hark, hark, to the huntiman's fweet hallo!

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
Wi h me the sweet melody join.

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Nor quit him till panting he lies; While hounds in full cry, thro hedges shall fly, And chace the fwift hare till he dies.

hen faddle your fleed, to the meadows and fields, Both willing and joyous repair; lo pastime in life greater happiness yields, Than chafing the fox or the hare.

or fuch comforts, my friend, on the sportsman attend, No pleasure like hunting is found ; or when it is o'er, as brifk as before, Next morning we fourn up the ground.

TARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale, Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale, to charm us to barter for ignoble rett, the joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast, he morning is fair, and in labour with day, and the cry of the huntiman is hark, hark away, then wherefore defer we one moment our joys? Tafte hafte let's away, fo to horfe my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chace, Where meaner delights to more noble give place? While onward we press, and each forrow defy, rom valley to valley re-echoes the cry : Dur joys are all sterling, no forrow we fear, We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old care; orgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds, ed on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

THEN Phabus the tops of the hills does adorn, How fweet is the found of the echoing horn, When the antling flag is rous'd with the found, frecting his ears nimbly fweeps o'er the ground, And thinks he has left us behind on the plain: f the But still we pursue and now come in view of the glorious game.

O fee how again he rears up his head, And winged with fear he sedoubles his speed: But oh ! tis in vain that he flies, That his eyes lofe the huntsman, his ears lose the cries,

hto' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally, I For now his strength fails him, he heavily slies, And he pants, till with well-scented hounds surrounded he dies.

> ET the gay ones and great Make the most of their fate. From pleasure to pleasure they run, Well, who cares a jot? I envy them not, While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air, To the fields I repair, With spirits unclouded and light; The bliffes I find, No flings leave behind, But health and diversion unite.

OME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in the

Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can

With the health-breathing chace rouse the soul with delight,

With the jolly god, Bacchus, be jovial at night. See the high mettled fleeds! where fnorting they fly ! While, staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry ! While, staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from fuch sports now refrain, When the horn's chearful found calls you forth to the plain?

Poor Puffey! the flies, and feems danger to fcorn. Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn. See the high-mettled fleeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the fcent of the hounds ; Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the downs:

Brush them in, my bold hearts ! she sits panting for breath!

The victim is feiz'd-Hark! the horn founds her death. See the high-mettled freeds, &c.

AST

AST Valentine's day when bright Phæbus shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year:

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns fweetly

Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,
No fooner he spoke, but the fox, fir, he 'spies;
This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawfon, who car'd not a pin, He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in; And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren', With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his den. Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horfes were always as good As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood; Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die, Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry, Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more, Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore, But Reynard being spent soon must give up the ghost, Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toast.

The day's sport being over the horns we will sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,
So fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Taleo, &c.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rofy face, That calls the hunters to the chace.

Taleo, &c.

With musical horn, Salute the gay morn, These jolly companions to cheer; With enliv'ning founds, Encourage the hounds, To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd they cry;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,

All, all is a triumph of joy.

Thro' forests and stoods,
The stag slies as swift as the wind;
The welkin resounds,
With the cry of the hounds,
That chant in a concert behind.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,

Adieu to all care,
Pale grief and despair,
We ride in oblivion of fear;
Vexation and pain,
We leave to the train,
Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,
The pack's at a stay,
They eagerly seize on their prize:
The welkin resounds
With the chorus of hounds,
Shrill horn with his knell, and he dies.

HEN Phæbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
With horns we awaken the day,
And rouse, brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
With hark! to the woods hark! away:
See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
How sweetly it echoes around;
And high mettled steeds with their neighings all seem
With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with panic and dread,
At distance o'er hillocks doth bound;
The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
Hark! the horns! O how sweetly they found:

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Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales, All dangers we nobly defy;

Or nags are all flout, and our sports we'll pursue, With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,
No longer with swiftness he slies;
Each hound in his sury determines his sate,
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies:
With shouting and joy we return from the field,
With drink crown the sports of the day;
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,

Then away to the woodlands, away.

OW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and gold,

And the prospect around us most bright to behold;

The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,

The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.

Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join at the dawn,

The fong of the hunters, and found of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,

Whilst over the heath we purfue the fleet chace;

See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear,

As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Then rouse, &c.

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Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still, If we fink in the valley, or rise on the hill; O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly, For fearless of death we ne'er think we shall die. Then rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old;
That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,
And the health-giving chace made them bold in the
war.

Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl, The full flowing bumpers shall chear up the foul; Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring, And toasts to our lasses, our country and king. Then rouse, &c.

Sound, found the brisk horn,
'Twill enliven the morn,
And nature replenish with glee,
The vallies around,
Shall rejoice at the found,
And join in the chorus with me,
Let ladies each night

And fuch dull amusements embrace, At noon then arise,

Unknown to the joys

Of the health-giving, health giving chace.
But while they're content,

Why let them frequent
The playhouse, the park or the ball;
The pleasures I chuse,
My time to amuse,

Are greatly superior to all.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour we bound,
Led on by the loud founding horn,

Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness crown'd And joyful we meet the sweet morn.

Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace, Whilst echo re-echo'd enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they foar to the fky,

Their notes in a concert unite,

The music of hounds when set off in full cry, Would give a more tuneful delight.

Rofy health, &c.

Tis over, tis over, a pleafure divine,

Fresh air and full exercise yield,

At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the vine

We'll sing to the sports of the field.

Rosy health, &c.

RECITATIVE. TARK? the born calls away; Come the grave, come the gay: Wake to mufic that wakens the fkies, Quit the bondage of floth, and arise.

From the east breaks the morn. See, the fun-beams adorn The wild heath and the mountains so high; Shrilly opes the flaunch hound, The fleed neighs to the found. And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, fo good, Prov'd their greatness of blood, By encount'ring the hart or the boar; Ruddy health bloom'd the f ce, Age and youth urged the chace, And taught woodlands and forefts to roar.

Hence, of noble descent, Hil's and wilds we frequent, Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd. Tho' in life's bufy day, Man of man makes a prey, Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight, Gods! how great the delight! How our mortal sensations refine! Where is care, where is fear? Like the winds in the rear, And the man's loft in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys: Lo! each pants for the joys That anon shall enliven the whole; Than at eve we'll dismount, Toils and pleasures recount, And renew the chace over the bowl.

RECITATIVE.

HE chace was c'er, Actaon fought a feat, To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat: His fainting dogs, with toil and thirft opprest, Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh'ning rest. As on the hunter wandered, Diana and her nymphs appeared undreft: Whilst streams nor nymphs could fave her from his

Thus try'd the youth to speak, appal'd with fright,

O think me not, goddefs, to blame, I lurk'd not those charms t'espy; By chance to this covert I came. And fate is more faulty than I. All weary with hunning I strove To hide me from Phabus's ray; Forgive me thus destin'd to rove. O let me now win back my way.

RECITATIVE.

Enrag'd the goddess thus bespoke the swain, Who fu'd for pity, and had fu'd in vain :

Rash youth ! your mad folly you soon shall deplore, No mortal thus naked has feen me before, Lest you tell where you've been.

Boast of what you have seen, Bold hunter, here know

That Diana's your foe. That for this you shall never again see me more ; You shall branch out with horns, bound with swiftrunning feet,

No longer a man but a stag all complete.

Your hounds in full cry, Shall pursue as you fly, Chace you all the long day, Till they make you their prey,

Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rds Diang's retreat.

RECITATIVE. HEN first Aurora gilds the eastern hills. And on the ground her glitt'ring dew-drop spille,

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The fwelling horn falutes the rifing day,
Pleas'd with the found, all nature looks more gay.
The drow'y huntiman, freed from Morpheus chain,
With dogs and horfee featter all the plain:
From his close paddock starts the frighted deer,
Old earth scarce (eels him in his fwift career.

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ATR.

Over mountains see him bound. Lighter than the fleeting wind; Woods and vallies echo round. While he leaves them far behind. Now fainting with toil, He takes the cool foil, But there finding refuge in vain, He feeks the wide lawns once again. The flaunch op'ning hounds have at length feiz'd their prize, What joy reigns around, When brought to the ground, And the horn founds his knell as he struggling dies. Our sports at an end, The ev'ning we fpend, In innocent mirth and good cheer; Like bola Robin Hood, Our prey is our food, And liquor Old English brown beer.

HARK! the horn falutes the ear,
The hunters ready, morning clear;
Come, the happy hours embrace,
loin the ever jovial chace.

ATD

See the stag how he bounds
O'er the neighbouring grounds,
His speed still increas'd by his fear;
Hills and dales are soon past,
See his swiftness so vast,
The huntsmen he leaves in the rear,
'Twas Nimrod of old,
By the poets we're told,
Began first the sports of the chace,

Tho' fo great was his fame, There's a flur on his name, As men he pursued in the race,

But such tyrants the chace
Will its pleasures disgrace,
Yet friendship shall still be our guide;
With the sound of the horn,
Call forth each in the morn,
Our sports there shall nothing divide,

But again he's in view,
And we nearer purfue,
His spirits decrease as he slies;
Now they've pull'd him to ground,
And the dogs have him bound,
Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's complete,
Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
Our sport does our health still maintain;
To the bowl next away,
We'll with joy crown the day,
And then be as merry again.

#### RECITATIVE.

HE rosy morn with crimson dye,
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,
The feather'd race on every spray,
Sweet warble to the god of day.
When chaste Diana, goddess bright,
From balmy slumber springing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,
And thus her sylvan train address'd.

ATR.

From this high mount with me descend,
And hey to the joys of the chace;
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
And match the fleet stag in our pace.
My silver bow is ready strong,
My golden quiver is graceful hung,

Away my nymphs, away, away, Let flouts to the welkin refound, And she who strikes the destin'd prey,! Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush melocious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the black bird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

ATR.

Away, to the copfe lead away,
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us some play;

See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em, my

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn; What concert is equal to those of the w

What concert is equal to those of the woods, Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn?

Each earth fee he tries at in vain, In cover no fafety can find, So he breaks it, and fcours amain, And leaves us at distance behind.

O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly, All hazard and danger we fcorn;

Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die; Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,

Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and sleet pack 'twas in vain that he

See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn, The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead, And shout to the sound of the horn.

RECITATIVE. .

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top, Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes, The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear, The jolly huntiman winds his chearful horn, And the flaunch pack return the lov'd falute.

ATR.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,
Thro' the copie and the furz will we lead,
'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
I told you so didn't I?—see where he slies;
'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.

Let the horn's jolly found, Encourage the hound,

And float through the echoing skies.

RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp, Quickfet, or gate, the thundering course retard; "Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey, Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that and old beer of his own,

This found, bright and wholesome we'll fing,
Drink success to great George and his crown,

For each heart to a man's with the king.
And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,
The rich isle of faints, Britannia I mean,

Where men, horses and hounds,

Can be stopp'd by no bounds, For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so keen.

IRTH, admit me of thy crew,
To listen how the hounds and horns,
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing still;

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are all out,
The chace is begun, I declare;

Come up and to horse, let us follow the rout, And join in the chace of the hare.

Hark!

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The horn, how melodious it founds!

Our Puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,

And sly from the cry of the hounds.

There's Scentwell and Finder,

Dogs never known to fail,

To hit off with humble nose,

But with a losty tail, &c

Though up to the hills and the mountains she scales, Whose top seems to join to the sky; We mount in the air like a kite in a gale, And follow the hounds in sull cry. Though into the copse there for refuge she slies, We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds; While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries, We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd.

We are strangers to envy and strife;
When blessed with a wife, we return to her arms,
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste,
n pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

AM a jolly huntiman,
My voice is firstl and clear,
Vell known to drive the stag,
And the drooping dogs to chear.
And a hunting, &c.

leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning grey;
et loofe my dogs, and mount a horse,
And hallo, come away, &c.

The game's no fooner rous'd,

But in rush the chearful cry,

Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,

The frighted beast does sty, &c.

vain he flies to covert,

A num'rous pack purfue,
hat never cease to trace his steps,
Ev'n though they've lost the view, &c.

are

rk!

Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a losty tail, &c
To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
And faithful Finder joins,
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,
The view they'd loft they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's Ruler and Countefs,
That most times lead the field,
Traveller and Bonnylass,
To none of them will yield, Sc.

Now Duches bits it foremost, Next Lightfoor leads the way, And Toper bears the bell, Each dog will have his day, Sc.

There's Music and Chanter,
Their nimble trebles try;
White Sweetlips and Tunewell,
With counters clear reply, Sc.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy base;
Whilft Trouber and Ringwood
With tenors crown the chace,

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join;
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains, Delighted with the found, To neighb'ring dales and fountains

Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,

We drove him many a mile,

O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' flitch,

And hit off many a foil, &c.

And

And yet he runs it floutly,
How wide, how swift he flrains,
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scours it o'er the plains, &c.

See how our horses foam!

The dogs begin to droop,

With winding hotn, on shoulder bor'n,

Tis time to chear them up, &c.

[Sounds Tantivy.]

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer, Chear up my merry dogs all; To Tatler, hark; he holds it smart, And answers every call, &c.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chace,
'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll f llow,
Beset with craggy stones;
My lord cries, Jack, you dog! come back,
Or else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his c urse.
He pants for breath; I'll in at's death,
Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream;
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty stame, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim across the stream,
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
He can no longer run, &c.

DEN

Old Hetter long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is slung from's hold, &c.

Advances and retreats,
Gives many hound a mortal wound,
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts, And shake his branched head, 'Tis safest farthest off, I see, Poor Tailboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antiers,
With fuch a pack fet round,
Spite of his heart, feize every part,
And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care;
Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
Left they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil;
As home we pass, we talk o'th chace,
O'erpaid for all our toil.

And a hunting &c.

Awake and purfue the fleet hare;

From life fay what joy, fay what pleasure you reap,

That ere could with hunting compare:

When Phæbus begins to enlighten the morn,

The huntsman attended by hounds

Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,

Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have in view,
Nay ev'ry profession the same,
But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
Than such as accrue from the game.

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While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
And turn into day ev'ry night;

At the break of each morn the huntiman is up, And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,
O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;
For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
When each joy will another supply:
Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,
And desire no comfort to share;

But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass, And feed on the spoil of the hare.

HARK! for fure I hear the horns melodious
Then come come come join in [found;
The chearful merry din
Of the hounds in concert shrilt,
Heard round from hill to hill.
All shall join in jolly fong,
Noble sports to us belong;
Hail the morning's ruddy face,
Now begins the sprightly chace.

Then out scouts Reynard strong And nimbly darts along, To climb the neighbring hill, Or leap the purling rill.

All shall join, Sc.

Boys, follow then with speed,
As we have thus agreed;
Then come, come, mend your pace,
And follow brisk the chace.
All shall join, &c.

We soon shall see him lag,
Like deer or hunted stag;
Then press him hard, my bloods,
We'll drive him to the floods.
All shall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills, And over purling rills,

W hile

We will pursue the game, Till Reynard stout we tame. All shall join, &c.

Ah! fee in vain his flight,
His heart is broken quite;
And as he gasping lies,
He pants, he pants, and dies.
All shall join, &c.

YE sportsmen all,
Attend to the call,
The welcome call of the chearful horn;
Quit business for pleasure,
Nor thirst after treasure,

But purchase new life from the sweets of the morn, See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey, And white Lily stops, with the scent in his chaps, And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the

Then boys, haste away, [hounds. Without further delay, 'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the new

Whilft cares of state

And courtiers prey on their country's wealth;
No flately ambition,
Or fickly condition.

Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.

The sop, vainly proud of his delicate self,
The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,
And the lover who sighs, ogles, flatters, and lies,

Would they hither repair, they need not despair Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care

RISE, rife, brother bucks, fee how ruddy's the Diana's been long on the plain; [morn, Hark, hark, 'tis the found of the hounds and the Repeated by echo again. [horn, Then, 'to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay. Saway

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-Unkennel the fox from his den: [lands around, Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,

A puss should be started—O then, So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view, Then with hounds in full cry we the passime pursue.

But if we should meet with an out-lying deer,
The pastime so royal we'll rouse;
Pursue him till sain where he sies without fear,
And ne'er the glad sight of him lose.

Neither hedges nor ditches shall set us our bounds; It our horses are good we'll keep up with the hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return To enjoy our dear bottle and glass, And all be as ready as eyer next morn

To go back to the jovial chace.

Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown,

And each night with a bumper our day's sport we'll

forown.

How fost glides the stream the gay meadow a long' The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their song, How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn, The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn; And hark! still to heighten the joys of this place, The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chace

See over you clover the hare swif ly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;
Haste, haste, then away, let us join in the sport,
Leap the banks, sly the gates, to you covert resort;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath
Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now home we repair, While peals lood, triumphant, resound thro' the air. Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around, Where echo resides, but repeats the glad sound; While P' ebus well-pleas'd the gay prospect surveys And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

Thus bleis'd with the pleasures the country affords, Content with our stations, more happy than lords, With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing, Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring, While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place, We jocundly join in the sports of the chace,

LET the flave of ambition and wealth,
On the frolic of fortune depend,
I ask but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds and a friend.
In such real joys will be found,
True happiness centers in these;
While each moment that dances around
Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,

Health smiles on our days as they roll;

What can with true friendship compare?

And a tally I love from my soul.

Then up with your humper my boys,

Each hour that slies we'll improve;

A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—

Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.

42

NOW faintly glimm'ring in the east Sol brings on the ling'ring morn, As loth to quit fair Thetis' breaft, White dew bespangles ev'ry thorn. The herald lark salutes the skies, And bids the jocund sportsman rife.

Hark! the chace is begun,
See, yonder they run,
And fleet as the wind the flag flies;
O'er mountain and dale,
Thro' woodland and vale,
His purfuers awhile he defice.
But in vain is his speed,
They faster proceed,
In hopes to o'ertake him anon;

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While echo around,
With the horn and the hound,
Responsive replies Ton-ta-ron.

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ing,

Thus we pleasure obtain,
'Thout fickness or pain,
What ruddiness smiles on each face;
Ye jemmies prepare,
Mount the steed if you dare,
And overtake health in the chace.

THE fweet roly morning
Peeps over the hills,
With bluffles adorning
The meadows and fields;
The merry merry merry horn
Calls come come come away,
Awake from your flumber
And hail the new day,

Away feems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
Then follow follow follow
The mufical chace,
Where pleafure and vigour,
With health you embrace.

The flag rous'd before us

The day's sports when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night.
Then let us let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
et love crown the night,
As our sports crown the day.

RECITATIVE.
WHE N chearful day began to dawn,
While Cupid still his pillow press'd,
liana rous'd by hounds and horn,
Her gentle virgins thus address'd.

ATR:

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn, While the hounds chearful cries awaken the morn. Diana herself rules the sports of to-day, And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautions step avoid the bow'r,
Where wily Cupid steeping lies;
Fond nymphs, you'll sue the fatal hour,
Should Love our spotles, train surprise.
Hak away, &c.

Leading youthful hearts aftray,
But the joys our passimes give
Are jocund, innocent, and gay.
Hark away, &c.

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the fphere, And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets fo clear, I role from my tent, and like Richard, I call'd For my horfe, and my hounds too, loudly I bawld. Hark forward, my boys, Billy Mendows he cried. No sconer he spoke but old Reynard he spied; Over-joy'd at the fight we began for to fkip. Ton-ta-ron went the horn and mack went the whip. Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chin, O'er leaping a ditch-by the lord, he leap'd in ; When just as it hap'd, but the fly master Ren'. Was fneakingly haft'ning to make to his den ; Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood. Not a quickfet nor thickfet our pleasure withftood So ho! matter Reynard Jack Rivers he cried, Old Ren' you shall die, Daddy Hawthorn replied.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd, While the merry-ton'd horn inspired as we chac'd, No longer poor Reynard his strength could be boast, To the hounds he knock'd under & gave up the ghost The sports of the field when concluded and o'er, We sound the horn back again over the moor; At night take the glass, and most chearily sing The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

HARK! the huntiman's begun to found the finill Come quickly unkennel your bounds; [horn, 'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn, We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See yonder fits Reynard, fo crefty and fly,

Come faddle your courfers apace;

The hounds have a fcent, and are all in full cry,

They long to be giving him chace.

The huntimen are mounted, the fleed feels the four,
And quickly they fcour it along;
Rapid after the fox rups each mufical cur,
Follow, follow, my boys, is the fong.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away, Now Reynard's almost out of fight; But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,

He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies;

Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,

He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

To chase o'er the plain the fox or the hare,
Such pleasure no sport can e'er bring,
It banishes sorrow and drives away care,
And makes us more blest than a king;
And makes us more blest than a king.
Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,
Our hearts are transported with joy;
We rise and embrace with the earliest dawn,
A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,
No danger our breast can invade;
The hounds in full cry our joys will renew
An increase of pleasures display'd;
The freedom our conscience never alarms,
We live free from envy and strife;
If bless with a spouse, return to her arms,
Sport, sweetness, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,
Can ne'er such an happine's know;
The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,
Can ne'er such a comfort bestow:
Our days pass away in scenes of delight,
Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss:
We hunt all the day, and revel all night,
What joy can be greater than this.

Ev'Ry mortal some favourite pleasure pursues, Some to White run for play, some to Batson for news; To Shuter's drell phiz others thunder applause, And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise: But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun, And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phæbus has finish'd his summer's career, And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care, When Roger and Nell have enjoyed harvest home, And their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam; From the noise of the town and its sollies I run, And I range o'er the fields with my dog and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand, And none dates to stir, but the dog I command, When the covey he springs, and I bring down my I've a pleasure no passime beside can afford: [bird, No passime nor pleasure that's under the sun, Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear; There I exercise freely my levelling skill, And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often sill; For death (where I find them) they seldom can shun, My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command. Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand; If a woodcock they sluth, or a pheasant they spring With heart chearing notes how they make the wood Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run, [ring My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

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When at night we chat over the fport of the day. And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay; Then I think of my friends, and to each fend a part, For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart; Thus the vices of town, and its follies I fhun, And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

> - 49 RECITATIVE.

AWAK'd by the horn, like the spring, deckt in Betimes in the morning the hunters are feen; [green, With joy on each brow they enliven the place, And impatiently wait to join in the chace.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies. As the arrow that's that from the bow; O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies, And fears nothing but man, his worft foe.

RECITATIVE.

Now they trace him thro' the copfe, Panting, ftruggling-fee! he drops! Hark! rude clamours rend the fkies, While the dappled victim dies.

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Thus Britain's fons, in Harry's reign, Pursu'd the trembling Gaul, Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain, And triumph'd at his fall.

CHORUS.

Now hostile foes alarm ; arm, arm, Britannia, arm.

RECITATIVE.

Then away to the field, tis great George gives the word Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a fword; Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face, And be glorious in war as we are in the chace .

HArk, the loud tuning horn bids the fportsman pre-And the hounds woo him forth to the lawn pare The huntiman proclaims that the morning is fair, And Aurora with red ftreaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens the heart-soothing chear Shakes Morpheus and Sumber away :

While joyfe I he starts, and with speed doth appear The foremost to welcome the day.

With the harn's jolly clangor he quickens the chace And fills all the vale with his joys;

While his pleasure full glowing, enlivens his face. And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsman, ye drones, ye may learn how Exempted from pain or disease; He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will That health which you bar er for eafe. give

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does Why, how now, you fluggardly for! How can you, how can you tie inoring affeep, While we all on horseback are got, My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the over-night's cup. So terribly lies in my head; Befides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rife,

But cuddle me longer in bed.

My dear boy.

Come on with your boots, and faddle your mare. Nor tire us with longer delay; The cry of the hounds, and the fight of the hare. Will chace all dull vapours away, My brave boys.

RECITATIVE. HARK! from that cottage by the filent fiream, How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam Of light, that dawns upon the eastern hill, Tipping with grey the fails of yonder mill; And hark! from the farm below the watchful cock Warns the dull thepherd to unfoid his flock; His hurdled flocks the fresh'ning breeze int ale, And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale. See! how away the fevering clouds are driven. How gay already feems the face of heaven!

Those ruddy streaks foretel the sun is near To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere.

O! did the sons of dissipation know
What calm delights from early-rising slow,
They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields. [fields

Now indolence snores upon pillows of down,
Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,
Envy the gentle repose of the clown,
And in vain beg the blessing of ease.
Whilst we honest fellows, who follow the chace,
Of such troubles are never possess'd,
The banner of health is display'd in each face,
To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.

Can the flaves of a court, can the mifer fay this?

Or the wretches who feed in differs?

U! may fuch ne'er taste of our rational bliss,

Till, like us, they disdain to oppress.

RECITATIVE.

See! to the copie how the dogs foud along,
They've found out the drag of the foe;
And hark? how the huntimen ride shouting along,
He's now in the cover below.

Let's follow the cry, he'll foon be in view, Sec! yonder he sculks o'er the glade; Spur your coursers, my lads, and briskly pursue; Or's craft will our vengeance evade.

The shepherd with joy views the chace,
His lambs the vile traitor would fleece,
The farmer, delighted, beholds his difgrace,
And thinks on his turkies and geese.

The maids of the hamlet look gay;
The dames, o'er a noggin of ale,
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.

In quest of the fleet-footed foe,

As the hunters fly over the plain, as

Ev'ry breast feels a rapturous glow,

Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular strain.

RECITATIVE.

Far from the east had roll'd the glorious sun,
And thro' each well known haunt the fox had run;
The stream he'd past, and the vast mountain's height,
Seeking the dell where dark ling brakes invite;
There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain,
He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again;
But, as he fled, the crast y spoiler found,
Fleeting behind, the never fault ring hound:
Weary at length, he views the wide mouth throng,
And drags in pain his mired brush along;
Now spent, he fails, rolling his haggard eyes;
And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies.
Eager to view, the shouting train surround;
Hills, woods, and rocks, reverberate the found.

AIR.

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,
And holds up the strong-scented prize;
Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled hound,
Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies;

The deep found of the horn, borne afar on the gale, Ca Is the sportsmen thrown out, to the pack; They meet round the spoil, if their coursers don't fail Then away, to regale, they ride chearfully back.

RECITATIVE.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chare,
Which kings of old were eager to embrace:
While o'er the champaign ran the courtly crew,
The cheek was garnish'd with a roseat hue;
Then no pale Ganymede disgrac'd the court,
And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport;
No brooding malice there affail'd the breast,
To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.
Oh! glorious si ort, which can at once impart
Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

ATR.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport, Our nobles rejoic'd in the chace; They fled the intrigues of a court, The heart-chearing toil to embrace.

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Their offspring was ruddy and flout,

Curst lux'ry was yet in the bud;

They scarce knew the pangs of the gout,

Activity physic'd the blood.

A fribble they feldom could meet,
But now how revers'd is the fcene!
The creature's in every fireet,
Erecting his butterfly mien.

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Their

Could our ancestors rise from their graves, At fight of the gay spangled train, They'd fly the degenerate slaves, And wish to be buried again.

May fuch never tafte of our joy,

We hunters disclaim the whole race;

Whilft time over tea they destroy,

We're lost in the charms of the chace.

## CHORUS.

All you who would follow the mufical horn, Go early to bed, and falute the young morn. Our fports shall secure you the bosom's repose, And your cheek in old age wear the tint of the rose, Your nerves shall be strong, and feel, e'en in decay, Theraptures enjoy'd by the young and the gay. Then hither come all who would live long in heaith, A blessing the wise much esteem before wealth.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too, Who delight in the joys of the field; Mankind, the' they blame, are all eager as you, And no one the contest will yield. Its lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace, A hunting continually go; Ill ranks and degrees are eneag'd in the chace, Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

he lawyer will rife with the first of the morn, To hunt for a mortgage or deed; he husband gets up, at the sound of the horn, And rides to the Commons sull speed; The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.
While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.

Thus, public or private, for penfion, for place, For amusement, for passion, for thew, All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace, With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

- 54 .

A Sweet-scented beau, and a simp'ring young cit. An artful attorney, a rake, and a wit, Set out on a chace in pursuit of her heart, Whilft Chloe discainfully laugh'd at their art: And rous'd by the hounds to meet the fweet morn. Tantivy, the follow'd the echoing horn. Wit fwore by his fancy, the beau by his face, The lawyer with quibble fet out on the chace; The cit with exactness made up his account, The rake told his conquest, how vast the amount. She laugh'd at their follies, and blithe as the morn, Tantivy, the followed the echoing horn. The clamorous noise rous'd a jolly young fwain, Hark forward, he cry'd, then bounc'd over the plain. He distanc'd the wit, the cit, quibble, and beau, And won the fair nymph with hollo! hillio! Now together they fing a fweet hymn to the morn, Tantivy, they follow the echoing horn.

HARK! the hollow groves resounding
Echo to the hunter's cry;
Hark! how all the vales resounding
To his chearing voice reply.

Now so swift, o'er hills aspiring,
He pursues the gay delight;

Distant woods and plains retiring Seem to vanish from his fight. Hatk! the hollow groves, S. SEE Phæbus begins to enliven the east,
And fee the grey dawn wears away;
Come rouse, fellow huntsman, relinquish dull rest,
And join in the ports of the day;
No longer in floth let your senses remain,
Untainted the sweets of the morn;
Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,
To follow the sound of the horn

What mulic to ours can for sweetness compare,
What sports such a pleasure can yield?
What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?
What prospect so bright as the field?
Let misers for riches each transport forego,
'Midst their treasures diffress'd and forlorn—
We take ev'ry joy, and forget every woo—

We take ev'ry joy, and forget every woe— So charming the found of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,
Our hours pass contented along;
In innocent passime, in mirth, and in glee,
With a hearty repast and a song:
Ye mortals, unbiass'd by honours and wealth,
Those titles that forrow adorn;
Would you taste the calm joys of contentment

Would you tafte the calm joys of contentment and Then follow the found of the horn. [health,

THE fun now peeps o'er yonder hill, In streaks of golden red, For shame get up, nor slumber still, Quit, quit your downy bed.

For hark! horn and hound are feluting the day,
The fox from his covert is burfling away;
O'ar mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chaec.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowfy spleen;
The neighing founds, and deep tongu'd noise,
Now call us to the green,
For hark, horn, &c.

With rofy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong;
With tides of joy our blood shall slow,
Who join the hunting throng.
For hark, horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations rich the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.
For hark, horn, Sc.

58

OUT of fight are the hounds, boys;
We've lost them to day,
We are fairly thrown out,
Who will tell us the way?

RESPONSE.

If you'll follow up close, we will tell you the way,

Who, who are such friends to the joys of the chace! We hear but the voice, but we see not the face,

RESPONSE.

We cannot, we must not discover the face.

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

Are you fairies or goblins that haunt the rude plain Oh, fay who you are, that enliven our train.

RESPONSE

We are nymphs of the wood, of Diana's chafte train

PRINCIPAL VOICES.

O'er mountains, thro' fountains, then briskly well Diana and Echo shall join in the cry.

GLEE.

Love in yonder valley ties,
'Wake him not with noise or cries!
Fir'd with sport, with toil oppress,
Glad he takes an hour of rest;
See, see his quiver by his side,
Sure to conquer youthful pride!

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If he's rais'd, and points his darte, 'Tis too late to save your hearts'

CATCH.

When will founds of battle cease,
When the world is hush'd to peace.—
Welcome discord's horrid found,
Welcome clangor's bursting round,
Let the British thunder roar,
Shouts be heard from shore to shore.
Every brave commander sing,
With first and last, God save the King.

RECITATIVE

SEE, see, Aurora 'gins to rise, And paints with ruddy streaks the skies! E'er Pbæbus does his beams display, Let's to our jocund sports away.

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AIR.

Lrouse the game with hounds and horn, With chearful cries I 'wake the morn, Who rising with her rosy face, Enjoys the glory of the chace. See the swift stag slies o'er the ground, And hills, and dales, and woods resound; Whilst health and joy lead on the train. Provoke the chace and scour the plain: "And join" the joyial sportsman cries, "Till the stout prey, o'ertaken—dies."

- 60

WHO, who is this that strikes my wond'ring 'Tis rosy health, an hunter in disguise, [eyes He comes to win me from soft pleasure's train, And thus he speaks in his enliv'ning strain.

AIR.

Now the dawn's peeping over the hill,

To sleep breaking echos arise!

Hatk! the hounds and the hunters loud fill

The woods with their shouts and their cries.

Pursue o'er the mountains your prey,
Be first of the heart chearing race,
All rous'd by the toils of the day
You'll own the delights of the chace.

A hunter, no more you'll complain;
No spleen-brooding cares that I ye know,
A stranger to sickness and pain,
With life and new vigour you'll glow.
Then sly from the pleasures that pall,
That languor most certainly yield,
But wake to the horn's early call,
And haste to the sports of the field.

HARK, hark, jolly sportsmen, awhile to my tale, Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail, 'Tis of lads, and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog and briar. A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men, 'Tis a shrewd chance if ever you meet with again; Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there, 'Fore gad, he had shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Killruddery in search of a fox.
The Laughlin's-town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And 'Squire Adair, sure, was with us that day;
Jo Debill, Hall Presson, that huntiman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more, when Wanton set up a most tuneable roar; Hack to Wanton, cried Jo. and the rest were not slack For Wanton's no trisle, esteem'd in the pack. Old Bonny and Collier came readily in, And every hound join'd in the musical din; Had Diana been there she'd been pleas'd to the life, And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day, When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way; As strong from Killegar, as the he could fear none, Away he brush'd round by the house of Killternan, To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry wood then, Steep Sbank-bill he climb'd, and to Ballymanglen, Bray Commons he cross'd, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall, And seem'd to say, "Little I value you all."

He ran Bufh's grove, up to Carbury Byrn's,
Jo Debill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns,
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out,
To Malpa's high hills was the way then he slew,
At Dalkeystone Common we had him in view,
He drove on by Bullock, through shrub Glanagery,
And so on to Mountown where Laury grew weary.

Thro' Racbestown wood, like an arrow he pass'd, And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last, There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea, And said in his heart, "Sure none dare follow me." But soon to his cost, he perceiv'd that that no bounds Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettl'd hounds, His policy here, did not serve him a rush, Five couple of tarriers were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore, then again was his drift, But e'er he could reach to the top of the clift, He found both of speed and of cunning a lack, Being way-laid, and kill'd by the rest of the pack. At his death there were present the lads that I've sung Save Laury, who riding a garran, was slung. Thus ended at length a most delicate chase, That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We return'd to Killruddery's plentiful board.
Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord;
We talk'd o'er the chace, and we toasied the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places of wealth.
OwenBray baulk'd a leap, says Hall Presson, 'twas odd'Twas shameful, cried Jack, by the great living—
Said Presson I halloo'd, "Get on, tho' you fall,
"Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."

Each glass was adapted to freedom and sport, For party affairs, we consign'd to the court.

Thus we finish'd the rest of the day and the night, In gay slowing bumpers and social delight.

Then till the next meeting, bid farewel each brother. So some they went one way and some went another, As Phæbus befriended our earlier roam, So Luna took care in conducting us home.

THE doskynight rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The hounds all make a jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a hunting let us go,
Then, &c.

The wife around her husband throws,
Her arms to make him stay,
My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day.
But a hunting, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
His cunning's all awake,
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake.
When a hunting, &c.

Arous'd e'en Echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy,
The sportsman's breast in raptures burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then a hunting, &c.

Despairing mark he seeks the tide,
His art must now prevail,
Hark! shouts the miscreant's death betide,
His speed, his cunning fail.
When a hunting, &c.

For lo! his strength to faintness worn,
The hounds arrest his slight,
Then hungry homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a drinking, &c.

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GIVE round the word dismount, dismount, while echoed by the sprightly horn,
The toils and pleasures we recount,
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn,

CHORUS.

Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amis, nor made a stand;
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Asteon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command,
Of the goddess of the chace.
And we had hunted, Sc.

The hounds were out and fouft the air,
And scarce had reach d the appointed spot;
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.
'Twas glorious sport, Sc.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,

The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl;
And echo note for note repeats,

While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

Ind now the flag has lost his pace,
And while ware-haunch the huntsman cries;
is before swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies,
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

DECEMBER is the month,

When British brains are addled,
he morning's wet and dirty,
So get the cattle saddled,
For a hunting we will goe

What pleasure is so excellent,
As whip and cut and spur,
What music can compare,
To the yelping of a cur.

When a hunting, &c.

Act won was a hunter bold,
Wore horns upon his pate,
But we will take our wives with us,
And so avoid his fate.
When a hunting, &c.

If in ditch, or bog, or brake,
Our carcale chance to flick in,
We're champions all and fight the cause,
Of gander, goose, and chicken.
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chace, Should cost a man his breath, We're all militia captains now, And who's afraid of death. When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,
In passime e'ent it merit,
And if perchance we break our own,
Why damme e'nt it spirit,
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quift won't quit his bed,
For sports so blithe and bonny,
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,
And call him Macarons,
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,
Since nothing so bewitches,
Like spending all the winter long,
In boots and leather breeches.
When a hunting, &c.

THE blush of Aurora now tinges the morn,
And dew drops bespanglethe sweet-scented thorn;
Then sound, brother sportsman, sound, sound the
'Till Phæbus awakens the day: [gay horn,
And see now he rises in splendor how bright;
Io Pæan for Phæbus, the God of Delight,
All glorious in beauty now banishes night,
Then mount, boys, to horse and away.

What

ht,

her.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace, Health, bloom and contentment, appear in each face, And in our fleet courfers what beauty and grace,

While we the swift stag do pursue;
At the deep and harmonious sweet cry of the hounds,
Struck by terror he runs from the forests wide bounds.
And the lightning he darts c'er the grounds,
Yet still, boys, we keep him in view.

When chac'd'till quite spent, he his life does refign.
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchns's shrine,
And revel in honour of Nimred divine,
That hunter, so mighty of fame;
Our glasses then charge to our country and king;

Love and beauty we'll fill to and jovially fing; Wishing health and success, till we made the house To all sportsmen and sons of the game. [ring,

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for the LADIES.

SONG 1.

In this flady bleft retreat,
I've been wishing for my dear;
Hark, I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely chaimer near.

Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
True to love's appointed hour,
Joy and peace now smile again,
Love I own thy mighty power.

To fly, like bird from grove to grove,

To wander like the bee;

To fip of fweets, and taste of love,

Is not enough for me:

No fluttering passions wake my breast,

I wish the place to find,

Where sate may give me peace and rest,

One shepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay; Nor try on all my pow'r; Nor future pleafures throw away, In toyings for an hour: I would not reign the general toaft,

Be prais'd by all the town;

A thousand tongues on me are loft,

I'll hear but only one,

For which of all the flattering train,
Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their sure decline.
Then sops and wits and beaux forbear,
Your arts will never do;
For some fond you'h shall be my care,
Life's checquer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest;
No giddy slights shall make me roam
From whence I am not blest:
With love and only that dear swain,
What tranquil joys I see,
Farewell, ye talse inconstant train!
For one is all to me.

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GAY Damon long studied my heart to obtain,
The pretty'st young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amis,
And I'd often say no, when I long'd to say yes.
And I'd often, &c.

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S.

ane.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And sent me two lambkins to witness his slame;
Oh! take these he cried, thou more fair than their
Icould hardly say no tho' asham'd to say yes. [seece,
I could hardly, &c.

Soon after one morning we fat in the grove, He press'd my hand hard, and in fighs breath'd his Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss, [love, I design'd to've said no, but mistook and said yes. I design'd, &c.

While at this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his Yegods he cried, Chloe will now make me bleff breath Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss, To prevent being teiz'd, I was forc'd to say yes.

To prevent, &c.

Ine'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,
Ine'er was so happy as since I'm a wife;
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids if you will not say yes.
You must all die, &c.

My eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still,
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going.
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers furround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still,
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asseep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast,
Thus boys slily creeping,
Would catch a bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd; In vain against merit and Cymon I strove, What's life without passion, sweet passion of love, Sweet passion, sweet passion of love. The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow, From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can slow, Elysium to him but a desert will prove, What's life without passion, sweet passion of love. The spring should be warm, the young season be gay, Her birds and her slow'rets make blithsome sweet Love blesses the cottage & sings thro' the grove May; What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn,
Thy presence could ease me,
When naithing can please me,
Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
Or through the wood, laddie, until thou return.
Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While l'av'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing, Yet name of them pleases mine eye or mine ear, When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

That I am forfaken fome spare not to tell,
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning,
Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.
Then stay, my dear Sandy, no longer away,

But quick as an arrow, Haste here to thy marrow, Who's living in languor till that happy day, When thro' the wood, laddie, we dance, sing & play. L'ORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong, If aught too much I do ; Permit me while I fing my fong. To give a lesson too: Let modesty, that heaven born maid. Your words and actions grace; "Tis this, and only this can add. New luftre to your face. Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks Beyond the power of art; And ev'ry real blush bespeaks, The goodness of the heart; This index of the virt'ous mind Your lovers will adore; This, this will leave a charm behind. When bloom can charm no more. Inspir'd by this, to idle men With nice referve behave; And learn by distance to maintain, The power your beauty gave: For this when beauty must decay, Your empire will protect; The wanton pleases for a day, But ne'er creates respect. With this, their filly jest reprove, When coxcombs dare intrude; Nor think the man is worth your love, Who ventures to be rude; Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall, They fully with a touch; And tho' you mean to grant not all, You often grant too much. But, patient let each virtuous fair, Expect the gen'rous youth; Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to share, And bleft with love and truth : For him alone referve her hand, And wait the haspy day;

When he with justice may command,

And the with joy obey.

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love, I cull'd him the prime of the garden and grove; He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can fmiles and loft accents derifion convey, No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they; He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade, And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid

In my quick mounting blushes the virgins descry, What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny And the cold hearted prudes, ah how wary they shu The maiden whom frankness alone has undone,

Your thoughts then, dear fisters, with caution concel The fost growing passion be slow to reveal; Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such, That granting a whisper is granting too much.

O Happy hour all hours excelling,
When retired from crouds and noise:
Happy is that filent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd;
And consults the voice of nature,
When of raving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry action wifely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale;
Ev'ry scene of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail,

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins de To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are premiss I'm a maid that would marry; ah! could I butss (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.

I care not for fortune, &c.

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aurel w anners ame her very voi

AH! w What nee What a blush w hene'er Betrays Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion & dress; In all their sports upon the plain; Nor the 'fquire, who can relish no joys but the chace; Nor the free thinking rake, who no mortal can bind; Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind. Neither this, &c.

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Not the ruby fac'd fot, who topes world without end; Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend; Nor the fool that's too fond, nor yet he that's unkind; Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind. Neither this, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, & no breeding or merit; Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit; Nor the fine mafter fribble, the fcorn of mankind; Neither this, thar, nor t'other's the man to my mind. Neither this, &c.

But the youth whom good fense & good nature inspire Whom the brave must esteem & the fair should admire In whose heart love & truth are with honor conjoin'd This, this, and no other's the man to my mind. This, this, &c.

What joy does conquest yield, When returning from the field, hining in his glitt'ring arms, low the godlike warrior charms,

aurel wreaths his head furrounding; anners waving in the wind, ame her golden trumpet founding. very voice in concert join'd.

H! why must words my flame reveal; that need my Damon bid me tell, What all my actions prove; blush whene'er I meet his eye, hene'er I hear his name, a figh Betrays my fecret love.

My eyes still fix'd on him remain. And him alone approve; The rest unheeded dance and play:

From all he steals my praise away. And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess The joys which all my foul posses, And ev'ry care remove; Still, still, too fhort appears his stay, The moments fly too fast away, Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise. So pleas'd I am with all he fays, I ev'ry word approve; But is he blam'd, altho' in jest. I feel resentment fire my breaft, Alas! because I love.

But oh! what tortures tear my heart. When I suspect his looks impart The least defire to rove; I hate the maid that gives me pain. Yet him to hate I firive in vain. For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes. Believe my blushes, trust my fighs. My passion these will prove; Words oft deceive and fpring from art. The true expression of my heart To Damon must be love.

I HE fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds were finging on each fpray, When Colin met me in the grove, And told me tender tales of love : Was ever fwain fo blythe as he. So kind, so faithful, and so free, In spite of all my friends could fay, Young Colin tole my heart away.

Whene'er

Whene'er he trips the meads along, He fweetly joins the wood-lark's fong; And when he dances on the green, There's none fo blythe as Colin feen: If he's but by I nothing fear, For I alone am all his care; Then spite of all my friends can say, He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam, And seems surpriz'd I quit my home; But she'd not wonder that I rove, Did she but feel how much I love: Full well I know the gen'rous swain Will never give my bosom pain; Then spite of all my friends can say, He's stole my tender heart away.

TO please me the more, & to change the dull seene, My swain took me oft to the sports on the green; And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam, For he sear'd lest my heart should grow tired of home. To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind, I lest my dear cot and true pleasures behind; And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam. For false all the joy was that grew not at home. To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight, I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight; Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam, When love and contentment were always at home?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there too I'm bleft as I can be, and fing my glad fong; [long, I ask not again in the woodlands to roam, Nor chuse to be free, nor to my from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay, Who in roving now flutter your moments away; Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam, But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

Since they saw me alone with a swain in the grove, Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love;

With a laugh they point at us as passing along, And Colin and Nell are their jest and their fong. Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green, But Scandal now tells what the never has feen; Wherever we wander, yet fafter fhe flies, What we do, or we fay the reflects with her lies. How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted bow'rs; How we toy and we kifs at the fweet gilded hours ! All this, and yet more, if the will the may name, For we mee: without crime, & we part without shame I own that I love him, he's fo to my mind, And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind; I still will love on till our fate's to be blest, And the talk may be louder it sha'nt break our rest, Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ, And envy do all to embitter our joy; The time that is coming shall soften the past, And crown the gay nymph and her Colin at last,

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How blithe was I each morn to fee,
My fwain come o'er the hill!
He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good will:
I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay?
He gather'd in my fheep at night,
And chear'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lest was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fo fweet,
The birds flood lift'ning by;
The fleecy flock flood ftill and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we fpent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireft dame,
Tho' e'er fo rich and gay.
Oh, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He sole my heart; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born,
Oh, the broom, &c;

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TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our forrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has possess,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay, 'The sadly weeping fair Conjures thee not to lose, in day, The object of her care.

To grafp whose pleasing form she sought, That motion chas'd her sleep: Thus by ourselves are oftnest wrought, The griefs for which we weep.

WHEN lovers for favours petition,
Oh! then they approach with respect;
But when in our hearts they've admission,
They treat us with scorn and neglect.
'Tis dangerous ever to try them,
So artful are men to deceive;
'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,
So easy are maids to believe.

O Cupid! why art thou purfuing
Such endless designs on my heart,
To make me so fond of my ruin,
And doat on the caute of my smart?

In vain do I strive to remove him;
Affliction to reason is blind;
In spite of his failings I love him;
He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why, still you force me thus to fly; Cease, oh! cease to persevere, Speak not what I must not hear; To my heart its ease restore, Go, and never see me more.

WHEN unrelenting fates ordain
That lovers ne'er shou'd meet again,
What object round can joy impart,
Or wean from woe the bleeding heart!
In shades and silent scenes we find
The only joy that soothes the mind;
There, uncontroul'd, fond thoughts may rove,
And back recall the hours of love.

But, ah! when balmy hope is fled, To pleasure's voice the heart is dead; Then mem'ry only wakes to shew How deep the wretch is sunk in woe. The failor thus, who, far from shore, Hears all night long the tempest roar, Soon as the morning lights the skies, Beholds his vessel bulge—and dies.

THE foring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r To bloffom again on the mead or the bow'r;
Tho' sports on the plain the young shepherds prepare,
To me they're unpleasing if Jocky's not there.
Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene,
And nought but its gloom on each object be seen;
To me e'en a desart seems lovely and fair,
It fortune decrees that my focky is there.
Tho' sports, See.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs, From am'rous looks and fmiles; And shield me, in my gaver hours, From love's destructive wiles: In vain let fighs and melting tears Employ their moving art, Nor may delufive oaths and pray'rs E'er triumph in my heart. My calm content and virtuous joys May envy ne'er moleft, Nor let ambitious thoughts arise Within my peaceful breaft; Yet may there such a decent state, Such unaffected pride, As love and awe at once create, My words and actions guide. -Let others, fond of empty praise, Each wanton art display, While fops and fools in raptures gaze, And figh their fouls away: Far other dictates I purfue, (My blifs in virtue plac'd) And feek to please the wifer few,

Who real worth can tafte.

I faw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please; Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sight: Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on, And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own: Delutive fond hope seem'd, alas! to persuade, That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid. But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought Idea no longer its succour will lend, [kind; To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend: Then hush my poor heart, and no longer complain, thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;

Too late for redrefs, and too foon for my eafe,

Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drive this love from thy Perform well thy duty, let fate do the reft. [breaft,

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air; And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair: No vanity sways him, no folly is seen; But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear; His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear: Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes; He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous & gay; And his voice can, like music, drive forrow away: An amiable softness still dwells on his speech; He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live, And his heart is too honest to let him deceive: Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly ye can; Since merit and fondness distinguish the man.

CEASE, gay feducers, pride to take In triumphs o'er the fair, Since clowns as well can act the rake As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate, Shall hapless beauty go? In ev'ry station, ev'ry state, Poor woman finds a foe.

How bleft the maid whose bosom
No headstrong passion knows!
Her days in joy she passes,
Her nights in soft repose:
Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no sear invades her;
But pleasure
Without measure
From ev'ry object flows,

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Be warn And Tho' loo' 'Tis a

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F'tis jo How n Then his Oh! ho YE verdant woods, ye chrystal streams, On whose enamell'd side Ishar'd the sun's refreshing beams, While Focky was my guide.

No more your shades or murmurs please Poor Sylvia's love-fick mind; No rural scenes can give me ease, Since Focky proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the fky With clouds of darkest hue; Wither, ye plants; ye flow'rets die, Unchear'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
Your fongs can foothe my mind;
My hours of joy, alas! are o'er,
Since Focky proves unkind.

I'll hie me to fome dreary grove,
For fighing forrow made,
Where nought but plaintive strains of love
Resound thro' every shade.

Where the fad turtle's melting grief, With *Philomela*'s join'd, Alone shall yield my heart relief, Since *Jocky* proves unkind.

Bewarn'd by Sy: via's fate, ye maids, And shun the soft deceit; Tho' love's own eloquence persuades, 'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

ly, quickly fly, the faithless swain, His baffled arts despise; baffled you live exempt from pain, While hapless Sylvia dies.

I'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease,
then his passion we discover,
Oh! how pleasing 'tis to please!

The bliss returns, and we receive Transports greater than we give.

Da Capo.

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice;
No mortal man shall wed with me,
'Till first he's made my choice,
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,

A Dawn of hope my foul revives, And banishes despair; If yet my dearest Damon lives, Make him, ye gods, your care.

Against tyrannic fway?

Dispel those gloomy shades of night, My tender grief remove; Oh; send some chearing ray of light, And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a fecret friendly fnade,
The penfive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And figh for figh return'd.

When, fudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rifing fear difarms;
He eager fprings to her embrace,
She finks into his arms.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
Nor can change my constant heart;
Young Philander's generous passion,
Taught me first soft enclination,
Never shall your sly persuasion,
Make me act a treacherous part.
Gentle Damon, Sc.

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Cease, O cease, then this complaining, Such perfidious arts disdaining, Let bright honour once more reigning, To your soul its rays impart, Gentle Damon, &c.

LFT the nymph fill avoid and be deaf to the fwain Who in transports of passion affects to complain; For his rage, not his love, in his frenzy is shown, And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown. But the she pherd whom Cupid has piere'd to the heart Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart; Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom felt woe, Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow. Tho' filent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes, And his heart own your sway with a tribute of sighs But when he accosts me in meadow or grove, His tale is so tender, he coos like a dove.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee; [me?] I tattled, I rambled, I taugh'd, and where'er A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say;
'T was this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay:
And Sundays, drest out in my silk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man! Well rest him; we all are as good as we can; Yet he was so prevish, he'd quarrel for straws, And jealous, tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me and hust'd me, but let me alone,
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own,
Ye wives take the hint and when spouse is untow'rd
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.
But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago:
This I in e's a fore foe; there's no shunning his dart
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum-chance, I still love a tune, though unable to dance; And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf, I teach that to others I once did myself.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did forrow feel;
With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I fung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool! the filly, filly fool,
That trufts what man may be!
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

BENEATH a fragrant myrtle shade,
One morn serene bright Desia laid,
On mossy couch reclin'd;
By turns she view'd the sun and sky,
The purling stream that murmur'd by,
And through the meadows wind.

The tuneful choir their voices raife, And chant their fweet melodious lays, Soft warbling strains of love, The fleecy flocks in blithsome round, Skip wanton o'er th'enamel'd ground, And sport along the grove.

Thrice happy state, the fair one cried, Secure from envy, scorn, and pride!

Here love shall ever reign;

Come Damon take my willing hand,

Thy Delia yields to Hymen's band,

And sighs to bless her swain.

Oh! leave you gaudy train behind, Give flate and grandeur to the wind, Exclude gay pomp and noise, BL I bio

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While And go In bowers as fweet as Eden's were, The fwain as true, as kind the fair, Shall taste substantial joys.

Young Damon chanc'd that way to rove, And when the nymph confest her love, In raptures to her flew:
Her hand he prest, and stole a kiss, And in the height of rural bliss,
They bade the town adieu.

BLITH Colin, a pretty young fwain,
To court me, walks many a mile,
Ibid him return back again,
Tho' I wish'd him to stay a great while.
With all by which love is express,
He studies my heart to beguile;
I wish him success I protess,
Tho' I tell him he'll wait a great while!

He brought me this nofegay fo fweet,
And thought it more pleafure than toil,
I took it, referv'd and discreet,
But I'll not let him wait a great while:
He begg'd me to grant him a kiss,
So earnest, he made me quite smile;
Have done, I cried, sie! 'tis amiss,
Tho' I wish'd it to last a great while!

He tells me, I ought to be kind,
That time all my beauties will fpoil;
I crofs bim—tho' quite of his mind,
For I love he should talk a great while.
I sancy by what he has said,
My husband he'll be by his stile,
And when he once asks me to wed,
Oh? I'll not let him wait a great while!

To the woods I love to go,
When the leaves are green, and meadows smile,
When the hawthorns bud and blow,
And the Spring doth the wintry care beguile;
While birds are melodicully finging,
And gold-spotted cowslips are springing,

How fresh the flowers, the fields how fair, For ah! I meet my Colin there.

To the wake I love to go,

When autumnal flow'rets my ringlets deck,

When the ribbons loofely flow,

And wavingly wanton adown my neck;

As I trip it o'er the furrow,

My heart is a ftranger to forrow;

For be it a wake, or feaft, or fair,

I'm fure to meet my Colin there.

At e'en I love to go,

When the jocund lasses and lads are seen,

With a skip and a bound like the roe,

Pursuing their sports on the laughing green 3.

While they run the quick changeable measure,

I feel my heart panting with pleasure,

The dance I join, the passime share,

For still I meet my Colin there.

To the church I long to go,
With the merry men and maidens gay,
All in dreffes white as snow,

And blith as the spring in the month of May My friends and companions with posses,
With garlands and favours and roses,
Shall frew the ground, and braid my hair,
For I'm to meet my Colin there.

Returning day still saw me blest,
Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
Each night was crown'd with balmy rest a
But now, alas! no longer gay,
I rise to hail the chearful light,
I fit and sigh the live-long day,
And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Strepbon, hither hafte, Sure thou haft long perceiv'd my mind; I fear my words I vainly wafte, That thou art cruel and unkind; Or if some maid of happier fate

More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,

Oh! free me from this anxious state,

Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

FROM foft deluding tales of love,
Bright nymphs, your hearts fecure;
Nor let your curious fancy rove
From thoughts different and pure.
From foft, &c.

Man, favage man, by nature prone To objects daily new, Vows every prefent fair alone

Vows every present fair alone Shall find his passion true.

Could each fond fair but view the mind Of him who charms the ear, Their treacheries of ev'ry kind, Unnumber'd would appear.

YOUNG Jocky fought my heart to win, And woo'd as lovers woo; I. vers'd in all our fexes art,

Did just as maidens do:

Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,

I'd study to be shy at,

And when he press'd his fate to know,

'Twas pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain,

He made a mighty fuls;
Why, if, you know, one loves a swain,

'Tis wrong to say one does:

He told me passion could not live, Without more pleasing diet,

And pray, what answer could I give But pr'ythee, fool, be quiet?

At length he made a bold effay, And, like a man, he cried, Thy hand, my dear, this very day, Shall Celia be my bride? Convinc'd he would have teiz'd me still,
I could not well deny it;
And now, believe me, when I will,
I make the fool be quiet.

DAMON, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast,
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be express.

Damon, would you, &c.

In my filence view the lover,
True love is by filence shown;
In my eyes you'll best discover
All the power of your own.
In my filence, &c.

WHERE new mown hay on banks of Tay
The sweets of spring discloses,
As I one morning finging lay,
Upon a bank of roses.

Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead
By gend luck chanc'd to spy me,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And softly sat down by me.
My bonny bonny Jamie O,
My bonny bonny Jamie O,

I care not tho' the world should know, How dearly I love Jamie O.

The swain, tho' I right mickle prize,
Yet now I wad na ken him,
But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
And strave away to fend him.
But fondly he still nearer press'd,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thump'd fae fast,
I thought the lad was dying.
My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

But still refolving to deny,
And angry passion feigning,
I after roughly shot him by,
With words fow of disdaining,

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He feiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chid my pride;
So fweetly did the shepherd woo,
I vow'd to be his bride.
My bonny bonny Jamie O, Sc.

WHEN first you woo'd me to comply,
And taught my heart to flutter,
You said you ne'er wou'd from me fly,
As plain as tongue could utter.
That you'd be every thing that's dear,
Of joy you'd not bereave me;
I'd all to hope, and nought to fear;
Then sure you will not leave me.

Were I so wickedly inclin'd,
I might abuse the leisure;
I know who would be fond and kind,
And think attendance pleasure,
But I to honour will be true,
And never once deceive ye;
What's just to plighted love I'll do,
Then sure you will not leave me.

Say, fay the word, you will not go,
Nor cruel let me find ye;
With you all risk and toil I'll know,
But cannot stay behind ye.
Tho' left on Tweed's or Thames' smooth side,
Your absence sure would grieve me;
Oh what a pain it is to chide;
Sure, sure you will not leave me.

CRUEL Cupid, why diffress me, Why with fighs my bosom fill? Cease, fond urchin, to impress me, Make my flutt'ring heart lie ftill.

Force me not to pine and languish

For a false and fickte swain;

Who triumphing o'er my anguish,

Leaves me thus in grief and pain.

Virgins be not too believing, Shun the vile inconflant fex, Man was born to be deceiving, And weak woman to perplex.

WHEN larks forfake the flow'ry plain, And love's fweet numbers fwell; My voice shall join their morning train, In praise of Florizel.

When woodbines twift their fragrant shade, And noon-tide beams repel, I'll rest me on the tusted mead, And sing of Florizel.

When moon beams dance among the boughs,
That lodge fweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And fing of Florizel.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot
In gilded courts to dwell;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Florizel.

YE chrystal fountains softly slow; Ye gentle gales, ah! cease to blow, For Damon rests in yonder grove, And dreams, perhaps, of me and love!

Propitious powers! grant him that rest which seldom visits this fond breast; Still, still ye gales, around him rise, With breach as soft as Emma's sighs!

Around my love, ye vi'lets fpring! In plaintive notes, ye warblers fing! Ye roses blossom o'er his head And sweetly scent his mosty bed!

And if, O Love, thy potent dart
Should reach the sleeping shepherd's heart,
O! be to him a gentler guest,
And pierce with lighter shafts his breast!

WERE I as poor as wretch can be, As great as any monarch he, Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne, I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)
Grant me but innocence and health;
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

In the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said,
That a lass so engaging e'er died an old maid?
Oh no!—I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
For wedlock, I'm told's an agreeable state;
For wedlock, &c.

Of fuitors, I'm fure, I've at least, half a score, Who swear that they love me, and sigh and adore; Dull cits, country 'squires, prating barristers, beaux, But, I needs must confess, that I like none of those. I'm a bale of rich goods, so the citizens swore, And look ten per cent. better each day than before: The 'squire, with a kiss, bawls to cover, cries zounds, That he sancies me more than a kennel of hounds.

The lawyer, his suit too, with modesty press'd, That for him I'd decree, and eject all the rest; While the beau talks of nothing but fashion & cloaths Can ye blame me, ye fair, if I like none of those?

Some friends would persuade me to marry a sool, For women, they say, are desirous to rule; But as that is a pow'r which I ne'er wish to use, I'll tell you what sort of a man I would chuse:

A youth with some sense and good nature combin'd Just too learn'd for a dunce, not too wise to be kind: When I'm wrong with good humor to check & oppose Why I needs must confess I should like one of those,

ALL on the pleasant banks of Tweed
Young Jocky won my heart;
None tun'd so sweet his oaten reed,
None sung with so much art,

His skilful tale Did foon prevail, To make me fondly love him; But now he flies, Nor hears my cries, I would I ne'er had feen him. When first we met, the bonny swain Of nought but love could fay : Oh! give, he cried, my heart again, You've stole my heart away: Or else incline, To give me thine, And I'll together join 'em, My faithful heart Will never part, Ah! why did I believe him. Not now my flighted face he knows, His foon forgotten dear; To wealthier lass o'erjoy'd he goes, To breathe his falshood there: Mistaken Kate, The fwain's a cheat, Not for a moment trust him : For shining gold, He's bought and fold : I would I had not feen him. Then all ye maidens fly the fwain, His wily stories shun; Else you like me must soon complain, Like me will be undone; But peace my breaft,

Nor break my rest;
I try clean to forget him;
I foon shall see
As good as he;
I wish I ne'er had seen him.

T'OTHER day, as I fat in the sycamore shade, Young Damon came whistling along, I trembled, I blush'd—a poor innocent maid, And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:

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Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! what a flutter is here! Young Damon defigns you no ill; The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear, Then prithee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kifs he demanded, no more;
But urg'd the fost pressure with ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a score:

My lambkins I've kis'd, and no change ever found, Many times as we play'd on the hill;

But Damon's dear lips made my heart to rebound, Nor would the fond urchin lie fill.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
For shelter I'm sure to repair;
And virgins, in faith, I'm no longer asraid,
Altho' the dear shepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's something so sweet in the bussle it makes,

I'll die e'er I bid it lie fill.

LORD! Sir, you feem mighty uneafy, But I the refusal can bear; I warrant I shall not run crazy, Nor die in a sit of despair.

If fo you suppose, you're mistaken;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow;

SAY, little foolish, fluttering thing, Whither, sh! whither would you wing Your airy flight?

Stay here, and fing

Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half to happy as with me.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell, In chastity you lov'd me well, But now, alas! I am undone, And here am lest to make my moan: To doleful shades I will remove, Since I'm despis'd by him I love; Where poor sorsaken nymphs are seen In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such foft persuasive language hung,
That when his words had filence broke,
You would have thought an angel spoke,
Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my cost,
She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,
A snake may hide, or take it's birth;
So his false breast conceal it did
His heart the snake that there lay hid.
'Tis false to say we happy are,
Since men delight thus to ensnare;
In man no woman can be blest,
Their vows are wind, their love a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my Damon, or relief;
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my spring of joy:
But whilst I'm begging of the bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer this;
When Damon has enjoy'd he flies,
Who sees him love, who loves him dies.

WHEN late a fimple ruftic lass,
I rov'd without conftraint,
A fiream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.

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The charms I boast, alas! how few,
I gave to nature's care;
As vice ne'ef spoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

IN all mankind's promifcuous race,
The fons of error urge their chace,
The wond'rous to purfue;
And both in country and in town,
The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
Solicit fomething new.

The poets still from nature take,
And what is ready made they make,
Historians must be true;
How therefore shall we find a road,
Thro' differtation, song, or ode,
To give you something new.

They fay virginity is scarce,
As any thing in profe or verse,
And so is honour too;
The papers of the day imply,
No more than that we live and die,
And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth, In melancholy, or in mirth,. Then what shall ladies do; Seek virtue as th' immortal prize, In fine, be honest and be wise, For that is something new.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining, Talk no more of foolish love; Think not e'er my heart to reign in, Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
Thrice ten thousand flaves a day;
Thrice ten thousand times your better
Gladly would my rule obey.
Simple Strephon &c.

Seek not her who fill forbids you, To fome other tell your moan; Chuse where'er your fancy leads you, Let Chlorinda but alone. Simple Strephon, &c.

WHILE on my Colin's knee I fit,
Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
My panting heart true measure beats,
And gladly ev'ry figh repeats;
I figh with joy, that thou may'st see
I sympathize in all—in all with thee.
No matter how the ice was broke,
Or whether you or I first spoke;
Who only barter love for love,
The niceness of the passion prove:
For oft in gratitude we give,
And sometimes generously receive.
Level'd by love, let neither try
To fix superiority;

Level'd by love, let neither try
To fix superiority;
Since all the kind, the fond contest,
Of whether you or I love best,
Like heedless touching a wrong key,
But jars the sound of harmony.

By my fighs you may discover What soft wishes touch my heart; Eyes may speak and tell each other What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly leve. [Da Capo,

TELL me, laffes, have you feen, Lately wand'ring o'er the green, Beauty's fon, a little boy.
Full of frolic, mirth and joy?
If you know his shelter fay,
He's from Venus gone astray?
Tell me, lasses, have you feen,
Such a one trip o'er the green?

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By his marks the god you'll know,
O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
And a quiver fraught with darts,
Poison sure to human hearts;
Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
He can triumph o'er the mind.
Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound, Is his piercing arrow found, White the bosom'd heart it pains, No external mark remains; Reason's shield itself is broke By the unsuspected stroke.

Tell me, laffes, &c.

Oft the urchin's feen to lie
Basking in the funny eye,
Or his destin'd prey he seeks
On the maiden's rosy cheeks;
Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
Oft conceal his pleasing snare.

Tell me, laffes, &c.

She that the recess reveals
Where the god himself conceals,
Shall a kiss receive this night
From him who is her heart's delight;
To Venus let her bring the boy,
She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
Tell me, lastes, &c.

apo,

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains then he Each day on my charms to refine; [took, so much of an angel he faw in my look, That he swore I was something divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait, Like Pallas most wonderful wise; And thus of three deities fairly in prate, He purloin'd, to please me, the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found To make me a woman again; My notions celeftial fo much did abound, That a goddess I still would remain. But finding that his adoration would cease, My senses at last were restor'd; From sublimity gently descending to peace, I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you Nor too much her beauty commend; [prize, When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies, To the earth she'll not easy descend.

A THOUSAND charms the lover fees
In her he loves, white bolts and keys
Keep two fond hearts afunder;
But foon, each envious bar remov'd.
His paffion cools, and why he lov'd,
Is now his cause of wonder.

My heart is your's, you know my mind, In vain to answer nay; But will you be for ever kind, For ever and a day?

Your constancy, my dearest hope,
And fortune left, should I clope,
From parents unrelenting;
Ah, say! if then, your darling care?
Or would you court some wealthy fair,
Your love to me repenting?
My heart is your's, &c.

Your faith, if proof to female wiles,
And beauty's fweet alluring smiles,
You'll never play the rover;
Nor I of cold neglect accuse,
Or in the lordly husband lose,
The fond and tender lover.
My heart is your's, Sci

My Jockey is the blithest lad
That ever maiden woo'd;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow;

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Then tunes his pipe, and fings fo sweet, I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
And slies to me alone;
At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
I hear them making moan:
He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair;
No swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear
If Jockey is but by,
For I alone am all his care
When any danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitfunday,
And make me bleft for life;
Can I refuse, ve maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
To life wake my fond drooping breaft;
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And tafte neither pleasure or reft?
Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bowers.

The toils of the field are all o'er;
The shepherd and sheep all retreat;
They think of their pasture no more,
But crowd to their shelter from heat.
All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove, Where Sol cannot peep with a ray; 'Mong woodbines and myrtles I'd rove, Alone ware the moments away.

Then panting, &c.

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh!
Thy fight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.
Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

HE lowland lads think they are fine, But O they're vain, and idly gaudy; How much unlike the graceful mein, And manly looks of my highland laddie. O my bonny highland laddie, My handsome charming highland laddie; May heaven fill guard, and love reward, The lowland lass and her highland laddie. If I were free at will to chuse To be the wealthieft lowland lady, I'd take young Donald in his trews, With bonnet blue and belted pladie: No greater joy I'll e'er pretend Than that his love prove true and steady, Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end While heaven preserves my highland laddie. O my bonny, Oc. - 65 -

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
Because I young Colin approve:
Tho' witty and manly they him can't abide,
But I'm alone guided by love.
My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
No doubt but pursu'd the same plan;
My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue?

I wonder she angry can be,

When I in my turn the same thing but do, As she has long done before me.

But first when the shepherd my favour address'd, Like others I threw o'er a veil,

He'd figh, and he'd kifs, when so closely he press de l cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by, I've all I can wish in my view; Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and sie, The deuce shall take me if I do.

Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee, Such pleasure they each cannot gain,

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As Colin's lov'd prefence is always to me, For fure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he should show all the arts of his sex,
Or faithless as others might prove,
It would not my mind by half so perplex,
But knowing none else worth my love.
That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten
The licence he soon will procure;
Perhaps you will say, well, and prithee what then?
I'll wed him, my dear, to be sure.

THO' stills young, and scarce fifteen,
Yet sweethearts I have plenty;
And if more forward I had been,
Ere this they had been twenty.
Like buzzing slies, or wasps with stings,
In swarms they hover round me;
Ibrush away those humming things,
They have no power to wound me.

Ifurely am not much to blame
To sport with one and t'other,
My lovers raise no reddish shame,
'Tisplaying with one's brother.
Ilike to hear what each can say,
To see what they'd be doing;
And when they think me most their prey,
I'm farthest off from ruin.

What, tho' in crowds I pass the day,
And all my joy is teazing,
To one alone I'd not be gay,
Left one should be too pleasing.
They fondly flutter here and there,
And take their idle station;
They only catch my eye and ear,
But raise no palpitation.

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Then welcome Harry, Tom, and Phil,
Your numbers won't alarm me,
For, truft me, I'm in fafety fill,
'Tis only one can harm me.
Then to this folly, nymphs, be kind,
Coquetting's but a feason;

When older grown, to one refigned, I'll yield to love and reason.

No woman her envy can smother,
Tho' never so vain of her charms;
If a beauty she spies in another,
The pride of her heart it alarms.
New conquests she still must be making,
Or fancies her power grows less;
Her poor little heart is still aching
At sight of another's success.

But nature defigu'd, in love to mankind, That different beauties shou'd move, Still pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign Sole monarch in empire of love.

Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
And leave to your neighbours their due;
If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
You'll not be contented with two;

No, no, you'll not be contented with two,

AH, folitude, take my diffres,
For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee;
Each figh thou canft gently repress,
And thy filence is music to me.

Yet peace from my fonnet may fpring,
For sweet peace, let me fly the gay throng;
To fosten my forrows I fing,
Yet sorrow's the theme of my fong.

LIKE my dear swain, no youth you'd fee, So blythe, so gay, so full of glee, In all our village,—who but he,

To foot it up so featly?

His lute to hear,

From far and near,

Each female came,

Both girl and dame,

And all his boon,

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So blythe, so gay, so full of glee,
In all our village,—who but he,
To foot it up so featly?
His lute to hear,
From far and near,
Each female came,
Both girl and dame,

And all his boon,

For every tune,
To kiss them round so sweetly.

E

While round him in the jocund ring, We nimbly dane'd, he'd play or fing; Of May the youth was chosen King, He caught our ears so neatly.

Such music rare,
In his guitar,
But touch his lute,
The crowd was mute;
His only boon
For ev'ry tune,
To kis 'em round so sweetly.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me, Will you prove yourself forsworn? Can, ah! can you thus deceive me, Can you treat my love with scorn? O! behold your Chloe pleading, Turn and see your once lov'd maid; Let soft pity interceding, Ease a heart your vows betray'd. Must I hopeless pine and languish, Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain? See, he triumphs in my anguish, See, he glories in my pain.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth, Let hopes thy fear remove; Preserve thy faith and truth, But never doubt my love.

FLY, foft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor fighs
My virtue may betray:
Nature's great call, that govern's all,
A daughter must obey.
Alas! my feul denies to hear revenge's cries;
Dare not fond heart, to take his part,
But drive his form away.

You tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)
And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too;

That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June, And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in All this has been told me by twenty before, [tune: But he that would win me must flatter me more; But he that would win me must flatter me more,

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good humour soft raptures will bring,
My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring!
For charms such as these then your praises give e'er,
To love me for life, you must still love me more;
To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day:
For if that you love me, your slame may be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too;
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error, cease to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,

Which love did first create:

What was my pride is now my shame,

And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part,

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
You should all your hopes conceal;
Men, inconstant, will discover
What too oft our fex reveal.

Virtue teaches wife discretion, Fickle men are full of arts; A

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They seduce and steal our hearts.
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Shun, O shun, then, fost-persuasion,
Let not tears your passion move;
But embrace the first occasion,
When convinc'd they truly love.
Would you wish, &c.

AH! Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender art employ
To win my foul to love?

So well your passion you reveal, So top the lover's part, That I with blushes own, I feel A rebelin my heart.

Then take the heart that pines to go, But fee it kindly us'd; For who such presents will bestow, If this shoul'd be abus'd?

THE fields now are looking so gay,
The birds are all warbling so sweet;
Tis the welcome return of the May,
And the cowslip now springs at my feet:
But, all on a sudden, I find,
These scenes, tho' so lovely, will cloy;
For a moment they gladden my mind,
And put all my heart into joy.

How foon the enchantment can break!
With Colin these scenes would endear;
They only can please for his sake,
And Colin no longer is here.
At mid day thus lonely I rove,
And think all is dulness around;
By moon-light, with Colin and love,
Light-hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

Oh! Colin, make haste to appear, Or to morrow I sly from the plain; Tho' spring-time could last all the year,
The season would give me but pain:
Since all the warm sunshine of May
Is nothing if thou art not nigh,
Oh! come, and make nature look gay,
Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

I Do as I will with my swain,
He never once thinks I am wrong;
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so well with my song.
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day;
He's stry when comes the dull night,
That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress,

He ask'd me to sooth him the while;

My voice set his mind soon to rest,

And the shepherd would instantly smile.

Since when, or in mead or in grove,

By his slocks, or the clear river's side,

I sing my best song to my love,

And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
No treasures of nature or art;
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear
Soon found out the way to his heart.
To try if that voice would not please,
He took me to join the gay throng
I bore the rich prize off with ease,
And my fame's gone abroad with my song,

But let me not jealousy raise,

I wish to enchant but my swain;
Enough then for me is his praise,

I sing but for him the lov'd strain.

When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,

And your shepherds elude all your skill,

Your sweetness of voice may prevail,

And gain all your swains to your will.

TELL me, cruel Capid, tell me,
How this mischief first besel me,
In a moment so to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was won;
Ev'ry kind expression charm'd me,
Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
Ev'ry gentle sigh diffarm'd me,
'Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let methen, on love relying,
Make a merit of complying,
For him happiness denying,
I, alass! refuse my own:
Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first beselme,
In a moment so to quell me?
He but woo'd and I was won.

Young Colin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd;
I own I felt a fecret flame,
Yet not his fuit approv'd:
A thousand tender tales he told
I feem'd to think untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold;
What could a virgin do?
And made believe, &c.

The artless mind is so impress'd
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the semale breast,
He's sure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
When love's resolv'd to sue;
'Tis hard, thro' pity, to deny;
What can a virgin do?

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
Pity's foster claim remove,
Spare a heart that's just expiring,
Forc'd by duty, rack'd by leve.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
Nor with rancor never ending,
Heap fresh forrows on th' opprest.
Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cros'd,
Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
I, alas! at once have lost
Father, brother, lover, friend.
Let not rage, &c.

AH! feek to know what place detains
The object of my care,
If fill his breaft unchang'd remains,
If I his converse share.
Tell me if e'er he gently sighs
At mention of my name;
If e'er, when tender passions rise,
His lips his truth proclaim.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me, Send oh! fend the youth I love; Deign, O Cupid, to direct me, Lead me through the myrtle grove: Bear my fighs, loft floating air, Say I love him to despair, Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve, For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I wander,
Silent as the shades of night;
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he first has bles'd my sight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day.
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling, Deep in some sequester'd vale, Vo M

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There with mountal cadence swelling, Oft repeat my lovefick tale:
And the lark and Philomel
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain to bid adieu
To jey, to happiness, and you.

Vows of love should ever hind Men who are to honour true; They must have a savage mind Who resuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be, Who from conftancy do fwerve: So may ev'ry nymph agree All fuch faithless (wains to ferve.

WHEN tutor'd under mama's care,
Such charms did I inherit;
She gave first charge, that none should dare
To curb my growing spirit.
My neck and breasts were never hid,
Romances ever reading;
To hold my head up I was bid,
That I might shew my breeding.

Affected joy and forrow;
And what to-day was monstrous rud;
I thought polite to-morrow.
By earls and dukes I was address'd,
Each fop sure of succeeding;
Of ev'ry one I made a jest,
That I might shew my breeding.
Young Damon too confess'd a stame,
And rivals I had many;
What though I us'd him just the same,
I lik'd him best of any.
With sighs and tears he often swore,
For me his heart was bleeding:
only plagu'd him still the more,

That I might flew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,

Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
And fly to smiling Kitty;
I could not bear to meet distain
From one not half so pretty.
With gentler words I bid him stay,
For pardon fell to pleading:
To church we went, and from that day
I shew'd him better breeding.

SHEPHERDS, cease your soft complaining, I've a heart that scorns disdaining; I no bashful meanings want, All that virtue asks I'll grant; Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing, Distant awe, and vows of dying, All are senseles. Who'd believe He would die who still may live?

AH! where can one find a true fwain,
In whom a young nymph could confide;
Men are now fo conceited and vain,
They no longer have hearts to divide.
Or in court, or in city, or town,
All acknowledge how fruitlefs the fearch;
So polite too each village is grown,
E'en there girls are left in the lurch.

Then adieu to the thraldom of love,
Adieu to its hope and its fear!
Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
Who like it the willow may wear:
Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,
Send some youth with each talent to bless,
How far I my purpose could guard,
Is a secret I could not confess.

WHERE's my swain so blythe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in forrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny;

Love has flying wings, I well know-Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a doing?

Is he with the lasses maying?

He had better here been wooing,

Than with others fondly playing.

Tell me troly where he's roving,

That I may no longer forcow;

If he's weary grown of loving,

Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature:
But I can't, nor will I tarry,
Nor will hurt myself with sorrow;
I may lose the time to marry,

If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me;
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'll have me;
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forfake ye,
Whine not in despair and forrow;
Bless'd another lad may make ye;
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen, Was ne'er so diffrets'd as of late I have been; I know not, I vow, any harm I have done, But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun. But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry; With ways so devout I'm not like to be won, And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun. And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear, Is a thousand times better to me I declare; I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,

Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun, Way, b sides, &c.

Not to love, nor be low'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be fent to—one cannot tell where;
To live or to die in this case were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.
Nay, I sooner. Sc.

Perhaps but to teaze me she threatens me so, I'm sure were she me she would stoutly say no; But if she's in earnest i from her will run, And be marry'd in spice that I may'nt be a nun, And be marry'd, &c.

I SAW what feem'd a harmless child, With wings and bow, And aspect mild,

Who fobb'd and figh'd, and pin'd,

And begg'd I would fome boon beftow

On a poor little boy frome blind.

Not aware of the danger, too foon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver addart;
My pow'r you foon shall know,

Then levell'd his bow, And wounded me right in the heart.

WHILE on earth's fort lap descending, Lightly falls the feather'd fnow, Nature awfully attending. Each rude wind forbids to blow.

Whire and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her virgin mantle wears,
Soon the fickle feason veering,
Her deluded bosom bears.

Thus my foolish heart believing, Listen'd to his artful tongue; All his vows of love receiving, On each flatt'ring accent hung. Fondle Low Now.

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Fondly, for a time, mistaken, Love and joy conceal d my fate, Now, alas! at length fortaken, Sac experience comes too la e.

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ondly,

YOUNG Colin protest'm his joy and delight, He's ever unhappy when I'm from his fight; He wants to be with me wherever I g , The deace fure is in him for plaguing me fo. His pleasure al' day is to fit by my fide, He pipes and he fings, tho' I frown and I chide; I hid him depart, but he fmiling fays no, The deuce fure is in him for plaguing me fo. He often requests me his flame to relieve, lask him what favour he hopes to receive; His answer's a figh, while in blushes I low, What mortal beside him would plague a maid fo This breaft-knot he yesterday brought from the And fortly intrea ed I'd wear for his fake; [wake, Such rifles 'tis easy enough to bestow, Ifore deferve more for his plaguing me fo.

He hands me each eve from the o to the plain, And meets me each morn to conduct me again; But what's his intention I wish I could kn w, For I a rather be married than plagud with him so.

Ince lost to peace o mind seeme,
I drag my chain in fluides hope,
Ill court each melancholy scene,
And give my forrows their full scope;
My lovely, sprightly gallant tar,
Who sports with sierce destructive war,
Think what I feel, where'er the art,
Think of thy Mary's breaking heart,
Struct thy dancing castle rides
Upon the bosom of the deep,
The stormy winds and wave abides,
And navigation bids thee sleep;
But calmy sleep a d downy rest
Shall sly she tempest in thy breast,

When jealous fears, like mine shall prove The truth of my dear failor's love.

Hope, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,
More dreadful to the love tofs'd mind
Than those the skilful seaman braves,
Who leaves pale care and grief behind:
Th' adventurous maid, emback'd like me,
That sails on such a troubled sea,
The ocean's rage would sladly meet,
And in its depths would feek retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
Let reason whitper to my fears,
My failor may return again,
Crown'd with success to dry my tears;
When same, and all her gaudy charms,
Shall yield him to my longing arms,
And one bless'd hour together blend
The lover, hero, husband, friend.

CHORUS.

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen!

The firength, the power, the feas are thine,
Long may thy power on justice lean,
To be preserved they must combine;
To courage fingly ne'er resort,
For virtue is thy true support,
Tis that alone can strength maintain,
Be virtuous and for ever reign.

WAS I'a shepherd's maid, to keep
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.
Or would some bird, that pity brings,
But for a moment lend its wings,
My patents then might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold:
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all away I'd fly.

My shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain, While in forrow behind I am forc'd to remain;

The

Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blofforn, and fweet blows the thorn;
No pleafure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can pleafe now my fockey saway;
Forlorn I fit finging, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear fockey, again.
Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their laffes are on the green met, They dance and they fing, they laugh and they chat, Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee. I can't without envy their merriment fee: Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there, No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share; It makes me to figh, I from tears scarce refrain, I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again. But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair, He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here; On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast, For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will hafte: Then farewell each care, adieu each vain figh ! Who'll then be so bleft, or so happy as I? I'll fing on the meadows, and alter my strain, When Joekey returns to my arms back again.

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
I, Flora reassume my reign;
Borne on the wings of balmy May,
I come to paint the woods and plain:
Ambrosial sweets I have in store,
The cowssip, violet, rese appear;
The nymphs and swains my power adore,
And wish my presence all the year;
Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,
All diest with flow's and garlands gay,
With session in the same and song,
Now keep their much-lov'd Flora's day.

T is a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, it is twain, Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain, And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows To hear a fost tale, or to fing him a fong; [along, To hear a fost tale. Ec.

What at first was but friendship soon grew to a stame; In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the same; From each other our passion we sought not to hide; But who should love most was our contest and pride; But who should love most, &c.

But prudence foon whifper'd us, love not too well, For envy has eyes and a tongue that will tell; And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its fide, The grave ones will fcorn, and a mother must chide; The grave ones, &c.

Afraid of rebukes, he his vifits forbore, And we promis'd to think of each other no more, Or to tarry, with patience, a scason more kind: So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind; So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made, Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid: If we figh for each other, ah! quit not your care; Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair; Condemn the god, &c.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
Or Colin's at their will;
I mean to fing in rustic verse,
Young Strephon of the hill.
As once I sat beneath a shade,
Beside a purling rill;

Beside a purling rill;
Who should my solitude invade,
But Strephon of the hill?

He tapt my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
I could not take it is!;
For nothing, sure, is done amiss
By Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray;
See how they fit and bill;
So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty gleey
O love propitious fill!
May ev'ry nymph be bleft, like me,
With Strephon of the hill.

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From the man that I love, tho' my heart I disguise, I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
And if he has sense, Sc.

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A wit without fense, without fury a beau; Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow; A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon; In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon. A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox; Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks; As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog; In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog. As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.
Yet if he has sense, &c,

A YOUTH adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possest:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape express.

n moving founds he told his tale,
oft as the fighings of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year:
What wonder he could charm with eafe,
Whom happy nature form'd to pleafe,
Whom love had made fincere!

It morn he left me—fought and fell;
he fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And faw the tears I shed:
lears that must ever, ever fall;
or ah! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead.

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure, For finging, for dancing, and show; Then why will you waste such a treasure In fighing and crying—heigho!

Let's copy the bird in the meadows;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low a
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
And never sit crying—heigho!

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It fometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all your toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigho!

In age ev'ry one a new part takes:

I find to my forrow 'iis fo:

When old, you may cry till your heart aches,

But no one will mind you—heigho!

To the conscious groves I hie me, Where I late was blithe and gay, Try to fancy Colin nigh me, So to pass my time away.

But can scenes like these delight me, When my swain's no longer there? Hill, nor dale, nor stream in ite me, Now no more they're worth my care,

Come thyfelf, without delaying,
In those shades I find no ease;
But with thee, whish fondly straying,
Ev'ry place is sure to please.

O What a change in my fortune is this! See, fee the fequel of being a Miss; I who was lately in splendor and pride, Now to a block in Bridewell am tyld: Fool that I was, if my virtue I'd kept, Poor and contented, in peace I had slept.

Ladies

Ladies of pleasure, beware from my fall, Lest you, like poor Kitty, should come to mill-doll.

GENTLE shepherd, sooth my forrow, Kindly, kindly come to morrow; Let no loitering cares delay thee, Let no other pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me, Come, lest painful thought alarm me: Smiling love, restore my rover,

FROM place to place, foriorn, I go, With downcast eyes, a silent shade; Forbidden to declare my woe; To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

Hafte, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

Gentle shepherd, &c.

My inward pangs, my secret grief, My soft consenting looks betray, He loves, but gives me no relief; Why speaks not he who may?

TELL, oh! tell my lover true,
That—Oh heavens! what shall I say?
But my heart is known to you,
Its sentiments do you convey.

Can I what I feel explain,
When all expression 'tis above,
But you know my cause of pain,
And knows besides, what 'tis to love.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
If you'd have them constant prove;
Doubts and fears, and fighs and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I confented,
Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
He with conquest quite contented,
Boasting, tov'd around the vale.
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
Who rejects him with distain;
Love's a strange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without some pain:
Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

FLATT'RING hopes our mind deceiving,
Eafy faith too often cheat;
Woman fond, and all-believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches, Cupio's trick to catch the fair, Lovely maids too oft bewitches: Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare. Flatt'ring hopes, &c.

GENTLE breezes, waft him over
To the diffant fultry ifle;
Love will shield from harm the rover,
Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.

For an age you must not leave me,
Nor to farthest climates run;
Don't too soon of joy bereave me,
Hope must bring the wand'rer home.

Think of her you left behind ye,
And to tender vows be true;
Constant, fond, you still shall find me,
Peace, poor heart—tond youth, adieu!

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
Thou feed'st at noon thy sleecy care:
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
Lest by thy slocks I lonely stray,
Without a guide, and lose my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love, Let these be the works of the man I approve: Yet in June And in And in May of Be bar Forge He may

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For virt When I No pedant, yet learn'd, nor rakehelly gay, Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say; To all my sex, still obliging and free, Yet never shew sondness to any but me; Inpublic preserve the decorum that's just, And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust.

But when the long hours of observance are past, And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast; May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear, Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear: Forgetting and scorning the airs of a crowd, He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud; Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live, And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be fledfastly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul can conside,
Whose kindness can smooth me, whose counsel can
From such a dear lover as here I describe, [guide.
No canger should fright me, no millions should
But till I can find so uncommon a swain, [bribe;
As I long have liv'd fingle, I'll fingle remain.

SWEET mercy is the lovelieft flower, That heav'n e'er planted in the mind; The queen of virtue, whose fost power can e'en to godhead raise mankind. Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast A name that will in histry live; Yet he resembles heav'n the most, Whose godske bosom can torgive.

,sve

YOUNG Strepbon, the artful, the dangerous fwain, My love and effect has attempted to gain; With the same wicked arts he so out had betray'd, He thought to seduce one more innocent maid: But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware, lbaffled his scheme, and avoided the snare; For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn, When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he disWhatpresents he brought me Ichose to decline [guis'd
(The prodigal bounty of arts and design:)
He coax'd, and he flatter'd my person in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain:
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn;
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won, What credulous beauties his arts had undone; He swore that his faith should inviolate be, That his heart and those fair oneswere victims to me. I told him, those victims and faith I'd despise, And from such examples would learn to be wise; That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn, Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonness, built,
Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain:
But experience has taught me'tis dang'rous to trush,
And folly to think he can ever be just;
So I'll stille my slame, and reject him with scorn,
Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

TENDER virgins shun deceivers,
Who with base seducing arts,
When they find you fond believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

If a fickle swain pursue ye,
O, beware his subtle wiles!
All his aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.
Tender, &c.

DID not tyrant custom guide me,
To my Damon I would tell,
Never swain was half so loyely,
Never nymph loved half so well.

I would tell him that his beauty
First assam'd the conq'ring part;
But his manly sense and courage
Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.
Why should tyrant custom guide me, &c.

Censure's self could ne'er upbraid him,
Malice ne'er could spot his name;
All his sex who envy praise him
For his virtue, truth and same.
Tyran t custom shall not, &c.

AH! think' not to deceive me
With flattring oaths and lies,
'Tis all in vain, believe me,
For love has piercing eyes.

A triffing present given, Oft binds affection fast, And grateful woman's driven, To give herself at last.

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's strain
I've often listen'd in the grove;
And can you blame me, that a swain
Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas! could I my heart secure, Unless to worth and merit blind; Ah! say, could you yourselves endure To flight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the shepherd's figh,
Love o'er discretion will prevail:
To shun its power in vain we try.

I SEEK my shepherd, gone astray;
He left our cot the other day:
Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains.
Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your plains?
Oh! whither, whither, must I roam,
To find and charm the wand'rer home?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
Or joys he in the mountain scene?
Leads he his flocks along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
On! teach a wretched nymph the way
To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain; A manly softness crowns his mien; Adonis was not half so fair; And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear! But oh! the soothing poison shun, To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his stame;
To me the perjur'd swore the same,
Too fondly loving to be wise,
Who gave my heart an easy prize;
And when he tun'd his syren voice,
Listen'd, and was undone by choice,

But fated now, he shuns the kiss He counted once his greatest bliss; Whilst I with siercer passions burn, And pant and die for his return. Oh! whither, whither shall I rove, Again to find my straying love!

O GIVE me that focial delight,
Which none but true lovers receive,
When Luna bedecks the still night,
And glances her smiles on the eve;
When to the fair meadows we go,
Where peace and contentment retire;
Or down the smooth current we row
In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,
How sweet is each landscape dispos'd!
The prospect extends to the lawn,
Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
Come, Strepbon, attend to the scene,
The clouds are all vanish'd above;
The objects around are serene,
As modell'd to music and love.

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LOVE

LOVE afferts his pow'rfal reign,
Like a tyrant ownshis fway;
Love, tho' fweet, oft gives us pain,
Sometimes fad, and fometimes gay:
Since the age of fweet fixteen,
When the men do most adore;
I to love a slave have been,
Kis'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny swain,
And has stol'n my heart away;
Still I feel an anxious pain,
If he's absent but a day:
But whene'er the blooming boy
Comes at night upon the green,
Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
Doubts and fears diffurb my breaft;
Shoul'd he e'er inconftant prove.
This poor heart will ne'er have reft;
He of late is fonder grown,
And has fworn to love for life;
If he'll take me for his own,
I must be young Jockey's wife.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To refift the tender dart;
For examples move us never;
We must feel to know the smart.
When the shepherd swears he's dying,
And our beauties sets to view,
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due;
Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild, deceitful firain;
Frowning truth our fex displeases;
Flatt'ry never sues in vain;

But too soon the happy lover
Does our tenderest hopes deceive:
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe;
Foolish woman to believe.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains, O come and bless thy native plains; The daises spring, the beeches bud, The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away, Your smiles will make the village gay; When you return, the vernal breeze Will wake the buds, and fan the trees. Oh! come and see the violets spring, The meadows laugh, the linners sing; Your eyes our joyless hearts can chear, O haste! and make us happy here.

Was I fure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vileft flave,
Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
Rudest toil, severest need,
E'er yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love I conjure you,
And then in mercy set me at ease.

WHERE shall Delia sty for shelter?
In what secret grove or cave?
Sighs and sonnets sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave;
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns:
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wheresoe'er the damsel torns.

Virtue, youth, good fense, and beauty,
(If discretion guide us not)
Sometimes are the ruffian's booty.
Sometimes are the booby's lot:
Now they're purchas'd by the trader,
Now commanded by the peer;
Now some subtle mean invader
Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,
Or our grand-mamas mistake,
Stinting stame by 'bating sewel,
Always careful and awake.
Would you keep your pearls from tramplers,
Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;
Mark my song upon your samplers,
Wear it on your knots and fans,

YE blithest lads and lasses gay,
Come listen to my tale:
As I one evining sleeping lay
Within the flow'ry vale,
Young Strephon passing thro' the mead,
By chance did me espy,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And gently sat down by.

The swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,
Yet now I would not know;
But with a frown my face disguis'd,
And strove away to go:
But fondly he still nearer prest,
And at my feet did lye;
His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
I thought the lad would die.

But fill resolving to deny,
(The surer him to gain)
I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,
In words of high disdain.
He left me, never to return,
And to young Jenny slew;
Waste I my folly daily mourn,
For slighting one so true.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
Insensible creatures l'its all they can tasse.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow, Cease ye roaring streams to flow; Hush'd be ev'ry other noise, I want to hear my lover's voice. Where's the brook, the rock, the tree?

Hark, a found—I think 'tis he!
'Tis not he: yet night comes on,
Where's my lovely wand'rer gone?
Loud I'll speak, to make him hear,
'Tis I who call, my love, my dear!
The time is come. Why this delay?
Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To chear me your harmony bring;
Unless, fince my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing:
Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
In vain to restore my past ease;
What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
Has now lost the power to please:
Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
Not long for your absence we mourn;
But Strephon neglects me and love,
He roves, and will never return.

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And fa Indeed And I I'd do That r As gay as the fpring is my dear,

And fweet as all flowers combin'd;

His smiles like the summer can chear,

Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?

Unkind he is not, I can prove,

But tender to others can be;

To Celia and Chloc makes love,

And only is cruel to me.

well

ac'd,

I MET in our village a fwain t'other day:
He flopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment to flay:
Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he bore:
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yer, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jestimin, vi'let and rose,
He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows;
The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear these fine things in my breast;
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young thepherd for ever I fee, Protesting he never lov'd any but me; He gazes with transport, and kiffes me too, And swears that he'll ever be constant and true: But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow; Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft fee the tears ffreaming fast from his eyes, And hear him, poor youth! breath a thousand of fighs He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me, Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he: But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow; Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain?
Indeed, ever since, his sad fate I deplore,
And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more;
I'd do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
That my heart may have ease the I cannot tell bew.

LOVELY, yet ungrateful swain, Strive not to regain my heart; Ev'ry tender look is vain, Since you play'd a traitor's part.

All your oaths, and all your fighs, Once I foolifhly believ'd; But Paffora's joyful eyes, And your blushes, undeceiv'd.

Strive not to regain a heart
True in love and firm in pain,
Which (though death should reach the art)
Can, when slighted, slight again.

OF all the swains around the Tweed,
So blithe and debonair,
Not one, it is by all agreed,
With Jockey can compare:
So gay a form, so just a mind
Before was never feen;
Nor e'er was swain to me so kind
As Jockey of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to stray,
The fields or groves along,
Young Jockey meets me on my way,
And cheers me with a fong;
And when I tet on bank of Taveed,
Where rural sports are seen,
None tune so save the oaten reed,
As Jockey of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,
Of love for me alone;
And, if I but his flame approve,
He'll take me for his own:
If fo, I'll quickly blefs for life
The blitheft fwain e'er feen;
And be the wedded, faithful wife
Of Jockey of the green,

WELCOME

WHAT med'cine can fosten the bosom's keen
What Lethe can banish the pain? [smart?
What cure can be met with, to sooth the fond heart
That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try.
The sports of the wake and the green!
When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,
"Tas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the foft nightingales moan
In accents to piercing and clear;
You fing not fo fweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,

And pluck it, ye nymphs, from you grove;

For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,

And Damon pretended to love.

SIMPLE Strephon cease complaining,
Lest thy doubts my anger move;
Why must jealous fears be reigning,
To disturb the blifs of love?
If Ie'er had shun'd your passion,
Then you gently might reprove,
And your gen'rous inclination
Might suspect my want of love.

As thro' the fields I chanc'd to firay
To hear the linnet's fong,
I met a fhepherd in my way,
The blithest of the throng.
He stop:, and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale:
Then stole a kis, but what of that?
'Twas Willy of the dale.

He prest my hand, and talk'd of love With extacy divine; Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove, And, if I pleas'd, he mine, To meet him thus, (no creature near)
Soon made my cheeks look pale;
But he declar'd I need not fear
Young Willy of the dale.

None fure possess such charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's still more, he's kind;
For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the lasses rail,
And vows I am the sole delight
'Of Willy of the dale.'

STREPHON woo me now or never,
If you wish my heart to gain;
Slight the occasion, you for ever
May pursue and sigh in vain:
Now's your time to play the lover,
Then with ardor act your part;
By each glance you may discover
That you're welcome to my heart.
Tho' your art proves unavailing,
When we can resist its power,
Yet 'twill always be prevailing,
In some weak unguarded hour,

By Treed's clear fream as late I fray'd,
And fat reclin'd beneath the shade,
Young Sandy chanc'd to pass that way,
As blooming as the sweets of May.
Pleas'd he seem'd to find me there,
For I alone am all his care:
Then fince he's gen'rous, kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair, And hought me ribbands for my hair, With trinkets I had never feen, And dane'd with me upon the green: SING An I foon For

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E'en le With You fo As e Such kindness I shall ever own, And will be true to him alone; For since he's gen'rous, kind and free, Young Sandy is the lad for me.

E'er summer's gone he means, for life, To take me for his wedded wise; And vows he'll ever faithful prove, And make me happy in his love: How blest am I with such a swain Who ne'er will give my bosom pain; Then since he'proves so kind and free, Young Sandy is the lad for me.

SINCE all fo nicely take offence, And pinking is the fashion, I foon shall find a good pretence For being in a passion.

If any on my dress or air
'To jest dare take occasion;
By semale honour, I declare,
I'll have an explanation.

If you're too free, and full of play,
By Jove my lads, I'll cure ye;
And if too cold you turn away,
You'll rouze a very fury.

Alaw is ev'ry thing I fay,

No fwain shall call me cruel;
Who'er my will shall disobey,
'Tis signal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,

And various weapons carry;
I've glancing lightning in my eye,

And tongue, a fword to parry.

E'en let him arm with what he will, With Cupid's bow and arrow; You foon thall fee my man I'll kill, As eafy as a sparrow. WITH the pride of the garden and field,
We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day;
And all that the summer can field
Seems there to be blooming and gay;
'Tis better to gather in time,
The flow'r that else wastingly blows;
Little more than a day is the prime
Of the lilly, the pink, and the rose.

Soft beauty's the May springing flow'r
That has but a season to boast;
Let us make what we can of it's pow'r,
Which else in a year may be lost:
Let us scorn a short triumph of joy
O'er shepherds, because of a face;
Nor venture too long to be cov,
Lest winter discolour each grace.

Should we flightingly laugh at their pain,
Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day;
When they fade we shall court them in vain,
When they're wither'd they'll fling us away?
Those treasures so gaudy and rare,
Must wake ev'ry breast to desire;
We may have whom we will while so fair,

Go, seek some nymph of humbler lot, To share thy board, and deck thy cot;

And should yield to the love we inspire,

To share thy board, and deck thy cot; With joy I sly the simple youth, Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown, Shall mourn its peace and pleasure slown; Nor shall my faith reward a swain, Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

COME dear idol of my fancy,
View the bow'r which love has drefs'd;
With thy prefence blefs thy Nancy,
Soft carefling and carefs'd.

Flora spreads her blooming treasure.

Birds chant here on ev'ry spray;

Yet how faint each rural pleasure,

While my charmer is away.

When with fruitless love we're burning,
All partake the mind's disease;
But the youth our love returning,
Ev'ry scene is sure to please.

You impudent man, you!
Nay, prishee, how can you?
Indeed, I'll affure you,
Will nothing then cure you?
Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You teaze one to death;
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horse play;
Besides, 'tis not right,
To see one in this fright;
Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own too much room,
You have had to prefume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would teaze me;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em;
Yet at less in one's carriage,
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

How can I again believe you?

Could I doubt, so oft you swore?

That your tongue may not deceive me,

Let me see your face no more.

Falshood be your boast and fashion,
Truth is mine, and heart sincere:
You have cur'd me of my passion,
I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a swain's oft roving, While he wins the easy maid; Hard her fate who must be loving, Where her love is not repaid. If ever a fond inclination
Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest;
Restect, with a little compassion,
On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
Oh! where, where would you sly me?
Can you deny me, thus t rn and distrest?
Think, when my lover was by me,
Would I, how could I, resuse his request?
Kneeling before you,
Let me implore you:
Leok on me, sighing, crying, dying,
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the consist 'twint duty and love.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely e mbat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts nor bars, shall me controul,
I death and danger dare;
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll sie!

How hard is my fate,
How desp'rate my state,
When honour and virtue excite,
To suffer distress,
Contented to bless
The object in whom I delight!
Yet, 'midst all the woes
My soul undergoes
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,

My foul undergoes
Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
I'll fcorn to complain,
If the force of his pain
Awaken his pity for me.

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N vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a fingle heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly:
Let me confult my faithful glass—
A face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet bles'd with all these powerful charms,
The young Palæmon sied my arms,
That wild unthinking rover:
Hope, firly maids, as foon to bind
The rolling stream, the slying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noofe, In vain they fruggle to get loofe, And make a mighty riot; Like madmen how they rave and stare! Awhile they shake their chains and swear, And then lie down in quiet.

Love's but the frailty of the mind When 'tis not with ambition join'd; A fickly flame, which if not fed expires, And feeding, wastes in felf consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy, Or amorous youth that gives the joy; But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd the swain For whom inferior beauties figh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I infult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

THE youth whom I to fave would die,
Surpasses all defire;
Love's fatal dart enslames my heart,
And sets it all on fire.

IN

The plaintive dove, without her love,
Thus mourns, like me oppress;
But when her mate arrives, the late,
Joy triumphs in her breast.

The boy thus of a bird possest,
At first, how great his joys!
He strokes it oft, and in his breast
The little favourite lies.

But foon as grown to riper age
The paffion quits his mind;
He hangs it up in fome cold cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

FOR various purpose serves the san, As thus—a decent blind, Between the sticks to peep at man, Nor yet betray your mind.

149 -

Each action has a meaning plain, Resentment's in the snap; A flirt expresses strong distain, Consent, a gentle tap.

All paffions will the fan disclose, All modes of female art, And to advantage sweetly shews The hand, it not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

O WHY should we forrow, who never knew fin! Let smiles of content shew our rapture within: This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air! He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

- 150 -

Each shepherdess views me with scorn and disdain; Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain:
No more will I forrow, no longer despair,
He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care!

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try, Nor further urge your sway; Press not for what I must deny, For fear I should obey!

But could your arts successful prove, Would you a maid undo, Whose greatest failing is her love, And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one satal hour
A life of spotless same?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill, Because perhaps you may; But rather try your utmost skill To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard, Defend, and not pursue, Since 'tis a task for me too hard To strive with love and you.

With artful voice, young Thyrsis, you,
In vain persuade me you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no proselyte of mine,
That offers at another's shrine
Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon, That changes oftner than the moon, Courts each new face he meets; Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows, Yet flily culls the blushing rose, His quintessence of sweets.

So Thyrsis, when in wanton play,
From fair to fair you fondly stray,
And steal from each a kiss;
It shows, if what you say be true,
A sickly appetite in you,
And no substantial bliss.

For you inconstant, roving swain,
Tho' feemingly you hug your chain,
Would sain, I know, get free;
To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
From bower to bower wildly rove,
And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart, Let it admire no other dart; But rest with me alone: For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing, Should you return without your sing, I'd not protect a drone.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway, By various charms delighted; While she who pleases most to-day, To morrow shall be slighted.

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With out spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of seel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword,

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BRIGI

he cow ach gar he bird il natur Ye winds, your bluft'ring fury leave; Like airs that o'er the garden sweep, Breath soft in sighs, and gently heave The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more, From blasts secure, and hossile harms, My failor views his native shore, And harbours safe in these fond arms.

YOUNG Colin feeks my heart to move, And fighs, and talks fo much of love, (He'll hang or drown, I fear it) Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts, Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts, I yow I cannot bear it.

He fays I'm pretty—mighty well;

And witty too—that's better flil;

And fenfible, I fwear it:

But words, you know, are nought but wind;

Unlefs he'll freely tell his mind,

I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
And sweetly on his pipe can play;
I own I like to hear it:
But downcast looks, and hums and haws,
So badly plead a lover's cause,

I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
(I wonder he should fear it)
I'd then take courage, like my sex,
The honest youth no more to vex,

But wed him, I declare it.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
list all-cheering beams do nature reflore;
The cowflip and daify, the vi'let and rofe,
ach garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;
The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
all nature confesses the scason of love.

The nymphs and the shepherdscome tripping amain, All hasten to join in the sports of the plain; Our rural diversions are free from all guile, The face that is honest securely can smile; The heart that's sincere in affection may prove All nature's force sheweth the season of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
Our friends that expect us accuse our delay;
Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win:
But see his approach, whom my heart does approve,
Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

DEAR Colin prevent my warm blushes, Since how can I speak without pain? My eyes have oft told you my wishes, O! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression, And you too might cruelly blame; Then don't you expect a confession, Of what is too tender to name.

Since your's is the province of speaking, Why should you expect it from me? Our wishes should be in our keeping, Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?

Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over.

What I in my bosom confine.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonfense of I promis'd my mother again and again [men, To say as she bid me wherever I so, And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No. I really believe I have frighten'd a score:

They'll want to be with me. I warrant, no more:

I really believe I have frighten'd a fcore:
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
And I own I'm not forry for ferving them fo;
Where the fame thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art, Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart; Such questions he puts since I answer him so, [no That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are still He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain? (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain) If he ventur'd a kis, if I from him would go? [no Then he pres'd my young lips, while I blussh'd & said He ask'd if my heart to another was gone? If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on? If I meant my life long to answer him so? I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made; Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said: If I press you to church, will you scruple to go? In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, No.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind, Has often declard'd I'm the nymph to his mind: I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive; But they tell me a maid should with caution believe. He brought me this rose that you see in my breast; He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest: I could not do less than the favour receive; And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a leffon to you:
How bright, and how lovely it feems to the view!
'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your fense must conI was forc'd to deny what I really believe. [eeiveMy flocks he attends: if they stray from the plain,
Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain;
Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give;
And I ne'er shall resuse him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
To read the foft wishes we're taught to disguise;
And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve;
Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.
An old maid I once was determin'd to die;
But shat was before I'd this swain in my eye:

And as foon as he afks me his pain to relieve, With joy I shall wed him I really believe.

COME fing round my favourite tree,
Ye fongsters that visit the grove;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me,
And the bark is a record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf, by my fide,

He tenderly pleaded his cause;

I only with blushes reply'd,

And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

Y OU'VE fure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me;
When yous were offer'd at your fhrine,
And lovers dropt on bended knee:
When you could fing, and dance, and play;
Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,
The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,
How short a date their beauties know,
Surrounded by a thousand soes;
'Till time decrees their full decay,
And harsh December treads on May,

The whole creation own this truth:

Then why should wrinkled brows exact
The mode severe, on blooming youth,
By which themselves could never act?
The blood that's warm will have its way;
Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim care deride;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age, and prudish pride:
The laws of love—all shall obey,
Before December treads on May.

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WHAT fadness reigns over the plains! How droop the fweet flow'rets around! How penfive each nymph and each fwain! How filent each mufical found! No more the foft lute, in the bow'rs, Beguiles the cool ev'nings away; Sad fighs measure out the long hours, Since Damon has wander'd away. Oh! he was our village's pride; This change from his absence is seen; Twas he that our munc supply'd, When gayly we danc'd on the green : At thearing, at wake, and at fair, How jovial and frolic were we! But now ev'ry feaft in the year Is joyless as joyless can be. Ah! why did he venture from home, To mix among hoffile alarm:? No justice oblig'd him to roam, Or take up those terrible arms: et those who are cruel and rough, Be heedless of life and of limb; he coun ry had foldiers enough, Nor needed one gentle like hims Where'er the adventurer goes, On land or the dangerous main, ind heaven protect him from woes, And give him to Celia again. h! give him to Celia again; My true-love in fafety restore; cease on his breast to complain, from my arms he should wander no more.

HEN the shepherds seek to woo,
Mind them, lest they faithless prove;
It if once you find them true,
Fear not to reward their love.
Then the shepherds, &c.

WHA

Let not beauty make you vain,

Men of worth deserve your care;

Never give a lover pain,

If you find his heart sincere.

When the shepherds, &c.

Love, the fource of ev'ry joy,
Asks whatever we can give;
Love should ev'ry hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.
When the shepherds, &c.

STREPHON, when you fee me fly,
Let not this your fear create,
Maids may be as often fly
Out of love as out of hate;
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not flay.

Did I out of hatred run
Lefs you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love, to fhun,
Who can fuch a trial bear?
Who that fuch a fwain did fee,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commande me ft : ;
Duty's ftill to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid fmiles;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
I could sit and hear thee sigh,
Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
O'tis worse than death to siy:
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
If you stay I am undone;

Oh! with ease you may deceive me, Prithee charming swain be gone. Heav'n decrees that we should part, That has my vows, but you my heart.

On a bank, befide a willow,

Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad Aminta figh'd alone:

From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan;
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my beloy'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover,
Oh! so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murmuring blisses,
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying
All the joys he drain'd before:
Death, come end me,
To befriend me;
Love and Damon are no more!

TELL my Strephon that I die; Let echoes to each other tell, Till the mournful accents fly To Strephon's ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And foften every harsher found,
For Strephon's such a tender youth,
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb;
For should I cost my swain a tear,
I should repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdu'd my heart
Another may despite.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by fome fond whim betray'd,
In oddnefs I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion, know,
'Tis to my love's excess

You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own take, if not for mine,
You should preferve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd

The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,

Whom love has render'd blind.

Y OUNG I am, and yet unskill'd How to make a lover yield; How to keep, and how to gain, When to love, and when to feign. Take me, take me, some of you, While I yet am young and true; Ere I can my soul disguise, Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes. Stay not till I learn the way How to lie and to betray; He that has me first is blest,

For I may deceive the rest.

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Could I find a blooming youth Full of love, and full of truth, Brifk, and or a janty mien, I should long to be fifteen.

As now my bloom comes on a-pace,
The fwains begin to teaze me;
But two who claim the foremost place,
Try different ways o please me:
To judge aright, and chuse the best,
Is not so soon decided;
When both their merits are express'd
I may be less divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd firay,
He's rich beyond all measure;
Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure:
But then our years do disagree
So much, as I remember;
It is but May I'm sure with me,
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
Let frost and snow be suing;
'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin:
For dress and shew, to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting;
But then there's something else beside
I soon should find was wanting.

Then Colin, thou my choice shall gain,
For thou will ne'er deceive me;
And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
For thou hast more to give me:
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks so young and tender:
Love beats his new and fond alarms—
To thee I now surrender.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love,
The hyperboles of love;
Be honeft to yourfelf and me,
Speak truly what you hear and fee,
And then your fuit may move,
And then your fuit may move.

Why call me angel? why divine?
Why must my eyes the stars outshine?
Can such deceits prevail?
For shame, forbear this common rule;
'Tis low, 'tis insult; calls me fool;
With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,
Address my nobler, better part;
Pay homage to my mind:
The passing hour brings on decay,
And beauty quickly fades away,
Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly fense.
The moral ornaments dispense,
And to my worth be true:
So may your suit itself endear,
Not for the charms you say I wear,
But those I find in you,

AMIDST my admirers when Damon appears, How great is the contrast to their foppish airs, How great is the contrast to their foppish airs: Good-sense and good-nature beam forth in his face, And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace. Good-sense and good-nature, &c.

He's handsome, polite; his wit easy and free; Their talk's only nonsense, and pert repartee; Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart; He praises my form, but makes love to my heart. The flame of those lavers, so trifling and gay, Would be mighty insipid, or soon would decay; But he loves with passion—then blame me who can, If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may Set spies and guards to watch my way; Or mark my looks with jealous eye, When any well-dress'd swain is nigh; Yet woman's wit a way will find, In spite of caution, to be kind; For, if myself I do not keep, Instead of watching, you may sleep. Would you secure the fair at home, Go, bid her wander, bid her roam; Tir'd out with fops and fools all day, No more she'll ask abroad to fray; 'Tis freedom's felf must make her true, And fix her choice on none but you; For, if ourselves we do not keep, Instead of watching, you may sleep.

O HOW weak will power and reason
To this bosom tyrant prove;
Ev'ry act is fancy'd treason
By the jealous sovereign love.
Passion urg'd the youth to danger.

Paffion urg'd the youth to danger, Paffion calls him back again; Paffion is to peace a stranger, Seek I must my blis or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish, And in scorching torments rave; Thus to end or ease their anguish, Headlong plunge into the wave.

OF all my experience how vast the amount, Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count! Was ever poor damfel so fadly betray'd, For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid! Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by fea. Sworn vot'ries to love, vet unmindful of me, You can florm a ftrong fort, or can form a blockade, Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid! Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue Cando what you please, or with right or with wrong, Can it be or by law or by equity faid, That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid? Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill Can fave or demolish, can cure or can kill, To a poor forlorn damfel contribute your aid, Who is fick-very fick-of remaining a maid. You, fops, I in oke not to lift to my fong. Who answer no end, and to no fex belong, Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade-For if I had you-I might still be a maid.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover,

How bashful and filly you grow!

In my eyes can you never discover

I mean yes, when I often say no, say no,
I mean yes, when I often say no.

When you pine and you whine out your passion,

And only intreat for a kiss.

To be coy and deny is the fashion,

Alexis should ravish the bliss.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason

To make some defence for the town;

To surrender without it were treason,

Before that the out works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
'Tis for honour and modesty's fake;
He is but a pitiful lover,
Who is foil'd by a fingle attack.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,

The best and the bravest must yield;
I'm not to be won by a coward,

Who hardly dares enter the field.

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I'LL fing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good-natur'd, and trolic, and gay,
His voice is as fweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play,
And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
And a bonny, &c.

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He fays that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my eyes, and my lips and my hair;
Rose, vi'let, nor lilly with me can compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear:
And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a figh He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply? If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die. I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I:

And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat;
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet:
And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the fun feeks repose in the west,
And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst from my breast:
And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew, Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you; We live for each other, but constant and true, And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew: And a bonny, &c.

Did you fee e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, passthisway Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure of May? 'Tis my Strephon, oh! bring him once more to my eyes; From his Lucy in search of new pleasures he sies. All the day have I travel'd and toil'd o'er the plains, In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains, In pursuit of a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters & swears, How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own ears. Like the rose bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite, But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of fight; And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains, She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh, Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply; Love, honour, & truth, were the themes that he sung, And he vow'd that his heart was akin to his tongue: Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains, And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains. And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
The wanton grew weary and flung it away;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In fearch of another as filly as I:
But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
She'll find him a conquest, &c. [pains,
Beware, all ye nymphs, how you sooth the fond same
And believe in good time all the sex are the same
Like Strephon from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change:
And do all we can, still the maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
That a man, when we've got him, &c. [our pains,

My pride is to hold all mankind in my chain; The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain;

I'll teaze them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them:
Since men try all arts our weak fex to betray,
I'll fhew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain; By turns I encourag'd each amorous fwain;

They knelt and they trembled,
They smil'd and dissembled:
Since men try all acts our weak sex to betray,
I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe, Refist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive: Their canting and whining, Their fighing and pining, Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray;

Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

DAMON, if you will be ieve me,
'Tis not fighing on the plain,
Song nor fonnet can relieve ye;

Faint attempts in love are vain.
Urge but home the fair occasion,
And be master of the field;
To a powerful kind invasion
'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission, Still indulgent to the brave; But one sin of base omission Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries you're rude and much to blame,
And with tears implores your pity;
Be not merciful, for shame.

When the fierce affault is over, Chloris time enough will find This her cruel furious lover Much more gentle, not so kind.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
And not make a fecond trial?
You might fee my eyes confenting,
All above me was relenting;
Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
Forgive the youth that boldly froms:

Lovers when you figh and languish, When you tell us of your anguish, To the nymph you'll be more pleasing When those forrows you are easing: We love to try how far men date, And never with the foe to spare, STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth, With all things else that please; He nothing wants but love and truth To ruin me with ease: But he is flint, and bears the art To kindle frong defire; His pow'rinflames another's heart, Yet he ne'er feels the fire. O! how it does my foul perplex, When I his charms recall, To think he should despise the fex, Or worle, should love 'em all. My wearied heart, like Noah's dove, Thus feeks in vain for reft; Finding no hope to fix its love, Returns into my breaft.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts, Dips in gall his pointed darts; But the nymph diffains to pine, Who bathes the wound with rofy wine; Rofy wine, rofy wine.
Who bathes the wound with rofy wine! Farewel-lovers when they, re cloy'd, If I am fcorn'd because enjoy'd; Sure the squeamish fops are free To rid me of dull company; Sure they're free, sure they're free, To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please; I love them much, but more my ease:
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;
Break my rest, break my rest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest,
Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy distain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

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PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians fland, Inviting from our golden coaft The wand'ring rovers to our land; But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vowsthey first begin, Stealing unseen into the heart; But by possession settled in, They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we refign
In ignorance our fhining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wife, be wife, and do not try

How he can court, or you be won;

For love is but difcovery;

When that is made, the pleafure's done.

As my cow I was milking just now in the vale, Young Alexis advanced and told a fond tale; Such a tale, gentle maidens, believe what I say, I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day;

I with pleasure could wait, I with pleasure could wait,

I with pleasure could wait for to hear it all day.

Hail Florella, he cry'd, now I'm happy I vow, For to fee you, believe me, I came from the plough. Wilt thou have me Florella, my dearest now say? I, with frowns soon reply'd, I'll not hear you to day Pray, Alexis, I said,—for to try him I strove, Never come near me more, for I'm sure you don't love; Not deter'd by rough speeches, nor all I could say: Still he answer'd, with smiles, make me happy to day.

Now, with blufhes, I tell, I no longer faid no; But Alexis and I unto church foon did go;

Ye laffes, then hear me, oh hear me I pray, Never wait for to-morrow, catch hold on to day.

WHen fable night each drooping plant reftoring
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did chear,
As fome fad widow, o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow
One hour from love and case to rest;
Lo! as I press'd my couch in filent forrow,
My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to fave me From those who would enslave me; Then kneeling, Kisses stealing,

Endless faith he swore!

But soon I chid him thence,
For had his sond pretence
Found favour then,
And he had press'd again

I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more!

THOU can't not boaft of fortune's flore,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth fhould own
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own
I lov'd him for himself alone.

My Jockey is fled from the plain,
And left me in forrow to mourn,
Was ever fo cruel a swain,
Ah! when will the rover return;

No longer he pipes on his reed, Whose music cou'd please us so well. And dull are the banks of the Tweed, Since Yockey has bid them farewell.

His crook he has broken in twain,
His sheep and his lambkins now stray,
They bleat for their shepherd in vain,
And carelessy wander away.
No longer he pipes, &c.

The swain was made up of deceit,
And as false as the wavering wind,
His manners were gentle and sweet,
But his heart was still false and unkind.
No longer he pipes, &c.

ATTEND, ye nymphs, while I impart The fecret wishes of my heart, And tell what swain, if one there be, Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside, Let honour all his actions guide; Stedfast in virtue let him be, The swain design'd for love and me. Let solid sense inform his mind, With pure good-nature sweetly join'd; Sure friend to modest merit be The swain design'd for love and me.

Where forrow prompts the pensive figh, Where grief bedews the drooping eye, Melting in sympathy I see The swain design'd for love and me.

Let fordid av'rice claim no part Within his tender, gen'rous heart; Oh! be that heart from falshood free, Devoted all to love and me.

AT fetting day and rifing morn,
With foul that fill shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee;

I'll vifit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didft repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon you mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unseign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

As archers and fidlers, who cunningly know
The way to procure themselves merit,
Will always provide them two strings to a bow,
And follow their business with spirit.

So likewise the provident damsel should do,
Who'd make the best use of her beauty;
If the mark she would hit, or her lessons pass thro',
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply, So far our revenge we may carry; One spark for our sport we may jilt and set by, And t'other, poor soul! we may marry.

AGAIN in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid;
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.
The birds shall strain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilst we converse beneath the shade,
A happy swain and happy maid.
Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r;
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phebe kind, my Colin true.

ALEXIS,

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ALEXIS, a pretty young swain,
To court me comes many a mile;
I bid him make haste back again,
Tho' I wish him to stay a great while:
With all by which love is exprest,
He studies my heart to beguile:
I wish him success, I protest,
But I tell him he'll wait a great while.

And vow'd'twas more pleature than toil;
I took it I safely can say,
And I let him not ask a great while:
He begg'd me to grant him a kiss
So earnest, he made me to smile;
Have done! I cry'd; fie, 'tis amis!
But I wish'd it to last a great while.

He brought me a nofegay to day,

He tells me I ought to be kind,

That time all my beauties will fpoil;
I cross him, tho' quite of his mind,
For I love him to talk a great while:
I think such sweet things he has said,
My coyness at last he will spoil;
And when he once asks me to wed,
Oh! I'll not live a maid a great while.

AT the foot of a hill, in a nest lonely cot,

To die an old maid I'm afraid is my lot;

Not a man but my father e'er feen in the place:

Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.

Young Willy, the pride of the plains, I adore;

He's handfome, good humour'd, has riches in ftore:

But I'm a poor damfel, of parentage bafe;

Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.

My mother once caught us alone in the dark,

he chid me, and forc'd me away from my spark;

Then talk'd much of forrow, of shame and disgrace:

Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.

uth a strange alteration has seiz'd me of late,

ike a turtle I mourn all the day for my mate;

LEXIS,

At night in my dreams his bleft image I trace ! Think how hard my condition, and pity my cafe.

Whene'er I think on him, I figh and look pale; My mother she asks me, what is it I ail: My rural companions all look in my face, And in friendly compassion they pity my case.

Oh, Hymen! be kind, and give ear to my fight, Restore my young shepherd once more to my eyes; The dear nuptial moment with joy l'll embrace, And maidens shall envy, not pity my case.

As t'other day o'er the green meadow I past, A swain overtook me, and held my hand sast; Then cry'd, my dear Lucy, thou cause of my care, How long must thy faithful young Thyrsis despair? To crown my soft wishes, no longer be shy! But frowning, I answer'd, oh! sie, shepherd, sie.

He told me his passion, like time should endure, That beauty, which kindled his stame, would secure; That all my sweet charms were for pleasure design'd, And youth was the season to love and be kind. Lord what cou'd I say! I could hardly deny, And faintly I utter'd, oh! sie, shepherd! sie.

He fwore with a kiss that he could not refrain, I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd me again; My conduct, ye fair ones, in question ne'er call, Nor think I did wrong, I did nothing at all: Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to comply, Now guess, if I still said, oh, sie, shepherd, sie.

BLYTHE Jockey, young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.

If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here, sich lad I
'Tis summer all the year,

When

When I and Jockey met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he, That staw my heart frae me; O ease me of my pain, And never shew disdain.

T'm glad when Jockey comes, Sad when he gangs away; 'Tis night when Jockey glooms, But when he imiles 'tis day.

> His fuit I ill deny'?, He kis'd and I comply'd; Sae Jockey promis'd me, That he would faithful be.

Well can my Jockey kyth
His love and courtefie;
He made my heart full blythe,
When he first spake to me.

When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, figh, and faint; What lass that would be kind, Can better speak her mind?

By moffy brook and flow'ry plain,
I fondly feek my shepherd swain;
Tell me, sweet maidens, have ye seen
The gentle Damon on the green:
Avoid the danger while you may,
He'll steal your tender hearts away.

Persuasion smiles whene'er he speaks, And rosy dimples deck his cheeks, Blooming as health, as Hebe sair, The graces twine his auburn hair; Loves in his sunny eye-beams play, That stole my tender heart away. Sweet wreaths of flow'rs he wove for me,
Last night, beneath the hawthorn-tree;
Bewitching are his tales of love,
Propitious may they ever prove:
For Damon, gentle, kind, and gay,
Has stole my tender heart away.

By the fide of the sweet river Tay,
Or else on the banks of the Tweed,
Young Colin he whistles all day,
Or merrily pipes on his reed.
His mind is a stranger to care,
For he is blithe, bonny, and free;
At harvest, at wake, and at fair,
No swain is so chearful as he.

At eve, when we dance on the green,
How sprightly he joins in the throng;
So pleasing his air and his mien,
So gaily he trips it along!
The lasses his manners adore,
And strive his affections to gain;
When absent, for him they deplore.

All figh for the smiles of the swain.

But I am the girl to his mind,
He chose me above all the rest,
And vows that to me he'll be kind,
With me he will ever be blest.
The maidens all envy my bliss,
And tell me I'm simple and vain;
Yet I'm not displeased at this,
Nor heed their contempt and disdain.

DENEATH this grove, this filent shade, Come, Damon, to the gentle maid; What other nymph wou'd love like me? For, oh, thou'rt all inconstancy!
You us'd to talk of love and bliss, And often figh'd my lips to kiss; But roving now is sweeter glee, For thou art all inconstancy,

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And fay f

Here fragrant flow rets sweetly spring, The feather'd choir in concert sing; Yet vain is what I hear and see, Since Damon's all inconstancy.

The am'rous doves now bill and coo,
And fo, false Damon, so can you;
But can't like them contented be,
Thy sole delight's inconstancy.
Ye simple fair! believe not man,
They all proceed on Damon's plan;
Then from the sex your hearts keep free,

And love, like them, inconflancy.

SINCE love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
Attend and I'll tell you what fort of a man,
In address how compleat,
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;
Nat dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
I sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet

In a fong bear a bob,
In a glass a hob-nob
et drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob;
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
etnever be conquer'd by any but me,
This, this is my fancy,
If such I can see,
mhis, if he's mine, until then I'll be free.

EAREST youth, why thus away,
And leave me here a mourning!
seless tears, while thou'rt away,
Must flow for thy returning.
inding brooks, if by your fide
My careless Pat is straying,
antly murmur, fostly chide,
And say for him I'm straying.

He

Meads and groves I've rambled o'er
In vain, dear youth, to find thee:
Come, ah! come, and part no more,
To leave the love behind thee.
On yon' hill I'll fit till night,
My careful watch fill keeping;
But if he does not bless my fight,
I'll lay me down a weeping.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay;
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote, and retir'd, from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruffet gown:
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen, and true,
And sweet recreation our evenings shall crown.

With a rural repair, a rich banquet to me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment sill blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke,
Nor repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I wou'd to my rest.

FAR swifter than light my love slies,
In quest of a happier clime,
See yonder he steers through the skies,
And smiles on the wreck of old time.

Since I here on earth fill remain,
A stranger to comfort and rest,
At once I will end all my pain—
This dagger I'll sheash in my breast.

FLY, fly to you vale, other passimes pursue,
My eyes and my tongue have determin'd thy fate;
This face and this shape are not destin'd for you,
And former disdain is now turn'd into hate.

As down the cowflip dale I ftray'd
One morning in the dawn,
Young Damon, for the fair array'd,
Came tripping o'er the lawn;
H's anburn locks, with manly grace,
In flowing ringlets hung;
The bloom of health glow'd on his face,
And blithe the shepherd sung.
Thus onward drew, and as he pass'd,
He smiling bade good day;

He smiling bade good day;
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, ch! at last
I gaz'd my heart away.
That moment all to love resign'd,
Each sense seem'd to declare
'Tho' hapless I was lest behind,
My heart went to the fair.

In vain, my anguish to remove,

To once-lov'd scenes I sty;

The rose deck'd bow'r, the pine-top'd grove,
Seems fading to my eye:

Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
A maiden's blushes spare;

Perceive, though she was left behind,

AND are you fare the news is true?

And are you fare the news is true?

This is no time to think of work,

I must set by my wheel.

Give me my cloak, I'll to the quay,

And welcome him on shore;

But why do I thus lose my time?

Perhaps he's at the door.

Lie still, lie still, my beating breast.

Ah! welcome him on shore;

Her heart went to the fair.

Perhaps from me no more he'll roam, Or trust the rude sea more.

So true his words, so smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has musick in't,
When he trips up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
There's lilly whiteness in his skin,
And roses in his cheek:
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
My Donald's at the door;
Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.

The cold blast of the winter wind,
That thrill'd late through my heart,
Are all blown by, and Donald's safe,
'Till death we ne'er must part:
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far away;
The present moment sure's our own,
The next we ne'er may see:
Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
Hark! hark! he's at the door;
Perhops from me no more he'll part,
Or trust the rude sea more.

If I was a wi'e,
And my dearest dear life
Took it into his noddle to die;
Ere I took the whim
To be bury'd with him,
I think I'd know very well why.

If poignant my grief,
1'd fearch for relief,
Nor fink with the weight of my care;
A falve might be found,
No doubt, above ground,
And I think I know very well where

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Another kind mate
Should give me what fate
Would not from the former allow;
With him I'd amufe
The hours you abufe,
And I think I know very well how.

'Tistrue, I'm a maid,
And fo't may be faid,
No jurge of the conjugal lot;
Yet marriage, I ween,
Has a cure for the spleen,
And I think I know very well what,

MY laddie is gang'd far away o'er the plain,
While in forrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue beils and vi'lets the hedges adorn. [thorn
Tho' the trees are in bloffom, and sweet blows the
lo pleasure they give me; in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please me now Jockey's away:
orlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
laste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their laffes are on the green met, hey dance and they fing, they laugh and they chat; contented and happy, with hearts full of glee, can't without envy their merriment fee; heir passimes offend me, my laddie's not there, opleasure I relish that Jockey don't share, makes me to sigh, I can scarce tears refrain, wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

ot hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair:
le promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
la fond expectation my wishes 1'd feast,
or love my dear Jockey to Jenay will haste:
hen sarewell each care, adieu each vain sigh,
who'll then be so bless'd, or so happy as 1?
Il sing thro' the meadows, and elter my strain,
hen Jockey returns to these arms back again.

My bonny failor's won my mind,
My heart is now with him at fea;
I hope the fummer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me:
I wish to hear what glorious soils,
What dangers he has undergone;
What forts he's storm'd, how great the spoils
From France and Spain my sailor's won.

A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe to view;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:
Bring, gentle gales, my failor home,
His ship at anchor may I see;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face by fultry climes is wan,

His eyes by watching, shine less bright;

But still I'll own my charming man,

And run to meet him when in fight:

His honest heart is what I prize,

No weather can make that look old;

The alter'd were his face and eyes,

I'll love my jolly sailor bold.

No more along the daify'd mead
I meet my fickle fwain,
Whose charms and falsehood far exceed
The shepherds of our plain;
He sighing, follow'd where I rov'd,
Till pity touch'd my heart;
Then, laughing, boasted how I lov'd,
And play'd a traitor's part.

Ladies, ladies, while you fly,
The men will fill purfue;
But if you pity when they figh,
Alas! they'll fly from you:

They practife, and they must approve An innocent deceit; Affect indiff'rence where you love, Or you'll indiff rence meet.

- 210 -OH! where will you hurry my dearest? Say, fay to what clime or what shore, You tear him from me the fincerest, That ever lov'd mortal before.

Ah! cruel, hard hearted to prefs him, And force the dear youth from my arms, Restore him that I may cares him, And shield him from future alarms.

In vain you insult and deride me, And make but a scoff at my woes; You ne'er from my dear shall divide me, I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean, My foul any terror can have, For foon as the ship makes its motion, So foon shall the sea be my grave.

O Welcome, my shepherd, how welcome to me Is ev'ry occasion of meeting with thee ! But when thou art absent, so joyless am I, Methinks I contented could fit down and die.

The oft'ner I view thee, the more I approve The choice I have made and am fix'd in my love; And more must be valu'd the more it is known.

For merit like your's more brighter is shown, To live in a cottage with thee could I choose, And crowns for thy fake I would gladly refute: Not all the vast treasure of wealthy Peru, To me would feem precious, if banish'd from you. For all my ambition in thee is confin'd, And nothing could please me should you prove un- Damon advancing, bow'd his head, Then faithfully love me, and happier I'll be, [kind: Than if plac'd on a throne for to reign without thee.

JH ! let me unreferv'd declare The feelings of my heart, My Strephon reigns unrivall'd there, No other iwain has part; Such worth and truth my heart does move, To give my shepherd love for love.

When absent from my longing fight, He is my constant theme; His shadow form appears by night, And shapes the morning dream; For ah! his worth my heart does move To give the shepherd love for love.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain, Deem not my words too free; For e'er my passion you arraign, You must have lov'd like me; And to his worth my heart does move To give the shepherd love for love.

213 OWEET, oh! sweet the flowers in May, Sweet the dew-drop on the fpray; Yet more than all, if all should meet, My Damon's sweetest of the sweet.

In gentle Damon's face the rofe Blended with the lilly grows; His sparkling eyes that glow with fire, Mildeft, gentlest love inspire.

His lips are of the role's hue, Still dropping with the morning dew; While breathing, and inviting love, They foftly, gently, sweetly move.

DOMEHOW my spindle I mislaid, And loft it underneath the grais, And faid, what feek you, pretty lass? Damon advancing, &c.

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A little love but urg'd with care, Oft leads a heart and leads it far, A little love, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then Damon kindly took,
And from the tree he cut a bough,
His knife, &c.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
Whilft me he tenderly beheld,
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah! my heart did fondly yield;
He talk'd of love, &c.
A little love, &c.

Tho' by Colin I now am forfaken,
No willow my temples shall bind;
Tho' in one I by chance am mistaken,
Another, I hope, will prove kind.
Young Colin would leave me in forrow,
But this I would have him to know,
From him this good maxim I borrow,
'Tis best t'have two strings to one's bow.

I own his bright eyes were my pleasure,
When love from their beams smil'd on me;
I own he was once all my treasure,
But I'll be as fickle as he:
Young Damon can cure all my forrow,
And this I wou'd have you to know,
From the men this good maxim I borrow,
They've always two strings to their bow.
Learn, ladies, to scorn the false rovers,
Who shun you because you are true;

Only while they prove conftant to you; or a false one 'tis folly to languish,

Then attend to my counsel, and know,

ovoid all such pining and anguish

I make sure of two strings to my bow.

I'O hear the jar of noisy war, To me is pleasing matter; Give me, ye pow'rs. in dang'rous hours, A fpear and shield to clatter; If this fupply ye shall deny, Yet grant me hat and feather, A smart cockade, and polish'd blade-But keep them from the weather. I'll then proceed, for fure there's need, To get my corps together; Who feel no dread, but for their head, Their hat, cockade, and feather. Let now each maid, in taffe array'd, Advance, in fairest weather-But halt! I fear the French are near-Alas! my hat and feather. If these I lose, I'll not refuse To leave the ftrife to others: To those who dread no loss of head, Britannia's fons and brothers; For they'll advance 'against Spain and France, And knock them down together;-Then where they lie, -there let them die-Despoil'd of hat and feather.

WHEN the hated morning's light,
Peeping in, offends my fight,
Toffing to and fro in bed,
Aching heart, and aching head;
Counting o'er my various ills,
Fickle lovers, mercers bills;
All the fums I've loft at dice,
When these in my mind arise,
I cry

But if 'is Pantheon night, Or that Ranelagh invite, Chicheratas here, macheratas there, Or to Vauxhall I repair; If I meet my Lord Perfume, Or dear Col'nel Thunder-Bomb; Songs for LADIES.

Then, if in the Morning Post I read reputations lost,
Sly intrigues, and cuckold spouses,
Great debates in both the Houses;
When I'm told that dissipation,
Folly, lox'ry, rule the nation;
That the rich, the young and wise,
To true pleasure shut their eyes,

But, if ere my tears are gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
"Ma'am. Sir Jehu's at the door,
"In his phaeton and four;"
Instant all my forrows cease,
Out I run, and take my place:
With such joys the moments glide
By my dear Sir Jehu's side,
I laugh - - -

WHEN fragrant bloom of yellow broom
Delights our lads and lattes,
O'er yellow broom, in beauty's bloom,
My Will all lads furpasses;

Wi' Willy then I'll o'er the braes,
I'll o'er the braes with Willy;
From morn to eve I'll fing the praise
Or buxom, bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay, at noon-tide day,
We'll pour the daify pretty;
The live long day we'll kifs and play,
Or fing fome loving ditty.
Wi' Willy then, &c.

Now blishe and gay, as setting day,

I'll fing and play wi' Willy gay, For we twa ne'er shall finder.

Wi' Willy then, Se.

WOULD'ST thou all the joy receive,
That enraptur'd lovers give,
Take a heart from falsehood free,
Take a heart that doats on thee:
Nice suspicion's jealous train,
Still creates a virgin pain;
Then each timid care remove,
You can smile, and I can love.
Bles'd with thee, profusely gay,

Time shall wing his smiling way; Ever blooming joys increase, Tranquil liberty and peace: Oh! let kindness rule thy breast, Smile my panting heart to rest; Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know, We can make a heav'n below.

WHEN morn with purple streaks the skies,
And rested flocks to passure rise,
I long my absent love to see,
And sigh for him who doats on me.

His lovely form and gracious smile First caught my partial eye, And soft persuasion, free from guile, Soon won me to comply.

Our vows of mutual truth are pass'd, I only live to love; And ever shall that passion last, Which earth and heav'n approve.

WHEN Jemmy first began to love,
He was the gayest swain,
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain:
Twas then that I, wae's my poor heart,
My freedom threw away,

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And finding sweets in ev'ry fmart, I could not fay him nay; And ever when he talk'd of love, He would his eyes decline, And every figh a heart would move, Geud faith, and why not mine? He'd press my hand, and kiss it oft, In filence spoke his flame; And while he treated me thus foft, I thought him not to blame. Sometimes to feed my flocks with him, My Temmy would invite me. Where he the foftest fongs would fing, On purpose to delight me: And Jenimy ev'ry grace display'd, Which were enough, I trow, To conquer any princely maid, So he did me, I vow. But now for Jemmy I must mourn, Who to the wars must go; His sheep-hook to a sword must turn, Alack! what shall I do? His bagpipe into warlike founds Must now exchanged be, Instead of bracelets, fearful founds, Then what becomes of me?

WHEN I was young, the' now am old, The men were kind and true; But now they're grown so false and bold, What can a woman do? Say what can a woman do? For men are truly, So unruly, I tremble at seventy-two! When I was fair-tho' now fo fo, No hearts were giv'n to rove, Our pulses beat not fast, nor flow, But all was faith and love; Now what can a woman do? For men are truly, So unruly, I tremble at feventy-two!

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe,
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.

Tho' my fifter casts a hawk's eye, I defy what she can do; He o'erlook'd the little doxy, I'm the girl he means to woo.

Hither I stole out to meet him;
He'll, no doubt, my steps pursue:
If the youth prove true, I'll sit him;
If he's salse—I'll sit him too.

WHEN evining gales cheer rural groves,
And village lasses gay,
Are roving with the lass they love,
Along the banks of Tay,
I'll chuse young Colin for my guide,
From harms he'll sure defend;
For Colin is my joy and pride,
My lover, and my friend.

Young Colin's now in beauty's bloom.

His looks are fair and gay;

He pipes along the yellow broom,

Or flow'ry banks of Tay:

When harvest smiles, the shepherd's pain,

And all his doubts shall end;

For then I'll wed the gentle swain,

My lover, and my friend.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me, Fold me in thy downy arms, Let not care awake to grieve me, Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to firay,

Quitting young the parent's neft,

Find each bird a bird of prey;

Sorrow knows not where to reft.

As o'er the lawn young Sandy tripp'd,
While kids and lambkins round him skipp'd,
All bonny, blithe and gay;
So sweet he tun'd his pipe and reed,
He charms around each verdant mead,
And ushers in, and uthers in the May,
And ushers in the May.

But Sandy he is a' unkind,
My fighs nor plaints he does n' mind,
Yet still I love the swain:
For much I fear another she,
Attracts his mind Instead of me,
And causes a' my pain.

Oh! may the maid where'er they meet,
His warmest wishes still complete,
United with her own:
Guard the dear boy, each facred power,
Your choicest blessing on him show'r,
Her life with pleasure crown.

BLEST with thee, my fouls dear treasure,
Sweetly will-each hour be pass'd;
Ev'ry day will bring new pleasure,
And be happier than the last.

With fo lov'd a partner talking,
Time will quickly glide away;
With fo dear a husband walking,
Nature does each bloom display.

Such a darling swain possessing,
All my forrows will be o'er;
Thou art fortune's utmost bleffing,
Fortune cannot give me more.

FROM morning till night, and wherever I go, Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No, Young Colin pursues me, though still I say No. Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray, In a point that's so critical, what shall I say? Ye matrons experienc'd, inform me, I pray, In a point that's fo critical, what shall I say.

Soft sonnets he makes on my beauty and wit, Such praises a bosom that's tender must hit; He vows that he'll love me for ever and aye; In a point that's so critical, what can I say.

He brought me a garland, the sweetest e'er seen, And saluting me, call'd me his heart's little queen; In my breast, like a bird, I found something play, Instruct a young virgin then what she must say.

But vain my petition, you heed not my call, But leave me unguarded, to ftand or to fall, No more I'il folicit, no longer I'll pray. Let prudence inform me in what I shall say.

When next he approaches, with care in his eye, If he asks me to wed I vow I'll comply, At church he may take me for ever and aye, And I warrant you then I shall know what to say.

My mother oft chides me, and tells me, my dear,
I beg to men's tales you will never give ear;
They're as fubtle as foxes, their ends to obtain;
Be careful, my child, how you liften to men.
Lord love her dear heart, to be fure it was kind,
I did my endeavours her precepts to mind;
And to hear her advice oft gravely have fat,
Tho' it fignifies nothing, no matter for that.

Yet still she kept teazing and plaguing me so,
And begging 'mong't men l'd not venture to go;
I gave my consent her opinion to win,
But what are love promises? not worth a pin.
It chanced that one day, both my mamma and me,
Were ask'd to a friend's, both to dine and drink to
There with a young fellow I fell into chat,
Indeed he was handsome, no matter for that.

No sooner got home, how my mother did rave, And read me such instances, moral and graye, And But I low Man

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Of men's many perjuries, adding, the thought I let my eyes wander much more than I ought And argued, I thought, on the point somewhat hot, But dry morals preaching, it fignifies not. I love the fweet fellow, I'll have him, that's flat, Mamma, she may preach, but no matter for that.

U HEAR me, kind and gentle swain, Let love's sweet voice delight you, The ear of youth should drink each strain, When beauty's lips invite you: As love and valour warm your heart, And faith and honour guard you : From wounded breafts extract the dart, And beauty will reward you :

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Our tear-stain'd eyes, their wish disclose, Can cruel you refuse 'em? 0 wipe the dew from off the rose, And place it in your bosom.

LONG young Jockey toy'd and sported, Long he try'd each wining art, Long with filent glances courted. Ere he won my witless heart; Of he press'd my hand, too yielding, Oft he kis'd, and oft he smil'd; No referve my bosom shielding, Chloe's heart he foon beguil'd; But when he my inclination Had subdu'd, the faithless swain: Can ye hear it maids with patience; Soon too foon forfakes the plain.

Leaving the maid a prey to young Cupid, Whose only fault was her seeming too kind; Surely the youth was grown very stupid, To think that the fling would remain long behind; nk tea fell me ye swains, tell me ye swains, Could you do so, would you do so, Could you, would you, would you, could you, Would you have ferv'd a maiden fo.

Soon as I had loft my lover, Fool! I fate me down and cry'd; Rail'd at fate, and curs'd the rover, Sigh'd and fobb'd, and fobb'd and figh'd;

I no breakfast ate nor dinner, Supperless I went to bed; I a loser, he no winner, 'Till a thought came in my head:

Why should I, my bloom destroying, Vex and teize my foul away: No,-the gift of life enjoying, I will tafte the sweets of May.

Just as the rose, the bee flying from her, Blushes and buffles at every wind: So Cbloe's refolv'd to laugh thro' the fummer, To ev'ry new swain to be gentle and kind. Tell me, ye maids, tell me, ye maids, Could you do fo, would you do fo? Could you, would you, would you, could you, Would not you have ferv'd the rover fo?

OHEPHERD, would you hope to please us, You must ev'ry humour try: Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us, Often laugh, and fometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials Of the heart we wish to gain! Tho' we're fly and feem to fly, If you purfue we fly in vain. Shepherd, Oc.

I Ho' his passion in filence the youth would conceal, What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal, What his tongue will not utter, his eyes still reveal; And by foft stolen glances unwillingly prove, That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love, That they are but tell-tales of Celadon's love. To To the grove, to the green, to the dance, to the fair, Wherever I go my bliths'shepherd is there; I know the fond youth by his blush, by his smile, And surely such looks were not meant to beguile.

Tho' indiff'rent the subject, whatever it prove. He insensibly turns the discourse upon love: If he talks to another, with pleasure I see Though his words are to her, yet his looks are to me. Sometimes I command him his speech to refrain; But, alas! my resolves, I command it in vain, For when the dear theme he'll no longer pursue, I forget my commands, and resume it anew.

When he talks, if alone, I am ever in fear He should speak what I dread, & yet wish most to hear; Should he mention his love, though my price would My heart whispers, Celia, sond Gelia comply. [deny,

WHY, Colin, must your Laura mourn, Or longer wait your wish'd return? O quickly come, and bring with thee Glad joy to all, but love to me.

No more the tenants of the grove In concert tune their tales of love; And nature ceases to be gay When e'er my shepherd keeps away.

No longer fly the peaceful shade, But haste to meet your constant maid; O quickly come, and bring with thee Glad joy to all, but love to me.

WHAT though the blooming genial year, In all its beaut'ous pomp appear, What though each blushing border rise, And primrose with the vi'lets vies; Though gay green mantle shade the trees, Without Amyntor, what are these? Without Amyntor, &c.

What though the cuckow from the grove, Proclaim the spring the time for love, What though the thrilling lark ascend,
And make each rural swain his friend,
Though thrush and blackbird strive to please—
Without Amyntor, what are these?
Though shepherds, each in tender tale,
Protest me sairest of the vale,
What though, in guileful homage drest,
Deceit may lurk t'invade my breast;
No second love my soul can please,
Without Amyntor, what are these?

WOMAN should be wifely kind
Nor give her passion scope a

Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind,
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then succeeds defire;
Honour, faith, and well earn'd fame,
Feed the facred lasting slame!

BELIEVE me, dear aunt,
If you rove thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover pursuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid—

How happy the lass,
Most she come to this pass,
Who antient virginity 'scapes;
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

From my longing arms he flies,

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Soon return thou perjur'd lover, Or your haples Celia dies.

Must I longer pine and languish? Will you false and cruel prove? Hither haste to ease my anguish, And reward your Celia's love.

Think, O think, how thus deceiving, Tender virgins hearts are won; Foolish maids, too foon believing, Are by faithless men undone.

> Go, go thou false deceiver, For ever we must part; Far hence be gone for ever, I tear thee from my heart.

Go naughty man, I cant abide you;
Are then your vows fo foon forgot?
Ah! now I fee if I had try'd you.
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—make them happy;
Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
Come be a dear good natur'd pappy;
And I'll reward you with a kiss.

How gentle was my Damon's air,
like funny beams his golden hair,
His voice was like the nightingale's,
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales;
How hard such beauties to refign,
And yet that cruel task is mine.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more,
Each flow, in pity, droops its head,
All nature does my loss deplore:
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

LIKE the man, whose soaring foul Is gen'rous and refin'd. Whose passions act beneath controul. With love and honour join'd. The oak, by woodbines on the plain, Encompass'd and cares'd, Is not more ftedfaft in its reign, Nor is more sweetly dress'd. The frothy fons of vice and show. Like shadows and like noise, Have nothing in themselves, we know. That fober fense enjoys: But pure and constant love endears. And feafts both ear and fight, While ev'ry thing, that virtue fears, Can give no true delight.

ONE April morn, young Damon fought,
O'er Sylvia to prevail,
And with diffimulation fraught,
He thus address'd his tale.
Now winter's chilling blasts are o'er,
And springs prolific reign
Impels the blossom and the stow'r,
To deck the smiling plain.

Let us my dearest girl repair,
To yonder bloomy grove,
For oh! I long to tell thee there,
How arden ly I love.
When prudence, watchful for the good
Of all who seek her care;
Confest before the damfel stood,
And said of man beware.

What tho' his words as honey fweet,
Seem all in candour drest,
Yet art, the parent of deceit,
Lies lurking in his breast.
Admonish'd by this faithful friend,
The cautious maid reply'd,
The youth I to the grove attend,
Must make me first his bride.

Abash'd! the swain his purpose saw,
In blackest colours rise,
Her honour struck his soul with awe,
And fill'd with shame his eyes;
To church he led the lovely maid,
Fair virtue's sacred school!
While Sylvia archly smil'd, and said,
Now—who's the April sool?

SINCE Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll seek, But go up to town in the waggon next week; A service in London is no such disgrace.

And register's office will get me a place:

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend; Folks say in her filks she's now standing an end, Then why should not I the same maxim pursue, And better my fortune as other girls do?

THO' the winds are whiftling round me, And the midnight rains descend; Painful fear shall near confound me, Guardian love will be my friend.

Night! how much I can defy thee!
Laugh at all thy negro train!
Day returning, Damon's nigh me,
Storms may beat, but beat in vain,

On my shepherd, fond reclining,
Pleasing safety soothes my breast:
Welcome winds to peace inclining!
Winds that bull to downy rest!

TALK no more of love to me,
All your fuit will not prevail;
I for one confess a flame,
In the humble flow'ry vale.
For each other, long we've figh'd,
Equal both, in birth and place;
He's my only joy and pride,
Love can laugh at noble race.

Young I am, and fore afraid: Would you hurt a harmless maid? Lead an innocent aftray? Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray. Men too often we believe; And, should you my faith deceive, Ruin first, and then forsake, Sure my tender heart would break.

YE nymphs, whose softer souls approve The touching strain of heart-felt love, I'll tell you of the gentless swain That ever grac'd the rural plain.

Who, but Lysander, has the pow'r To brighten ev'ry darksome hour? To call a smile from dimple sleek, Or make the blood forsake the cheek?

None with my love could e'er compare, For manly beauty, graceful air; For speech whose accents mild inspire Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now posses, O love abate thy fond cares; For I am lost to all relief, If joy can kill as well as grief.

> DEAREST Damon do not fly me, Cannot tears your pity move, Oh! believe me, don't deny me, It is you I only love;

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When you forbidding Refiraint d And youth No he shuns me, cruel fate!
Ah, never, never he'll return,
What can now my tears abate,
While with hopeless love I burn.

See my Damon now believes me, He returns, by pity mov'd, Every pleafure now furrounds me, Loving, and again belov'd.

GENTLE gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strephon's ear
All my foft complaints convey

Near fome mostly fountain's fide,
Or on fome verdant bank reclin'd,
Where bubbling streams in murmurs glide,
You will the dear deluder find.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strephon's ear
All my foft complaints convey.

Tell the false one how I mourn,

Tell him all my pains and woes;

Tell, ah! tell him to return,

And bring my wounded heart repose.

Gentle gales, in pity bear
My fighs, my tender fighs away;
To my cruel Strepkon's ear,
All my foft complaints convey.

GOOD mother, if you please, you may lace others to observe my way;
In the yourself the watchful spy,
And keep me ever in your eye:
Unless the will itself restrain,
The care of others is in vain;
And if myself I do not keep,
Instead of warching, you may sleep.
When you forbid what love inspires,
Institute of the wind of the service of

Then leave me unconfin'd and free, With prudence for my lock and key; For if myself I do not keep, Instead of watching, all may sleep.

Go, perjur'd youth, thou foe to truth,
Retract the vows you fwore;
A Proteus true I've found in you,
And ne'er can like you more.

Ungen'rous boy! made to destroy,
And rob me of my peace;
Awake, asleep, pangs round me creep,
That never, never cease.

Sad throbbing fighs, tear-streaming eyes, The emblems of despair; Each friend in vain (while you disdain) Attempts to soothe my care.

But all their arts to cure my fmarts, Inefficacious prove; My mind's not free from flavery, 'Tis bound in chains of love.

Maria's fair, false man, declare, Just as thou didst to me; (But maid beware his fatal snare, It's wrapt in perjury.)

His main deligne is stories bright, They steal upon our ears; Our tempers vex, degrade the sex, And force down stoods of tears.

O! favage man, made to trepan, And call love's pain a jest; O grant that I might change the figh, For joys within my breast!

I'd then be free from such as thee,
I'd spend in mirth each hour;
My virgin heart should know no smart,
But laugh at all thy pow'r."

I'll envy not the fair-one's lot,
To whom young Edwin roves;
But wish to see them ever be
The portraits of fond doves.

For sweet content was never meant To wretched me below; Yet when I die, my foul shall fly Beyond the reach of woe.

How pleafing's my Damon, how charming his face!
Adorn'd with fweet imiles, and bedeck'd with each
His manners are gentle, engaging and free; [grace!
And what is still better, the shepherd loves me.

Tho' plaintive his fong, it drives forrow away;
To hear his fweet voice I could listen all day;
I always am happy when Damon I see;
I love the young shepherd, because he loves me.

T'other day, as I sat beneath a green shade, He press'd my hand gently, and call'd me dear maid: His words, and his looks, and his actions agree, And I love the dear shepherd, because he loves me. The morn now invites, to the shade I'll repair, And surely my Damon will follow me there. Should he urge his fond suit, we shall quickly agree; I'll marry my shepherd because he loves me.

How imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart!
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart!
When our bosoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults swell,
And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's roly terror,

Quite expressive paints my cheek.

Ask no more—behold your error;

Blustes eloquently speak.

What tho' filent is my anguish,

Or breath'd only to the air;

Mark my eyes, and as they languish,

Read what yours have written there.

O, that you could once conceive me!
Once my heart's ftrong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendship nothing half so true.

From you I am wild despairing, With you speechless as I touch; This is all that bears declaring, And perhaps declares too much.

I Winna marry ony mon but Sandy o'er the Lee, But I will ha my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the Lee: For he's aye a kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I will not have the minister, for all his godly looks; Nor yet will I the law her have, for all his wily crooks I will not have the plowman lad, nor yet will I the [mille.

But I will have my Sardy Lad, without one penny For he's aye a kiffing, &c. [filler:

I will not have the foldier lad, for he gangs to the war I will not have the failor lad, because he smells of tag I will not have the lord nor laird, for all their mickle

But I will have my Sandy Lad, my Sandy o'er the For he's aye a kissing, &c. [meir]

I'D have a man of fense and air, The pride of ev'ry witty fair; Genteel in make, in stature tall, Polite to me, and good to all.

No powder'd, filly, flatt'ring beau, Who of good fense doth nothing know: A man of science, fond of books, Who's temper's equal to his looks.

No jealous fears I'd have annoy
The pleasing prospect of our joy:
That life a scene of love may be
To the dear youth, the world, and me.

I'd have this mild and gentle youth Inspir'd with wisdom, grace, and truth; And as for wealth, I'll not repine, If he has none, I'll give him mine.

Ye gen'rous gods! I ask no more; If such a man you've got in store, And I'm deserving, speak your mind, I'll be to him for ever join'd. Can Some g Gift

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Can I help it?—no, not I—
Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
Gifts fo precious to apply.

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Nature—fortune—gave 'em freely,
And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.

If the smarts of the sky
Cringe, ogle, and sigh,
Whene'er I pass by;
And cry,
Look-y' there!
What an air!
Gods, how fair!
Pray, why
(To feed your starch'd pride)
Must I go and hide,
'Till you're made a bride?
Who, I?

No, no-If I do, may I die.

LL pass no dull, inglorious life, At home I will not tarry; like the drum and martial fife, I'll to the camp with Harry. The peaceful pipe, and rustic play No longer is my passion; starry goes, I will not stay, For war is now the fashion.

Your Jane will not be left behind,
My neart's to fear a stranger;
High seas and rocks I'll never mind,
I laugh at toil and danger.
Hope he will not tell me, nay,
Nor sancy I'm unsteady;
I glory calls my swain away,
Love bids me to be seady.

To other lands, from pleafant Tweed, With him I must be flying; for shady grove, and painted mead, . Your Jenny won't be crying.

Till tumult's o'er, adieu to all,
Not long I hope to tarry;
I hear the drum's enliv'ning call,
I must be gone with Harry.

I'LL to fome shady, cool retreat,
Where spreading trees conspire to meet,
To hide my blush, while I repeat
The love I bear my Colin:
Name all that's amiable in love,
My Colin amply doth improve;
The facred truth of Heav'n above,
Is center'd in my Colin.

Were I posses'd of monarchs lands.
Of eastern shores, or golden sands;
No one shou'd share in Hymen's bands
With me, but lovely Colin.
With him, beneath a myrtle seat,
I'll sing, and bless my happier sate,

I'll fing, and bless my happier fate, Than feated on a throne of state, With any one but Colin.

So long as Saran's glass shall run,
Or Persian's hail the rising sun,
Or till my thread of life is spun,
So long shall I love Colin;
And when I take the parting kiss:
In death I'll chear my heart with this:
That I shall meet in suture bliss,
Again, with thee my Colin.

IF ever, oh! Hymen, I add to thy tribe,
Let such be my partner, my muse shall describe;
Not in party too high, nor in stature too low,
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of a beau.
Be his person genteel, and engaging his air,
His temper still yielding, his soul, too, sincere;
Not a dupe to his passion 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest, the passion of love.
Let honour, commendable pride in the sex,
His actions direct, and his principles six;
Then groundless suspicion he'll never surmise,
Nor jealousy read ev'ry glance of my eyes.

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If fuch a bleft youth approve my small charms, And no thought of int'rest his bosom alarms; In wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire, Thus time shall glide on, unperceived in decay.

Thus time shall glide on, unperceiv'd in decay. Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day; Such a partner grant, beaw'n, with my pray'r O com-Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die. [ply!

LONG time I've enjoy'd the fost transpots of love, I've bill'd like a sparrow, or coo'd like a dove. In woodbine alcove, or in jessamin bow'r, To many fond shepherd's I've listened an hour, But now for such pleasures I care not a rush, One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Young Colin's careffes inspir'd me with joy,
And Damon's soft vows I thought never could cloy,
With each I have sat in a fav'rite retreat,
And beheld with delight each fond swain at my seet,
But now for such pleasures I care not a rush,
One bird in the hand is worth two inthe bush.

Gay Strephon declares I'm the girl to his mind, If he proves fincere, I'll be conftant and kind, He vows that to morrow he'll make me his wife, I'll fondly endeavour to bles him for life; For all other swains now I care not a rush, One bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble, Whilft we love and love in vain; When 'tis over, is the lover, Now we've got him, worth the gain?

Is love treasure, is it pleasure,
That can pay whole years of care?
Is the bleffing worth careffing?
Speak, ye swains, and own, ye fair.

Kind, ye're pleafing; coy, we're teizing; Love's a fond fatiguing chace; Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us, Hearts our sport from place to place, Cupid smiling, life beguiling, Tempts us with the playful toy; Oft denying, oft complying, Love's our tormenr and our joy.

LEAVE party disputes, your attention I pray,
All you who to mirth are inclin'd,
And of those I dislike when you hear what I say,
You may guess at the man to my mind.

Ye felf-loving coxcombs, whose fondness is seen From the form your false mirrours display, When you talk of a passion, as nothing you mean, So all goes for nothing you say,

No pretention I boast to the aukward young heir, Tho' born to a wealthy estate, Who paying no court to the charms of the fair,

Buys a wife, like a calf, by her weight.

The old batter'd rake fure no woman can love, Who has long reckon'd marriage a curse; Tho' his great condescension he's ready to prove, By his taking a wife for a nurse.

A fool for a husband some females have chose,
And repentance oft rues what is past,
Tho' he turns for a season which way the wind blows
The weathercock's rusty at last.

But the man that hath sense, with a heart that's sin-Where passion and reason agree, [cere, Whose fortune's sufficient to combat with care, —Can't you guess at the lover for me?

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind;
But at last I have got a dear lad to my mind;
Oh! I never can part with my Willy:

We hied to the alter last Midsummer-day:
I blush'd all the white, and scarce knew what to say;
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey;
Can I do any less by my Willy?

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Provide Woo His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air;
His face than the rose is more ruddy. I swear;
And his kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all compare!
There is not such a lad as my Willy.

With him none pretends to pipe or to play,
But what tender foft things does the shepherd not say!
With ease I am sure, he might steal hearts away:
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my head, How kindly he watch'd me! what tears did he shed! He ne'er left me a moment till sickness was fled: Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy.

Should death from my fight tear the shepherd so true, Let him take, ir he chuses, then, me away too; For why should I tarry, or what could I do, Should I lose such a lad as my Willy.

LOVE, thou bane of foft content;
Love, thou inauspicious guest;
Say, say, oh! why thy shaft was sent
To this once peaceful breast?
Sweet, at first, I thought the passion,
Fancy still new joys could see;
Now how sad an alteration,
Damon slies from love and me.

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Thus Sylvia, in the confcious grove,
All sweetly plaintive mourn'd,
When Damon chanc'd that way to rove,
And to the nymph return'd:
He sigh'd repentance at her feet,
She smil'd upon the swain;
And each fond heart responsive beat
To love and joy again.

My father and mother (what ail them!),
Pretend I'm too young to be wed;
They expect, but in troth I shall fail them,
That I finish my chairs and my bed.
Provided our minds are but cherry,
Wooden chairs wo'not argue a glove,

Any bed will hold me and my deary, The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
An horse to the parson to ride:
In a wheel barrow offer'd to send us,
And John for the sootman beside.

Wou'd we never had ask'd him! for whip it, To the church, tho' two miles and a half; Twice as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it, But then how the people wou'd laugh!

The neighbours are nettled most fadly:
Was e'er such a forward, bold thiag!
Sure girl never acted so madly!
Thro' the parish these backbitings rings

Yet I will be married to-morrow,

And charming young Harry's the man:
My brother's blind nag we can borrow,

And he may prevent us that can.

Not waiting for parents confenting, My brother took Nell of the green; Yet both far enough from repenting, Now live like a king and a queen.

Pray, when will your gay things of London Produce such a strapper as Nell? Their wives by their husbands are undone, As Saturday's newspapers tell.

Poll Barnley said, over and over,
I soon shou'd be left in the lurch:
For Harry she knew was a rover,
And never wou'd venture to church.

And I know the forrows that wound her!

He courted her once he confest;

With another too great when he found her,

He bid her take them she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or wou'd be,
May learn from my Harry and me,
If maids would be maids while they should be,
How faithful their sweethearts wou'd be,
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My mother fays, cloathing and feeding, Will foon make me fick of a brat; But, tho' I grow fick in my breeding, I care not a farthing for that,

For, if I'm not hugely mistaken, We can by the sweat of our brow, Stick a hog once a year for sat bacon, And all the year round keep a cow.

I value no dainties a button,
Coarse food will our stomachs allay:
If we cannot get beef, yeal, or mutton,
A chine and a pudding we may.

A fig for your richest brocading; In lindley there's nothing that's base; Your finery soon sets a fading; My dowlass will stand beyond lace.

I envy not wealth to the miser, Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store; To eat all and wear all is wifer;

Enough must be better than more. So nothing shall tempt me from Harry, For he is as true as the sun:

Eve with Adam was order'd to marry;
This world it should end as begun.

My Sandy is the sweetest swain That ever pip'd on Tay; He tends the sheep upon the plain, And chears me all the day.

As on a mosty bank we sat,

Beneath a verdant shade,

The youth so charm'd me with his chat,

While on his bagpipes play'd.

He call'd me his dear life and care, And his own Moggy, too; He vow'd by all that's good and fair, To me he will prove true.

For Sandy is a bonny swain,
And I'll be Sandy's wife;
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And so be blest for life.

My former time, how brifk and gay, So blith was I, as blith could be, But now I'm fad, ah! well:a-day, For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,

Their wheedling arts are lost on me;

For I to death shall love but one,

And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
As mourns the dove it's absent she;
So will I droop, so will I mourn,
Till my true love returns from sea.

MORE bright the fun began to dawn,
The merry birds to fing,
And flow'rets dappled o'er the lawn,
In all the pride of spring;
When for a wreath young Damon stray'd,
And smiling to me brought it;
Take this, he cry'd, my dearest maid;
And who, aye who'd have thought it.

I blush'd the present to receive,
And thank'd him o'er and o'er;
When soft he sigh'd, bright fair, forgive,
I must have something more:
One kind sweet kiss will pay me best,
So earnestly he sought it,
I let him take it, I protest,

A fwain that woo'd with fo much art, No nymph could long difdain; A fecret flame foon touch'd my heart,

And who, aye who'd have thought it !

And flush'd thro' ev'ry vein:
'T as love inspir'd the pleasing change,
From his my bosom caught it;

'Twas strange indeed, 'twas passing strange, And who, aye who'd have thought it!

Hark! Hymen calls, the shepherd cry'd; Let us, my dear comply; And A: We

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Weinstant went, with love our guide,
And bound the nuptial tie:
And ever fince that happy day,
As mutual warmth has taught it,
We fondly kiss, and sport and play,
And who, aye who'd have thought it!

MY mother cries, Betfy be fhy,
Whenever the men would intrude:
I know not her meaning, not I,
But I'd take her advice—if I could.

Alexis stept up t'other day
To kiss me, and ask'd if he shou'd;
Pray what cou'd a shepherdess say?
But I'd fain have said no—if I could.

My mother remembers the time
When she like a vestal was mew'd
Now this, I conceive, was a crime,
And I'd not be serv'd so—if I cou'd.

If I'm with Alexis she'll chide;
She says he perhaps may be rude:
I will not pretend to decide,
But I fancy he would—if he cou'd,

Last May-morn I tript o'er the plain;
He saw me, and quickly pursu'd;
I heartily laugh'd at the swain;
I'd catch you, he cry'd—if I cou'd.

Well foon he o'ertook my best haste,
And swore he'd be constant and good;
I vow I'll live decent and chaste;
But I'd marry the swain—if I cou'd.

My cautious mother, t'other day,
Cry'd, Polly, mind me, do;
Isaw young Damon come this way,
And fear he came to you;
You know he's gay, and thought a rake,
So never welcome make him.
Thus I got scolded for his sake,
I wish the deuce may take him.

It's true I met him in a grove,

He gently class d my hand,

Then sigh'd, and talk'd more things of love

Than I could understand;

And who'd have thought that we were seen?

But of such tricks I'll break him;

If he won't tell me what they mean,

The deuce, sure, ought to take him,

I often feel my bosom glow
With warmth I never knew,
If this be love that haunts me so,
What can a virgin do?
Indeed, for pipe, for dance and song,
'Gainst ev'ry swain I'd take him,
But if he tantalizes long.
I hope the deuce will take him.

They fay from wedlock fprings delight,
Then let him fpeak his mind,
I've no objection to unite
With one fo fond and kind:
My mother, tho' too apt to pry,
To dioblige I'm lothe,
Howe'er I'll wed, then all her cry
Will be, deuce take you both.

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend, Swittly thy affifiance lend; Lock up envious, feeing day, Bring the willing youth away; Hafte, and speed the tedious hour, To the secret happy bow'r: Then, my heart, for bliss prepare, Thyrsis surely will be there. See the hateful day is gone, Welcome evening now comes on; Soon to meet my dear I fly, None but love shall then be by; None shall dare to venture near, To tell the plighted vows they hear; Parting thence will be the pain,

But we'll part to meet again,

Don't you feel a pleafing smart, Gently stealing to your heart? Fondly hope, and fondly sigh? For, my shepherd oft do I; Wish in Hymen's bands to join, I'll be your's, and you be mine? Tell me, Thyrsis, tell me this, Tell me, then, and tell me yes.

Farewel, loit'ring idle day!

To my dear I hie away;

On the wings of love I go,
He the ready way will show:
Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,
Love and Thyrsis both are near;
'Tis the youth! I'm fur 'tis he!
Night, how much I owe to thee.

ONE midfummer morning, when nature look'd gay, The birds full of fong, and the flocks full of play: When earth feem'd to answer the smiles from above, And all things proclaim'd it the season of tove: My mother cry'd, Nancy, come haste to the mill, If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue, pleas'd me no doubt; A woman, alas! would be nothing without. I went to'ard the mill without any delay, And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say; But when I came near it, I found it stock still; Bless my stars, now I cry'd, huff'em rarely I will.

The miller to market that inftant was gone,
The work was all left to the care of his fon;
Now tho' I can feeld well as any one can,
Yet I thought 'twould be wrong to feeld the young
I faid, I'm furpris'd you can use me soill; [man.
Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the neglect is not mine, No corn in the town I'd grind fooner than thine, There's no one more eeady in pteafing the fair, The mill shall go merrily round, I declare: But hark how the birds fing, and see how they bill, Now I must have a kis first I must and I will.

My corn being done, I to'ardhome bent my way; He whifper'd he'd fomeihing of moment to fay, Infifted to hand me along the green mead, And there fwore he lov'd me, indeed and indeed; And that he'd be conflant and tfue to me still; So that fince that I've lik'd him, and like him I will!

I often say, mother, the miller I'll huff;
She laughs, and cries, go girl, aye plague him enough;
And scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
I steal a sty kiss from the youth I admire.
If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll sulfil;
And I'll answer, oh yes, with a hearty good will.

ON Tay's green banks I'll boldly tell
The love I have for Jockey,
Attend my fong, each blythsome belle,
And shepherd's hither flosk ye.
I gave my heart to that fond swain,
Who won it of me fairly;
I'd do't if twere to do again,
I love him still so dearly.

His manners foft, tho' firong his mind,
Not fickle like the weather,
Not crofs to-day, to-morrow kind,
And lighter than a feather;
His words and actions both agree,
His temper's warm, not heady:
He's always good and just to me,
To love and honour fleady.

For his own felf, I like my fwain,
I know his worth and nature:
I'll give him not a moment's pain,
Nor wrong fo fweet a creature.
No girl on Tweed, on Clyde, or Spay,
Is born to fo much pleasure,
As is the merry lass of Tay,
Or closer hugs her treasure.

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When S For he s But onl WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kye And a' the weary warld a sleep is gane; [at hame, The waes of my hears fall in show'rs fra' my e'e, While my gude man sleeps sound by me.

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Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and ask'd me for his But saving a crown he had naithing else beside [bride To make the crown a pound my Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were baith for me, He had na been gane a year and a day, [stole away When my faither brake his arm, and our cow was My mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea, And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My faither cou'd na work, & my mither cou'd na spin I toiled day and night but their bread I cou'd na win Auld Robin fed 'em baith, and wi' tears in hise'e, Said, Jeanie, for their sakes, oh marry me:
My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back, But the wind it blew hard, and his ship was a wreck His ship was a wreck, why did na Jamie die, And why was he spared to cry wae is me?

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did na speak But she lookt in my face till my heart was like to break So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was at sea, And Auld Robin Gray was a gude man to me: I had na been a wife, but weeks only four, When sitting sa mournfully out my ain door, I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I could na think it he, Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

Sair, fair did we greet, and mickle did we fay, We took but a kifs, and we tore ourselves away, I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die, Ob, why was I born to fay, wae is me? I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin, I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin; So I will do my best a gude wife to be, For Auld Robin Gray is sa kind to me.

THE simmer it was smiling, nature round was gay, When Jeanie was attending on Auld Robin Gray; For he was fick at heart, and had na friend beside, But only me, poor Jeanie, who newly was his bride.

Ah Jeanic! I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth' Then see my poor au'd banes, pray, laid into the earth' And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth & a day' And I will leave whate'er belongs to Auld Robin Gray' I laid poor Robin in the earth, as decent as I cou'd, And shed'a tear upon his grave, for he was very gude, I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I sigh'd Ah wae is me what shall I do since poor Auld Robin died Search ev'ry part thro' out the land there's none like sme forlorn;

I'm ready e'en to ban the day, that ever I was born, For Jamie all I lov'd on earth; ah! he is gone away. My faither & my mither's dead & eke Auld Robin Gray I rose up with the morning sun & spun till setting day. And one whole year of widowhood I mournd for Robin I did the duty of a wife both kind & constant too Gray Let ev'ry one example take and Jeanie's plan pursue. I thought that Jamie he was dead or he to me was lost, And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost. I tried to sing, I tried to laugh, and pass the time away. For I had not a friend alive since died Auld Robin Gray. At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'd na guess.

[the cause, Yet Rodney was the man they said who got so much apsplause

I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me, And shew'd a purse of golden ore, & said it is for thee, Auld Robiu Gray I find is dead & still your heart is true Then take me Jeanie to your arms, & I will be so too. Mess John shall join us at the kirk & we'll be blith & gay I blush'd, consented, & replied, adieu to Robin Gray.

T WAS in the dead of night, soon after Jeanie wed And wi her faithful Jamie was sleeping in her bed, A hollow voice she heard which call'd her to awake, And listen to the words would be utter'd for her sake. She started from her sleep, her bosom beat wi fear, When the ghaist of Robin Gray before her did appear, He wav'd his shadowy hand, and thus to her did say, Ah Jeanie! list awhile, to your Auld Robin Gray.

I do not come, dear Jean, your conduct to reprove, Or interrupt the joys you thare in Jamie's love,

His

His honest heart deserves whatever he can receive, Since he has fought sa nobly & would not you deceive Still let his cou age rise, his country's foes to quell, To you he safe shall come again, the sates now bid

With Howe as well as Rodney his valor he'll display
If you will but believe the ghaift of Robin Gray.

And Jeanie must submit your virtue is your guard,
For fortune has in store for you a high & rich reward.
The haughty Dons subdued with Holland & with France
Your Jamie with fresh laureis crown'd will to your
wish advance

Then let him haste wiell his speed to join a noble fleet Tho' danger does appear in view no harm shall Jamie meet

But joyful shall return again upon a future cay.

As you may sure believe the ghaift of Robin Gray.

YE gales that gently wave the fea,
And please the canny boatman,
Bear me fra' hence, or bring to me,
My blyth, my bonny scotman:
In holy bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not that discover,
While parents rate a large estate,
Before a faithful lover.

But I would chuse in highland glens,
To herd the kid and goat-man,
E'er I cou'd for such little ends
Resuse my bonny Scotman:
Wae worth the man who first began
The base ungen'rous fashion;
From greedy views, love's art to use,
Whilst stranger to its passion.

Whilit stranger to its passion.

Fra' foreign fields my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie;
Who pants to kiss thy balmy mouth,
And in her bosom press thee.

Love gives the word, then haste on board,
Fair wind and gentle boatman,
Waste ear, wast o'er, from yonder shore,
My blyth, my bonny scotman.

I HE sportsman goes out with his dog & his gun' To kill all the game till the day-light is gone, My pleasure's to spare all the birds I can get, For I catch them alive, and they're fafe in my net, The men are my birds, for whom spread is my snare, I can judge of their merit the best when they're there And if they have nothing my heart to engage, I lose not a twelvemonth in making a cage. If they whiftle and fing, and my faney employ, I'm glad of my prize, and grow fond of my toy, If their plumage is gaudy, and fweet is their fong, I can fee, and can hear the dear things all day long. But if they delight not my eye nor my ear, If too fqualling their notes for my patience to hear; If they are not worth keeping, I e'en let them go, A cage is too good for a magpie or crow. If the lark, thrush, or nightingale, bullfineh, or wren Who're the witty, the tuneful, the gay among men, Will fly to my net, I'll draw tight if I can, In a cage place my captive-I mean my fweet man. - 280 -

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boasted different charms and grace,
Young Hel cou'd fing with taste and art,
Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace.
Blith Willy was a soldier brave,
Who fear'd not scars or deaths or wounds.
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
And threat'ning foes each hour arife,
I fcorn young Harry's vocal chaims,
And mafter Jemmy I despise;
I love my Willy, bold and brave,
He heeds not fcars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to fave,
When Britain's filver trumpet founds.
In piping times of peace, a beau,

Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ; But now, while threaten'd by each foe, Be wife, and throw away the toy:

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Take my advice, love him that's brave,
Who fears not fcars, or death, or wounds;
So may your smiles your country save,
While Britain's filver trumpet sounds.

Young Jocky blyth at early dawn,
Starts fresh and fair as roses blawn,
Then o'er the dewy lawn he roves,
And greets the lass he dearly loves.
Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass;
Dear Jug will nathing move thee,
Be kind, be true, my bonny lass,

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I'd die for your dear fake,
From every other business free,
My life and love shall follow thee.
Sweet smells the birk, &c.

I only live to love thee.

Time's on the wing and will not flay,
In fining fun let make our hay;
While love does at his altar fland,
Give me your heart, Oh! give your hand.
Sweet fmells the birk, &c.

As Daphne fat beneath a shade,
To keep her sheep from straying,
It is a pleasing thing, she said,
To live without obeying.
It is a pleasing thing, Sc.

How pleafant is a fingle life,
'Tis far beyond expression!
But she, that is become a wife,
Needs pity and compassion.

She bids adieu to all her joy,

When matrimony binds her
To one, who does his thoughts, employ
In firiving to confine her

How pleasant then is liberty,
When none can e'er molest them,
And they are fools who don't live free,
When fortune so has bless them,

A CURSE attends that woman's love,
Who always would be pleasing;
The pertners of the biling dove,
Like tickling is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do?

If we grow fond they shun us;

And when we sly them, they pursue,

But leave us when they've won us.

AH! why did Jocky gang away,
And leave his love behind him,
So far in diffant climes to stray,
When Jane could never find him?
Where thund'ring cannons they do roar
And drums so loudly rattle;
Where verdant fields are all in gore,
By some most furious battle,
By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian pow'rs, my Jocky fave,
When danger's fix'd around him;
For oh! in arms 'tis known how brave
His lairds have always found him.
There's ne'er a lad in au the town
Can boaft his equal merit;
He'll ever fight for England's crown,

With loyalty and spirit,

Oh! had I known the cruel war
So long had kept my laddy,
I'd gang with him though e'er so far,
In au my best of pladdy;
But, hark! I hear the fifes, the drums,
Oh! joy beyond expressing;
My lovely soldier, see! he comes,
I'll fly for to cares him.

As I went o'er the meadows, no matter the day,

A shepherd I met who came tripping that way;
I was going to fair all so bonny and gay,
He ask'd me to let him go 'long with me there;
No harm shall come to you, young damsel, I swear;
I'll buy you a fairing to put in your hair.

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You've a good way to go, it is more than a mile, We'll reft, if you p'ease, when we get to you stile: I've a story to tell, that will charm you the while. To go with him farther I did not much care; But still I went on, not suspecting a snare, For I dream'd of a fairing to come from the fair.

To make me more easy, he said all he could:

I threaten'd to leave him, unless he'd be good;

For I'd not for the world, he should dare to be rude.

Young Roger had premis'd and baulk'd me last year;

If he should do so, I would go no more there,

Tho' I long'd e'er so much for a gift from he fair.

When we got to the stile, he would scarce be said no, He press'd my soft lips, as if there he would grow; (Take care how that way with a shepherd you go). Confounded I ran, when I found out his snare; No ribbon, I cry'd, from such bands will I wear, Nor go, while I live, for a gift to the sair.

As t'other day milking I fat in the vale, Young Damon, came up, to address his fost tale, So sudden I started, and gave him a frown. [down. For he frighted my cow, and my milk was kick'd

Lord bless me! says I, what-a-deuce can you mean'
To come thus upon me, unthought of, unseen,
I ne'er will approve of the love you pretend;
For, as mischief began, perhaps mischief may end.

I little thought now, he'd his passion advance; But pretty excuses made up the mischance; He begg'd a kind kiss, which I gave him, I vow; And I laid, my own self, all the fault on my cow.

How many ways love can the besom invade! His bair, prov'd too strong, alas! tor a maid. He hinted that wedlock was what he'd be at, But I thought it was best to say nothing of that.

I flutter all other when'er he comes nigh;
For, if he should press, I should jurely comply,
And ne'er shall be angry, my heart itself tells,
Tho' he slings down my milk, or does any thing else.

BLAB not what you ought to smother,
Honour's laws should facred be;
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er will favour gain with me.

But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
E'er I'd trust my reputation
With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure, Never should the same reveal; He whom beauty crowns with pleasure, Cautious would his joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture, Shall my fame from centure fave; One where truth and prudence center, And as fecret as the grave.

COME then, pining, peevish lover, Tell me what to do and say, From your doleful dumps recover, Smile, and it shall have its way.

With their humours thus to teize us, Men are fure the strangest elves! Silly creatures, would you please us, You should still seem pleas'd you selves,

HASTE, Lorenzo, hither fly;
To my longing arms repair;
With impatience I shall die;
Come and footh thy Jessy's care,
While we, then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze our fouls away.

HIST, hift! I hear my mother call!
Pr'ythee be gone,
We'll meet anon.
Catch this, and this,
Blow me a kifs,
In pledge-promis'd truth, that's all.

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Farewel! and yet a moment flay,
Something befide I have to fay;
Well, 'tis forgot;
No matter what.
Love grant us grace,
The mill's the place.
She calls again, I must away.

WHY will you plague me with your pain? You know fuch nonfense I disdain! Your passion, anguish, tears, and fighs, And all fuch folly, I despise. If I but frown, you fay, you die; Sure frowns can never hurt a fly: But fince my fmiles fuch bleffings prove I'll ever fmile at you and love. You fay that I am all divine, My eyes the brighteft ftars outshine; And I of charms have fuch a store, As never girl poffes'd before: And when I am as mad as you, I may believe it to be true; But never, till that time shall be, Let me hear more of love or thee.

I AM a young maid,
That's forely afraid,
I hall die one, though now woman grown,
Take pity, ye fwains,
On one who complains,
She is weary of lying alone.

When scarce ten years old,
I oft have been told
By my playmates in strange dismal tone;
Of terrible sprites,
That baunt the dark nights,
Makes me fearful of lying alone.

Then here I now stand,
And ready my hand,
To bestow on the youth who shall own,
He's willing for life,
To make me his wife,
That I may not lie longer alone.

But let it fuffice, I fomewhat am nice, Then the marks of my choice I'll make known. Unless I can find. The lad to my mind. I had rather by half lie alone, The haughty and vain. Alike I disdain. The pert fool and infenfible drone ; The brave and the wife. Are virtues I prize, And shall tempt me from lying alone. And when once poffes'd Of him I like beft, I'd not envy Queen Charlotte her throne; But chearfully join, At love's purple shrine Make amends for my lying alone.

I AM a young virgin, who oft has been told I should try to get married, before I'm too old, I took their advice, and got one in my eye, Who if I can't have, I'm afraid I shall die.

Young Thyrfis is witty, well-featur'd and tall, His fellow swains own that he outdoes them all. When first I beheld him, I cannot tell why, I thought I was going that moment to die.

If through the recesses of you filent grove, Or over the meadows I happen to rove, And see my dear shepherd at distance pass by, I tremble all o'er, and am ready to die.

When he plays on his pipe to the lambkins around, I fly to the place where I hear the bleft found: Oh! Tbyrfis! sweet youth! to myself then I try, I'd listen to thee, was I going to die.

Last Saturday eve, I remember the day, I caught him faluting Clarinda the gay, That I envy'd each kis, I will no deny, And fervently pray'd that my rival might die.

Come Hymen, and lend a poor damsel your aid, Who without your assistance must die an old maid,

K

To all my fond wishes make Thyrsis comply, And if I don't have him. I wish I may die.

YE virgin pow'rs defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles;
From saucy love, or picer art,
Which most our sex beguiles.

From fighs and vows, and awful fears,
That do to pity move;
From fpeaking filence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,

Let honour be my guide;

And when frail nature seems inclin'd,

There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen, the pure, Needs ev'ry virtue's aid;

And she who thinks herself secure, The soonest is betray'd.

INDEED, forfooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At fuch an age, methinks your rage,
Might be a little cool.
Fie, let me go, Sir,

Kifs me!—No, no, Sir.
You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know

I'm not for your game, Sir, Nor will I be tame, Sir, Lord, have you no shame, Sir;

To tumble one fo.

IT is I believe, next Hollantide eve,
A twelvemonth fince first I began
To hold up my head, in love to be read,
And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I faw; he kiss'd me, oh la!
I vow thro' my bosom it ran;
My lips he so press'd, 'tis true I protest.
That I thought him a deuce of a man.

Philander the gay, I met at the play,
My heart beat a furious rattan;
Because you must know, I some time ago
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk Strephon came next, but then I was vex'd,
He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan;
I own to be sure, I could not endure.
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts, still watching my haunts,
Obstruct me as much as they can,
But what do I care, I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

O LOVE! thou bitter foe to reft, who hast, within this harmless breast, So home the sick'ning arrow sent; Relieve a poor unwary maid, Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd, Nor knew what self delusion meant.

Since custom, cruel to the fair,
Forbids my passion to declare,
Assist, blind god of soft desire;
To thy omnipotence I kneel;
Let him my secret anguish feel,
And burn for me with equal sire.

Then if the lovely youth appear,
By turns inclin'd to hope and fear,
And tenderly his passion move,
My heart shall slutter to his sighs,
With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes,
And never, never, cease to love.

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand,
Ah! why so soon the blossom bear,
E're autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the chearful day,
'Till many a year has o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd let me trifle life away,
And fing of love e'er I grow old.

Why Ask me Mute Who to Vent In each

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WHY with fighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow,
Ask me not 'tis past the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a firanger,
Vent'rous tempts the inconfiant feas;
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rifing breeze.

WITH fweet words and looks fo tender,
Well you have your flame express'd,
And conjure me to furrender,
All you wish to make me bless'd,
Say, for yet I'm not complying,
If bright honour sways your mind,
Then there can be no denying;

WOULD you taste of freedom's charms, Zara courts thee to her arms; Distress, like thine, should pity move, and pity's ray should kindle love, for my heart adopts thy woes,

felting, thrilling, as it glows; eave thy cell, and follow me, ove and Zara fet thee free.

When you ask I must be kind.

OU ask me in vain, of what ills I complain, Where harbours the torment I find;
my head, in my heart, it invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

ach effort I try, ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my foul to appease;
ut doom'd to endure, what I mean for a cure,
Turns poison and feeds the disease.

OUNG Colin fought my heart to gain The shepherd, lost in love, ath morning woo'd me on the plain, Each noon within the grove;

WH

Yet my denial fill was this,
Pshaw! Man, I can't endure you;
And if he offer'd but a kis,
Such rudeness! I'll assure me, I'll assure you,
Such rudeness, I'll assure you.

For twenty youths (not he alone)
The am'rous flame confen'd;
And had I once been kind to one,
I'm fure I'd loft the reft:
Befide, he us'd no pretty arts,
But fagely wou'd allure me;
While others talk'd of flames and darts;
'Twas pretty—I'll affure ye,
'Twas pretty, &c.

My face, my form, were praifed aloud,
My wit new conquests fir'd;
And 'twas enough to make one proud
To be so much admir'd;
At length, reslection shew'd the fate
Such flatt'ry might procure me,
And virtue warn'd to shun the bait,
Nor vainly—I'll assure ye,

I bid the fighing train depart;
This maxim pleas'd to prove,
That flatt'ry fills the fenfual heart,
But truth the heart of love:
Young Colin, wont in vain to plead,
Of vanity to cure me,
Now woo'd again; and now indeed
I lov'd him, I'll affire ye,
I lov'd him, &c.

Nor vainly, &c.

I blam'd myself such scorn, to bear
To merit now so clear:
By my example, learn, ye fair,
To prize the youth sincere:
We instant join'd the nuptial tie;
He raptur'd to ensure me;
And, trust me, damsels, when you try,
'Twill charm you, I'll assure you,
'Twill charm you, Sc.

304 YOUNG Damon firives my love to gain, He fight, he fickens but in vain ; His looks express a heart felt pain, And mine returns a cold disdain. Unhappy Damon! thus to love. What never was defign'd above. Sincere, I told him o'er and o'er. I'd pledg'd my word and truth before, And beg'd he would perplex no more; His fighs were vain, more vain his pow'r. Unhappy Damon! thus to love, What never was defign'd above. When you persuade the constant dove To leave her mate, inconftant prove, And through the defert woodlands rove, Then I'll deceive the fwain I love ! But ne'er till then will I agree To quit my love, who loves like me.

How cruelly fated is woman to woe,
Too weak to contend fill befet by the foe; [fuccefs Tho' each wish we conceiv'd should be crown'd with What would flow from these wishes but care & distress For love intervenes, and fancy's gay seenes.

Alas, are clouded all o'er,

The fun quits the fk es, hope fickens and dies, Heigh ho! the heart fays no more,

Tho' beauty and riches together conspire
To flatter our pride, and fulfil each desire;
Nor beauty nor riches give peace to the breast
Which passion has tortur'd, and grief has oppiess'd.
For love, &c.

YE happy nymphs, whose harmless hearts, No fatal forrows prove, Who never knew men's faithless arts, Or felt the pangs of love.

If dear contentment is a prize,
Believe not what they fay;
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray,

Alas! how certain is our grief!

From cares how can we fly,

When our fond fex is all belief,

And man is all a lye.

WHERE shall a love-fick virgin find,
The sweet, composed, contented mind,
When passions raging like the wind,
Distract her tender soul.
A parent's arbitrary voice,
Missed by riches glitt'ring toys,
Denies the freedom of her choice,
And ev'ry wish controul.

O smiling liberty, appear!
Thou only canst relieve my care,
Dispel each doubt, each gloomy fear,
And every pain remove;
Come, like a fost refreshing breeze,
In gentle whispers give me ease,
From every grief my soul release,

And waft me to my love.

No swain ever prov'd half so faithful and free, As Will of the Green has long prov'd unto me, A youth so endearing, my heart must approve, And Willy's the lad that demands all my love. When he is but near, and my lambs all at play, Dull winter appears full as pleasant as May; So kindly he treats me, so manly his love, Young Willy's the lad that my heart must approve. Should he prove but true, and will take me for life, E're summer is gone, he shall make me his wise; For worth like to his ev'ry heart must approve, And Willy's the lad that demands all my love.

I DO as I will with my fwain,
He never once thinks I am wrong,
He likes none so well on the plain,
I please him so much with my song.
A song is the shepherd's delight,
He hears me with joy all the day;

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His hand Shou'd a' Daft lad, To the la

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For thine 0 gi' me He fighing And he ha

He's forry when comes the dull night, That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress,
He ask'd me to footh him the while;
My voice set his mind all to rest,
And the shepherd would instantly smile:
Since when, or in mead, or in grove,
By his slocks, or the clear river's side,
I sing my best songs to my love,
And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,

No treasures of nature and art;
But my voice that had gain'd on his ear,

Soon found out the way to his heart:
To try if that voice wou'd not please,

He took me to join the gay throng;
I won the rich prize all with ease,

And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealoufy raife,
I wish to enchant but my swain;
Enough then for me is his praise,
I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
When youth, wealth, and beauty may fail,
And your shepherds clude all your skill;
Your sweetness of song may prevail,
And gain all your swains to your will.

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How happy was I my blith Jocky to see,
When down at the brook he first bent on his knee,
To gi' me a drink wi' sweet looks on his een,
And hail'd me of a' he had met for his queen;
Such beauties he said were my een and my hair,
As none on the green cou'd wi' me e'er compare;
His hand and his flock, his true love beside,
Shou'd a' be mine ain, gin I'd be his bride.

Daft lad, I replied, wi' thy flocks never part,
To the lass that wou'd meanly dispose of her heart,
For thine I but sought in return for mine ain,
O gi' me but that and thy flocks I disdain:
He sighing replied, I had it long sin,
And he had his wish in possessing of mine;

My hand I then gi'm without thought of his flocks' While even the brook murmur'd faithful Tock

WHAT bard, oh time, discover,
With wings first made thee move,
Ah! fure he was some lover,
Who ne'er had lest his love.
For who that once did prove,
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day, he were away,
Could picture thee with wings.
Tho' but one day, &c.

By him we love offended, How foon our anger flies, One day apart 'tis ended, Behold him and it dies,

Last night your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bad depart,
And fure his rude presumption,
Deserv'd to lose my heart,
Yet west he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
I fear my eyes wou'd pardon,
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.

With truth the bold deceiver,

To me thus oft has faid,

In vain would Clara flight me,

In vain she would upbraid;

No scorn those lips discover,

Where dimples laugh the while,

No frowns appear resentful,

Where beaven has stamp'd a smile.

By him we love, Sc.

COME, my gallant foldier, come,
To the call of Cupid's drum:
Tho' my honour be engag'd,
Rescue now thy love besieg'd.
Come, my gallant, &c.

Down of doves, thy coat of mail Softest founds thy triumph hail; Myrtle wreaths, thy brows entwine, And that pleasing task be mine. Come my gallant, &c.

Hush'd the trumpet's brazen throat, Hark? the flute's melodious note: Mars shall sleep, and discora cease, All is harmony and peace. Come my gallant, &c.

SAYS Colin to me, Ive a thought in my head, I know a young damfel I'm dying to wed. So please you quoth I-and whene'er it is done, You'll quarrel and you'll part again as fure as a gun. And fo when you're married, poor am'rous wight, You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night; But truft me good Colin, you'll find it bad fun, Instead of which you'll fight & fcratch as sure as a gun But should she prove fond of her own dearest love, And you be as supple, and as soft as her glove; Yet be she a saint, and as chaste as a nun, You're fasten'd to her apron strings as fure as a gun! Suppose it was you then, said he with a leer, You would not serve me fo, I m certain my dear, In troth I replied, I will answer for none,-But do as other women do, as fure as a gun.

Wish me joy, ye nymphs and (wains, fobnny comes to morrow, He shall quickly glad the plains, Banish care and forrow:
He had left us now too long, Robb'd us of our treasure;
But he'll bring us dance and song, And ev'ry smiling pleasure.

If I've time I'll deck the bower,
Once my fwain delighting,
Twine it round with many a flow'r,
And with fweets inviting;
There he talk'd fo well of love,
Won my heart from forrow;

There on wings of hafte I'll rove, He'll be there to-morrow.

Come, my shepherd, quickly come,
Where can thou be staying?
Love who wants thee now at home,
Chides thy long delaying;
From to-day I'll never rove,
But be blith and bonny,
For I never more shall live,
Without my sweetheart Yobany.

I Once was a maiden as fresh as a rose, And as fickle as April weather,

I laid down without care, and I wak'd with repose, With a heart as light as a feather. With a heart, &c.

I work'd with the girls and I play'd with the men,
I always was romping or spinning,
And what if they piller'd a kiss now and then,

I hope 'twas not very great finning. I hope, &c.

I wedded a husband as young as my self,
And for every frolic as willing,
Together we laugh'd when we had any pelf,
And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.
And we, &c.

He's gone to the wars, heav'n fend him a prize,
For his pains he is welcome to spend it,
My example I know is more merry than wise,
Lord help me I never shall mend it.
Lord help me, &c.

WHEN wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
My poor heart with grief did figh,
Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
'Woke e're yet the morn was nigh,
No other could delight him:
Ah! why did I ere slight him,
Coldly asswring his fond tale,
Which drive him far,

Amid the rage of war,

And left filly me thus to bewail.

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And yet in And welco With joy Nor Arrive

But I no longer, though a maid for faken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love,
The hostile country over,
I'il fly to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning sear,
Nor distant shore,
Nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

THE fife and drum found merrily, A foldier, a foldier's the lad for me, With my true love I foon will be, For who fo kind, fo true as he, With him in every toil I'll share, To please him shalt be all my care,

ofe.

Each peril I'll dare, All hardships I'll bear; For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

Then if kind heaven preserve my love,
What rapturous joy shall his Nancy prove,
Swift thro' the camp shall my footsteps bound,
To meet my William with conquest crown'd,
Close to my faithful bosom prest,
Soon shall he hush his cares to rest,

Clasp'd in these arms, Forget war's alarms, For a soldier, a soldier's the lad for me.

To ease my heart I own'd my flame,
And much I fear I was to blame;
For tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,
The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd mind, The sigh that notes the wish behind; The tear which down the cheek will steal, With cautious art we should conceal.

And yet if honour guides the youth, And welcome love is led by truth, With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel, Nor firive our weakness to conceal. LORD, what care I for mam or dad?
Why let am fcold and bellow,
For while I live, I'll love my lad,
He's fueh a charming fellow.

The last fair day on Gander green, The youth, he danc'd so well-o, So spruce a lad was never seen, As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was fomewhat mellow;
Says he my dear, I ll fee you home—
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
Says he, if you'll not tell o,
I'll kiss you here by this good light—
Lord what a charming fellow.

You rogue, fays I, you've stopp'd my breath, Ye bells ring out my knell o, Again I'd die so sweet a death, With such a charming sellow.

WOE betide each tender fair,
Who now beholds you must adore you;
Such a shape, and such an air,
Will make each beauty fall before you.

Narcissus fate and yours were one,

Could you but your own charms discover,
You'd die as many a fop has done,

Only of himself a lover.

PATIE is a lover gay,
His brow is never cloudy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy;
Shape is handsome, middle fize,
He's stately in his walking,
The shining of his e'en surprize,
'Tis heav'n to hear him talking,

Last night I met him on the bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There many a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing,
He kis'd and vow'd he wad he mine,
And lov'd me best of ony,
That gave me leave to fing sa fine,
O corn riggs they are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind,
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry Pat,
And soon my cookernonny,
He's free to towale air or late,
Where corn riggs they are bonny.

WHEN May day buds on trees were seen,
And flow'rets deek'd the ground,
When my last birth-day told nineteen,
And time came smiling round:
My mother oft, with anxious care,
With how, and where, and when,
Wou'd test of many a wily snare
That she had 'scap'd from men.
Then bade me shun young Jockey's art,
From his embraces sty,
Lest he should seal my simple heart,
But no, indeed, not I.

His hair was flaxen, and he fung,
Like any nightingale;
His cheeks were rofy, and his tongue
Told many a flatt'ring tale:
He met me here, he met me there,
With kifs, and fong, and fmile;
At mill and meadow, wake and fair,
And at the milking file.
By chance, as 'twere, at night or noon,
To find him I would fly;
Yet if he afk'd the smallest boon,
'T was no, indeed, not I.

Poor Jocky, vex'd to be so teaz'd,
Resolv'd my love to prove;
No more the struggling kiss he seiz'd,
Nor sought me in the grove;
He toy'd with Jenny on the green,
He gave her kisses three;
By Bridget of the brook 'twas seen,
'Twas Bridget told it me!
She bade me shun young Jocky's art,
From his embraces sty,
Lest he should seal my tender heart,
But no, indeed, not I.

At length he ask'd of me to wed,
With many a tender vow;
I smil'd, I simper'd, hung my head,
And look'd, I scarce know how:
I wish'd, I fear'd, I scarce knew what;
He blush'd, and begg'd, and sigh'd,
He press'd, and said, You'll surely not
Resuse to be my bride?
Lord help me! how could I refrain?
'Twere sinful too to lye;
So when he asked that again,

"I was no, indeed, not I.

FOR twice twelve months had Harry sued,
With downcast looks and fighing;
Yet never caught me in the mood
For softness or complying;
'Till told by Phillis of the grove
(And she I hop'd was joking)
Her sister Susan heard his love,
Now was not that provoking?
Till told by, &c.

Next ev'ning, ere the sun was down,

To Susan's cot I hied me,

A little after came the clown,

He simper'd when he spied me:

Convinc'd what Phillis said was true,

With passion almost chooking,

I bit my lips, he smil'd on Sue;

Now was not that provoking?

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When, whisper'd in the ear by pride,
To see me vex'd would please him;
My anger I resolved to hide,
To flirt, be gay, and tease him;
To laugh as well as he, I try'd,
While Sue his cheek was stroking,
But somehow 'twas, I believe I cry'd,
Now was not that provoking.
To laugh as well, &c.

Since when I've found out to my cost,
At home I'd best have tarry'd;
For Harry's love I've surely lost,
As he and Sue are marry'd.
Lead apes! no, that I will not do;
But I must end my croaking,
Lest I should lose your patience too,
And that would be provoking.
Lead apes, &c.

TAX my tongue, it is a shame:

Merlin, sure, is much to blame,

Nor to let it sweetly flow.

Yet the favours of the great,

And the filly maiden's fate,

Oft depend on Yes or No.

Lack a-day!

Poor Fatima!

Stinted so.

Should I want to talk or chat,
Tell Urganda this or that,
How shall I about it go!
Let her ask me what she will,
Imust keep my clapper fill,
Striking only Yes or No.
Lack a day!
Poor Fatima!
Stinted so.

O! Take this wreathe my hand has wove, The pledge and emblem of my love;

To Yes or No!

To Yes or No.

These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue, While you are constant, kind, and true:
But should you, salse to love and me, Wish from my fondness to be free;
Forboding that my sate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die.

327 ON Monday, young Colin, who liv'd in the dale, Came to me when milking, and carry'd my pail; He said that he well had examin'd his mind, He'd wed me on Wednesday, if I was inclin'd; [brook And vow'd, when we came to the willow-deck'd If I doubted his truth, he'd swear on the book. To know if my lover wou'd keep to his vow, On Tuesday, the while he was busy at plow, I ran to the cot of old Dorcas below, And begg'd she wou'd tell me the thing I wou'd know; I gave her a fixpence I'd fav'd from my youth, And promis'd another to come at the truth. Her spectacles quickly she took from her side, Examin'd my hand, afk'd me questions beside; Then told me she saw, by a spark in my eye, If Colin was willing, 'twas best to comply : Then faid, child do this, left your wifhes are croft'd, For in matters of love, no time's to be loft. On Wednesday he came dizen'd out in his best, He gave me a poiey to flick in my breaft; Then fweetly he kis'd me, and told me the time, And faid, let us hafte ere the village bell, chime, But I, filly I, fure the worst of my kind! Reply'd with a fneer, Sir, I've alter'd my mind. At this, with refentment becoming the fwain, He turn'd from a fool, and went off with difdain; As foon as he left me, I thought on my fate, And the words of old Dorcas, but ah! 'twas too late! I ran to the vale, fearch'd the hamlets around, To find out my fwain, but no Colin I found. On Thursday, so soon as the lark struck my ear, I travers'd the meads in pursuit of my dear;

Sing on, pretty lark, (to the warbler I cry'd)

Thou'rt happy, because thou art true to thy bride: But alas! all endeavours were idle and vain! Not one on the meadows knew aught of my swain.

When Priday was come I grew fick of my lot; I ran to the vale, and enquir'd at each cot; But successless, also! were all efforts to me, No tidings I heard, nor no Colin cou'd see: 'Twas Sacurday, now, and the search I renew'd, As luckless as ever, the search I pursu'd.

On Sunday I wander'd diffracted till noon,
When the bells 'gan a peal, delightful in tune;
I stopt the first person I met in my way,
And asked the cause of their being so gay;
Who told me, this morning young Colin had been
Wedded to beautiful Doll of the green.

That inftant I ran to the green willow'd brook, Where Colin had swore to be true on a book; My garters I bound to the flurdiest bough, And had acted, ye virgins, I cannot tell how! If reason had not interpos'd with her aid, And bade me desist, for a filly young maid.

Ye maidens who hear me, ne'er act such a part,
Nor reject the true swain who'd yield you his heart;
Comply when he's kind, for I've known to my cost,
In matters of love there's no time to be lost.
Do this, and no cause in your bosom shall lurk,
To make you repent of a pretty week's work.

WHEN my hero in court appears,
And flands arraign'd for his life;
Then think of poor Polly's tears;
For ah, poor Polly's his wife.
Like the failor he holds up his hand,
Diffreff, on the dashing wave.
To die a dry death at land,
Is as bad as a wat'ry grave.
And alas, poor Polly!
A lack, and a well a day!
Before I was in love,
Oh! every month was May.

O'ER the seas my love is sailing,
Gently blow, ye eastern gales;
Love his dear apptoach is hailing,
Flies to view the swelling sails.
O'er the ocean whilst he's roving,
Who has brav'd the fultry clime,
I endure the pain of loving,
I grow sick of thought and time.

Sea nymphs all the while are playing, Guard his veffel fafe from harms; But no more shall he be staying, Damen's port shall be my arms.

ON his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lilly, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets woven down his back.
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow're,

Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs.

His lips are of the rose's hue,

Still dropping with a fragrant dew;

Tall as the cedar he appears,

And as erect his form he bears.

S INCE sweet love has had possession Of my fond and tender breast, Take my free and true confession, Friendship is too cold a guest.

Love has got the whole direction,
Friendship has no longer charms;
Only mutual, strong affection,
Now my raptur'd bosom burns.

Friendship now is cool as reason, Tasteless all it's pleasures prove; Love's the passion now in season; Welcome, dear bewitching love. SAY:
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Aye, and

SAYS Phebe, why is gentle love A ftranger to that mind Which pity and efteem can move, Which can be just and kind?

Isit because you fear to prove
The ills that love molest;
The jealous cares, the sighs that move
The captivated breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,

We every bliss must gain;

That heart can ne'er a transport know,

That never selt a pain.

Sound the fife, beat the drum, to my standard repair,
All ye lads who will conquer or die;
At request of my sex, as a captain I'm here,
The men's courage and valour to try:
'Tis your king and your country now call for your
And the ladies command you to go; [aid,
By me they announce it, and you, who're afraid,
Or refuse, our vengeance shall know.

These punishments we've in terrorem proclaim'd;
But still, should your courage be lacking,
sour dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,
Which, egad! will soon send you all packing.
We'll the breeches assume, 'pon my honor 'tis true!
So determine, maids, widows, and wives;
in we'll march, beat the French, then march back,
fand beat you,

Aye, and wear 'em the reft of our lives,

SHE that would gain a conftant lover,
Must at a distance keep the slave,
Nor by a look her heart discover;
Men should but guess the thoughts we have.
Whilst they're in doubt, their slame increases;
And all attendance they will pay:
When we're posses'd their transport ceases,
And vows, like vapours, fleet away.

SINCE Jenny thinks mean her heart's love to deny, And Peggy's uneafy when Harry's not nigh; I will own, without blushing, were all the world by, That Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

He brought me a wreath which his bead did compose, Where the dale-loving lily was twin'd with the rose; Young myrtle in sprigs did the border inclose, And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd; The rose, like your lips, in vermillion is dress'd: And the lily for whiteness, would vie with your breast And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

These ribbands of mine were his gifts at the fair,
My mother look'd cross, and cry'd, Fanny beware!
But d'ye think I regard her? not I, I declare.
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Beneath a tall beach, and reclin'd on his crook, I faw my young shepherd; how sweet was his look? He ask'd for one kiss, but an hundred he took. And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

Then what can I do, O instruct me, ye maids!
When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
Whose silence as much as his language persuades?
And Willy's the lad, the lad for me.

THO' prudence may preis me,
And duty diffres me,
Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
No longer a rover,
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart, says, my Henry is true.

Tle

The bee thus as changing,
From fweet to fweet ranging,
A role should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
With raptures possessing
In one ev'ry blessing,
Till torn from her bosom ne'er slies far away.

THAT little rogue Cupid, I vow,
Is playing such tricks with my heart,
I flutter—I cannot tell how,
Yet feel the sharp pangs of his dart.
What cruel, ungenerous swain,
Could fend this fond urchin to me,
Whose heart was a stranger to pain,
And e'er rov'd as free as a bee.

But now my poor senses are gone,
My spirits are fled from me quite,
And I'm a poor maiden forlorn,
No rest can I take day or night.
How happy, ah! once, sure, was I!
So chearfully rose in the morn,
But now am addicted to sigh
For him that I treated with scorn.

Young Caledon must be the swain,

None like him appears to my view;

He caught my fond heart on the plain,

Ah! shepherd, I'm wretched for you:

Oh! come then, dear youth, and be kind,

No longer distainful I'll be,

But harbour content in my mind,

And think upon no one but thee.

THE flory goes, that fifter Bet,
Refoiv'd to play the field coquette,
Amongst the rustic breed:
But tir'd of flirting on the green,
She cry'd, who'd live, to live unseen!
Not I, not I, indeed.

Away she flies, leaves ev'ry squire, To tell his tale by winter fire, While hearts like cherries bleed: But what's all this to I? fays she;
A rural life won't do for me,
It won't, it won't, indeed.

Give me the Park to flaunt about,
The play-bouse, Ranclagh, and route.—
But how did this succeed?

Admir'd by lords, she lost her same,
On ev'ry window glar'd her name,
'Tis true, 'tis true indeed.

At length fhe fought the flighted plain, Grew a good girl, carefs'd her fwain, And foon they were agreed:
Will you not love me now? he fays.
O yes! the longest nights and days,
I'll love, I'll love, indeed,

With toneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blocker swain you could na see,
All beauty without art.
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy says he'll marry me
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water-fide;
Pull'd you the rose or lily,
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willy.
Willy's rare, and Willy s fair, &c,

Sin now the trees are in their bloom,
And flow'rs spread o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield,
Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

WAFT, O Cupid! to Leander
Sighs that rend my tender breast;
Whilst I stray in groves meander,
Bid him sty to make me blest.

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Purling tills be gently flowing,
Op'ning glades your fweets distill;
Sooth a heart's incessant glowing,
With content my fancy fill.

Hafte, ah hafte! my lover to me;
Fear not, now, my cold difdain:
While, fweet shepherd, you pursue me,
To keep my heart I strive in vain.

· 341 -I HO' man has long boasted an absolute sway, While woman's hard fate was love, honour, obey; At length over wedlock fair liberty dawns, And the lords of creation must pull in their horns; For Hymen among ye proclaims his decree, When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free Away with your doubts, your furmifes, and fears, 'Tis Venus beats up for her gay volunteers; Inlift at her banner, you'll vanquish with ease, And make of your hufbands what creatures you pleafe; To arms then, ye fair ones, and let the world fee, When husbands are tyrants, their wives will be free. The rights of your fex, would you e'er fee restor'd, Your tongues shou'd be us'd as a two edged sword; That ear piercing weapon each husband must dread, Who thinks of the marks you may place on his head; Then wisely unite, till the men all agree, That woman, dear woman, shall ever be free. No more shall the wife, all as meek as a lamb, Be subject to, zounds! do you know who I am? Domes.ic politeness shall flourish again, When women take courage to govern the men; Then frand to your charter, and let the world fee, Tho' hufbands are tyrants, their wives will be free

To little or no purpose I spent many days,
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the plays;
For ne'er in my rambles, till now, did-I prove
So lucky to meet with the man I cou'd love.
Oh! how am I pleas'd, when I think on this man,
That I find I must love, let me do what I can,

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a sever, when I should be well.
My passion shall kill me before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it:
But oh, how I sigh, when I think should he woo me,
I cannot deny what I know wou'd undo me!

YOUNG Roger be courted me for a whole year,
the fighed and made such a moan,
That I lov'd him, yet dare not to tell him (thro'fear)
So I vow'd that I would lie alone.
He faid, and he swore, if I'd be his bride,
He would bring me to fine London town,
I should see Fox's Hall and the playhouse beside,
But I still said I would lie alone.

Away then he went, to the dance at the fair,
Where I saw him give Sue a green gown;
I wish'd from my heart that I had not gone there,
And hop'd that she might lie alone:
I redden'd and sigh'd, I dane'd and I cry'd,
And my heart sent forth many a groan;
To get him again all my are they were try'd,
For I now thought I'd not lie alone.

T'other ev'ning he came to my cot, with a smile,
And ask'd if I kinder was grown;
I told him no longer his hopes I'd beguile,
Nor would I lie longer alone;
To London we came, to the playhouse I've been,
And then dear Foxball was I shewn;
Such dressing, such dancing, such fights have I seen,
That I am glad I no more lie alone.

THE morning young Jeckey would make me his He stole to my chamber, and sat by my side; [bride, When he open'd the curtains, such joy 'twas to me, That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty. But seigning to sleep (oh, how great was my bliss!) So gently, so kindly, he gave me a kiss! Then my head to his bosom he press'd with such glee. That my heart play'd a tune, that went pitty patty.

Grown bold with success, he ventur'd to take, A second salute—Then 'twas time to awake. Arise, love, he said, to the kirk let us slee, As our hearts play a tune that goes pitty patty.

WHEN hope was quite funk in despair,
My hears it was going to break,
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day, Wherever he lodges by night, With me his dear image shall stay, And my soul keep him ever in sight.

With parience I'll wait the long year, And study the gentlest charms, Hope time away till thou appear, For ay to lock thee in my arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd I priz'd, No higher degree in this life, But now I'll endeavour to rise To a height that's becoming a wife.

For heauty, that's only skin deep, Must fade like the gowans in May, But inwardly rooted will keep For ever without a decay.

Nor age nor the changes of life
Can quench the fair fire of love,
If virtue's ingrain'd in the wife,
And the husband have sense to approve.

WHEN last we parted on the plain,
Fond Damon seem'd full lothe to go;
He kis'd and said, That soon again
He'd come and wou'd not leave me so;
For that, says he, the time is near,
And then, my love, I do design,
It is the best day in the year,
'To come and be your Valentine.

I wish'd the tedious hours to fly, And long'd the look'd for day to see; And as the time then grew so nigh,
How blest, thought I, will Nancy be?
The morning came, and at my door
I heard a noise, that said, Incline
For once, dear girl, if never more,
To rise and be my Valentine.

A thousand fears disturb'd my mind,
'Twas Thyrsis there in Damon's stead,
I thought my youth was quite unkind,
Nor knew what should be done or said.
I hop'd it could not be a fin,
In spite to Damon now not mine,
I let the kinder Thyrsis in,
And was that shepherd's Valentine.

Nor what I did I now repent,'
For fickle Damon foon as light,
To Lucy on that morning went,
Nor has been fince from out her fight!
And Thyrsis, late but half lov'd swain,
Is now both all and only mine;
I bless the time that once was pain,
He came to be my Valentine.

WHAT is he gone? and can it be? And is she then more fair than me? The sight of her might give me pain; Bring her not near me, sickle swain! And since that you can leave me so, Go get you gone, for ever go.

Oh! I in rage wou'd madly tear, This gaudy ribband from my hair; These hated gifts I'd have him take; I'll wear no baubles for his take; I scorn the gifts and hands untrue; For her they well enough may do.

How near was I when with a kifs, He afk'd my heart to answer yes! To hear him at the altar fay, Vows he'd have broke the soonest day! There he may love and take his fill, And swear to her just what he will.

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A rival's pow'r I now defy, She may be bleft, and so will I; Before 'tis long I'm sure to find, A swain more suited to my mind; Then sarewel, Florio, now for good, I wou'd not have you if I cou'd.

To court me young Colin came many a mile,
And oft by my fide he has fat;
His meaning I often requested to know,
And wonder'd what he would be at.
To gain me he said many pretty soft things,
Describing the height of his passion;
When often I've bid him to hold his foot's tongue,
Tho'—faith—twas against inclination.

I could not help laughing sometimes I declare,
When he swore that he lov'd beyond measure;
He'd kis me, and-sighing-he'd kis me again,
Protesting I was his whole pleasure:
When I bid him sorbear-my heart it said-no,
'Twas not in my heart to deny;
And when he requested, if I'd be his wife,
That moment-I thought I shou'd-die.

The girl that fays no, never meant it as fo, Tho' feemingly prudifh or fly; She may fay what she will-but cannot disown That no-the word-yes-does imply. Oft times as he waik'd he would tell a love-tale, And vow, that for me he shou'd die, But rather than fuch a mischance should e'er hap, I thought I'd much better comply. ly neart all the time, how it play'd pit a-pit, The minute he urg'd his request! nd if, to be teiz'd-I thought any more, It wou'd, to the purpose-be best. the church in the village next morning we went, All nonfenfe being over and done, he priest at the altar united our hands, And Colin and I were made one.

OUNG Focky who teiz'd me a 12 month or more w bolder is grown than was mortal before,

He whispers such things as no virgin should hear, And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear. With stories of love he would foften my mind. And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd; But I v w not a moment I'll trust him alone, And when next he grows rude I will bid him be gone. Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke, And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke: He shall find his mistake if he ventures to try; For, than yield on fuch terms, oh! Irather would die. With no creature befide he fuch treedom dare take, Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake: But how can I think that he loves me the best? Or how can I love him who'd break all my reft? Oh! Focky, reform, nor be foolish again, Left you lose a fond heart you shall never regain ? If you change your behaviour, to church we will go, I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say no.

Y Oung Strephon, a hepherd the pride of the plain, Each day is attempting my kindness to gain: rie takes all occasions his flame to renew; I always reply, that his courting won't do. He spares no rich presents to make me more kind, And exhaufts in my praise all the wit of his mind, I fay, I'm engag'd, and I wish him to go; He asks me so oft, till I rudely fay no. To Thyrsis last Valentine's day, the dear youth, I tell him I plighted my faith and my truth; That wealth cannot peace and contentment bestow, And my heart is another's-fo bee he will go. That love is not purchas'd with titles and gold, And the heart that is honest can never be foid, That I figh not for grandeur, but look down on fhow And to Thyrsis must hasten, nor answer him no. He hears me, and trembling all over, replies, If his fuit I prefer not, he instantly dies: He gives me his hand, and would force me to go; I pity his fuff'ring, but boldly fay, no. I try to avoid him in hopes of fweet peace ; He haunts me each moment to make me fay Yes:

But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with Thyrsis I go; And trust me, at church, that I will not say, no.

- 35I -WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw playthings I conceiv'd my felf woman, and fit for a bride ; [afide By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance; Por the maids will believe and the men will romance. They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond excell'd, Such a face and fuch treffes fure ne'er were beheld, That to gaze on my neck was all rapture & trance ! Oh, the maids will believe and the men will romance. Young Polydore faw me one night at the ball, And fwore to my charms he a conquest must fall; On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance, Ah, the maids will believe and themen will romance. He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er, And declar'd he ne'er faw fo much beauty before, He ogled and figh'd, as he faw me advance, Ah, the maids will believe and the men will romance. Then day after day I his company had: At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad; But my father lov'd money and would not advance, And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance. But the' my papa would not give us a shilling, My Poh dore swore he to wed me was willing; So to church we both went, & at night had a dance, And believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What sweetness was in ev'ry look!
What eloquence in ev'ry word!

From her whole flore, to make me blefs'd, Did fortune bid me chufe; How gladly would I all the reft For love and him refuse.

THE lass that would know how to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from me,
His courage to quell, or his heart to trepan,
As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small be her wit May wheedle the clown or the beau.

The rake may repel, or may draw in the cit,
By the use of that pretty word No.

When powder'd toupees around are in chat, Each striving his passion to shew, With kiss me, and love me, my dear, and all that, Let her answer to all be, O no.

When a dose is contrived to lay virtue asseep,
A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must resuse, if her empire she'll keep,
And No be her answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go;
A house and a coach, and a jointure in land,
She's an ideot, if then she says no.

But if she's attack'd by a youth sull of charms, Whose courtship proclaims him a man; When press'd to his bosom, and class'd in his arms, Then let her say no, if she can.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadows die, And morning streaks the purple sky, I wake to love with jocund glee, To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove, And Philomel laments her love, Each figh I breathe my love reveals, And tells the pangs my bosom feels.

With secret pleasure I survey, The frolic birds in am'rous play, While sondest cares my heart employ, Which slutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill And I at ewe-milking first show'd my young skill To bear the milk bowie nae pain gave to me, So at eve I was blest with thy piping and thee, For aye as I milk'd, and aye as I sang, My yellow hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

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When corn riggs waved yellow, and blue hether bells Bloom'd bonny on moor and, or fweet rifing fells; Nae birns, briers, or brakens, gave trouble to me, So I eat the fweet berries when gather'd by thee; Foraye as I walk'd, and aye as I fang My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man. When you ran, or you wrestled, or putted the stane, And came off the victor, my heart was aye fain. Give me still all these pleasures, my study shall be, To make myself better and sweeter for thee; For aye as I wedded, and aye as I fang, My yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my good man.

WHEN I fee my Strephon languish,
With his tender love oppress,
When I fee his pain and anguish,
Pity moves my tender breast.

Strephon's plain and humble nature Mov'd me first to hear his tale; Strephon's truth, by every creature, Is proclaim'd through all the vale. Ilove and am belov'd again, No more shall Strephon sigh in vain!

The try'd his faith, and find it true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.

To take in good part the squeeze of the hand,
That language of lovers who dare not demand,
And when with another as close and as dear,
You have made him believe his happiness near;

That you meant no fuch thing, but was playing the line tread on the toe to admit and be free, and ftraight to reply with the toe repartee; loexpress with your eyes your inward defires, and thus with full hopes to kindle his fires;

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hen to tell him a tale of a cock and a bull, fool.

Then to tell him a tale, &c.

When he wants to disclose what he dares not reveal;

When he looks very filly, and means a great deal;

When he thinks, it e'er thinking shou'd enter his

ou'll now grant his wish, the ease of his pain; brain

Then to tell him a tale, &c.

To let him, enraptur'd, proceed on to blis;
To suffer the snatch or the theft of a kis;
When covness retreating unwillingly slies;
When sight answer murmurs, and eyes talk to eyes;
Then to tell him, &c.

Young Thyrsis, ye shepherds, is gone;
I look all around for the swain:
He's sled, and joy with him is slown;
He leaves me to forrow and pain.
Where is it I madly wou'd rove?
Can ye tell me what's left worth my stay?
Too late I perceive it was love

All the while led my fancy aftray.

What avails if I tarry behind,

Now my heart he has stole quite away?

No comfort on earth shall I find,

No rest or by night or by day.

When he sung, oh! I listen'd with glee:

When he smil'd, how I languish'd and sigh'd!

Ne'er thought I the moment to see,

Than to see I cou'd wish to have died.

But who is it comes o'er the green,
'Tis Thyrsis, the dear, wish'd for youth;
Not death e'er shall part us, I ween,
For than death is much stronger his truth.
The muse saw them meet in the grove;
Saw the maid and the shepherd all blest:
He vow'd to be true to his love;
She dares not to whisper the rest.

WHY will Delia thus retire,
And lauguish all her life away,
While the fighing crowd admire?
"Tis too foen for hartshorn tea.

All those dismal looks and fretting Cannot Damon's life restore; Long ago the worms have eat him, You can never see him more.

Once again confult your toilette, In the glass your face review,

L 3

So much weeping foon will fpoil it, And no fpring your charms renew.

I like you was born a woman, Well I know what vapours mean; The difease, alas! is common; Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they tell us, Never cur'd the forrow yet: Chuse, among the pretty fellows, One of humour, youth and wit.

Pr'ythee hear him ev'ry morning, At the least an hour or two; Once again at night returning:— I believe the dole will do.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus,—
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.
Lord! fellow, faid I, mind your plough and your cart;
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box, with a paper of snuff;
I took it, I own, yet had still so much art
To cry, thank you for nothing with all my heart.
He said, If so be he might make me his wise—
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;

When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart. Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent, And with him, on Sunday, to chapel I went; But said, 'twas my goodness more than his desert,

Yet could not help laughing to fee the fool flart,

Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, child, you must after me say,
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey;
But faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.
At night our brisk neighbours the stocking would
I must not tell tales, but I know what I know; [throw,
Young Roger confesses I cur'd all his smart,
And I thank'd him for something with all my heart,

THE blithest bird that fings in May,
Was ne'er more blithe, was ne'er more gay,
Than I, ah well-a-day!
Than I, ah well-a day!
Ere Colin yet had learn'd to figh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
Oh love, ah well-a-day!
Oh love, ah well-a-day!

And love, ah well-a-day!

And love. &c.

We kis'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
Frem whence these fond endearments grew,
Till he, ah well a day!
Till he, &c.
By time and other swains made wise,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,

Kind nature now took Colin's part;
My eyes inform'd against my heart:
My heart, ah well-a-day!
My heart, &c.
Strait glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
Each sigh, ah well-a day!
Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one.
While I, ah well-a day!
While I. &c.
In silence blush'd a fond reply:
Can she who truly loves deny?
Ah no, ah well-a day!
Ah no, &c.

As t'other day in harmless chat,
With Sylvia I was walking,
Admiring this, admiring that,
Together sweetly talking;
Young Damon met us in the grove,
With joy in every seature;

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He prest my hand, then wisper'd love, O what a charming creature!

His paffion oft times he express'd
In words so fost and kind,
I selt a something in my breast,
But doubts were in my mind.
I told him he with Doll was seen,
And sure he came to meet her;
He vow'd I was his only Queen,
O what a charming creature!

To yonder church then shall we go?
He prest me to comply;
(How can the men thus teaze one so?)
I try'd from him to sly:
And will my Delia name the day
Let Damon kindly greet her?
Thus closely prest, what could I say

To fuch a charming creature?

AS I was ganging o'er the lee, I chanc'd to look behind, And wha right glancing shu'd I-fee But Woodland Joe the Hind? When we had gang'd the braes a-while, He faid to me, my dow, May I not fit upon this file, And kifs your bonny mou? Kind Sir, ye are a wee mista'en, For I am nane of these; I hope ye fome mair breeding ken, Than ruffle laffes claiths. The lad was check'd, and vow'd to feek Young Jane wi' blithsome brow; She'd let him clasp her round the neck, And kiss her bonny mou'. I ca'd him then proud hearted fwain, And laith to be faid nay: A fonfy thought he flarted then, And nam'd the wedding day. He's braw and blith, I lik'd him weel, Nor frown upon him now;

The bolder grown, his vows to feal.

He kis'd my bonny mou'.

I Sigh and lament me in vair,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone,
Thro' the gate of my prison I see
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above the oppress by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those:
False woman, in ages to come,

Thy malice detefted shall be, And when we are cold in the tomb, Some heart still will forrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around;
O Mary! prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the sound!

WILL you go to the Ewe Bughts, Marional And wear in the sheep wi'me? The mavis sings sweetly, my Marion, But nae sa sweetly as thee.

These aft were the words of my Sandy, At night in the how of the glen,

At nae mair shall I meet wi'my Sandy;

For Sandy to India is gone.

How can the trumpet's loud clarion.
Thus fend a' the Shephords afar!
Oh cud na' the Ewe Bughts and Marion,
Please mair than the horrors of war!

But, oh! 't's the gate o' them a', Sirs, In seeking for grandeur and same, The lads daily wander awa! Sirs, And leave their puir sweethearts at hame.

## QUICK VERSE.

But now that the troubles are over,
And we're likely again to have rest;
I hope to get hand of my rover,
And grip him again to my breast.
Oh! then to the Live Bughts shall Marion
Hie aften dear Sandy wi' thee;
And when thou art wedded to Marion,
Fu' blithsome and bless shall we be!

Young Strephon, pride of yonder plain, Long strove my sickle heart to gain, With many an amorous ditty: I, smiling, heard the love sick swain, With sigh and song express his pain, And told him 'twas a pity.

With hopes to please, last Whitsun fair, He brought meribbons for my hair, Wi h other presents pretty: Then, smiling, su'd the same I'd wear; To ease his anxious heart from care; I said 'twou'd be a pity.

Next morning, early, on the green,
With Kitty, toying, he was feen;
He call'd her fair and witty;
I fmil'd, tho' fit to burst with spleen,
To fee him kiss the little queen,
And cry'd it was a pity.

This cunning fwain the conflict ey'd,
And kindly gazing while I figh'd,
Forfook the hand of Kitty:
Then, fmiling, begg'd I'd be his bride,
I answered yes, or fure he'd dy'd,
And that had been a pity.

CEASE! cease, heart-easing tears; Adieu, you flatt'ring fears, Which feven long tedious years
Taught me to bear.
Tears are for lighter woes;
Fear no fuch danger knows
As Fate remorfetefs shews,
Endless despair!

Dear cause of all my pain,
On the wide stormy main
Thou wast preserv'd in vain,
Tho' still ador'd!
Hadst thou dy'd there unseen,
My wounded eyes had been
Sav'd from the direst scene
Maid e'er deplor'd!

LET me live remov'd from noise,
Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,
And only taste those tranquil joys,
Which Heav'n bestows on rural life!
Innocence shall guide my youth,
Whilst Nature's paths I still pursue,
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,
And Virtue ever be my view.

Adieu ye gay, adieu ye great,
I fee you all without a figh,
Contented with my happier fare,
In filence let me live and die;
Sweet Peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the Graces to my cell,
For all the Graces love to be
Where Innocence and Virtue dwell.

THE ruddy morn blink'd o'er the brae,
As blythe I gang'd to milk my kine;
When near the winding bourn of tay,
Wi' bonny gait, and twa black een,
A highland lad fae kind me tent,
Saying, fonfy lafs, how's a wi' you?
Shall I your pail tak o'er the bent?
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Again he met me i' the e'en, As I were linkan o'er the lee Sae b Hii My h Say We d Gai I thou For He fay That

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One Midg Gay Strep He faid, the And would

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Ithank'd Which II To join the dance upon the green,
And faid blithe lass I'se gang wi' thee.
Sae braw he look'd i' th' highland gear,
His tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,
My heart straight whisper'd in my ear,
Say yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

We dane'd until the gleaming moon
Gave notice that 'twas time to part;
I thought the reel was o'er too foon,
For ah! the lad had fraw' my heart.
He faw me hame across the plain,
Then kiss sae sweet, I wow 'tis true,
That when he ask'd to kiss again,
'Twas yes, kind Sir, and I thank you too.

Grown bauld he press'd to stay the night,
Then grip'd me close unto his breast;
Howtlad! my mither fair wou'd flyte,
Gin that I grant wi'out the priest.
Gang first fore him, gif ye be leed,
I ken right what I then maun do;
For ask to kiss me when you will,
'Twill be yes, dear love, and I thank you too.

UH! tell me, ye shepherds, that live on the lee, Was e'er a young virgin more virtuous than me! Since nineteen long winters I've fairly seen o'er, And my virtue preserv'd, can a maiden say more! Still prudent remain, yet am no prudish Miss, For I could if I would, long e'er this done amiss. My mother, so cautious, cries, "Kitty, beware "Of Thirss and Damon, and Colin take care" I thank her, and tell her, her words I'il fulfil, That prudence shall guide let me go where I will; But did she restrain me, I promise her this,

One Midsummer eve, as I walk'd o'er the vale, Gay Strephon o'ertook me and told a love tale; Hesaid, that he lov'd me the most of the mead, And would ever prefer me, indeed and indeed; Ithank'd the kind shepherd—he offer'd a kiss; Which I kindly accepted, as nothing amiss.

very much fear that I might do amis.

He told me, I look'd like the Cyprian Queen;
But furely more charming in manner and mien;
I curtised and thank'd; he said in the grove
"I'll shew my dear Kitty the bower of love";
But as I suspected some mischief in this,
I drew back my hand, and did nothing amise.

The evening was fair and the season was mild, And as I had heard much of maidens beguil'd, By heark'ning too much to the suit of a swain, I left the fond shepherd alone on the plain, And ran home to milking, (no harm was in this) Since caution prevented my doing amis.

The ladles of pleasure may laugh at my rule, And cry—"the young wench is an innocent fool". But let me just tell them by way of a pun, The men I admire, but their artifice shun; I'm satisfied now in pure innocent bliss, And when Hymen approves, I'll not do amiss.

In Summer, when the leaves were green, and bloffoms deck'd each tree, [to me;
Young Teddy then declar'd his love, his artless love
On Shannon's flow'ry banks we fat, and there he told
his tale—
Oh Patty, loftest of thy fex, O let fond love prevail!
Ah well a-day, you see me pine in forrow and despair,

Ah well a-day, you see me pine in forrow and despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die, and end my grief
and care.

[my thanks,
Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said, such love demands
And here I vow eternal truth—on Shannon's flow'ry
[banks.

And here we vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry banks, [fuch artless pranks, And then we gather'd sweetest flowers, and play'd But woe is me, the press-gang came, and forc'd my Ned away, [wedding day.]

Just when we nam'd next morning fair—to be our My love, he cried, they force me hence, but fill my heart is thine—[is mine; All peace be your's, my gentle Pat, while war and toil With

With riches I'll return to thee-I fobb'd out words | Vice and folly their flags now display to full view; banks. And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry And then he vow'd eternal truth on Shannon's flow'ry And then I saw him sail away, and join the hostile From morn to eve, for twelve dull months his ab fence fad I mourn'd ne'er return'd. The peace was made—the ship came back—but Teddy His beauteous face, his manly form, has won a noble My Teddy's false, and I forlorn, must die in sad des-Ye gentle maidens see me laid, while you stand round And plant a willow o'er my head on Shannon's flow'ry

\_\_ 372 -W Hat means this loud tumult, this conflant alarm? Tis he foe to he Amazons! arm virgins, arm; With the helmet of virtue diffinguish your brow, And the foes to our peace we shall quickly lay low.

To conquer by prudence belongs now to you: In the fair field of fame then exert ev'ry charm, And let the loud trumpets found, arm, virgins, arm! Rear the standard of honour, the slag of our race, With the trophies now won without blame or difgrace When proudly those lords of the world would controul. That charm of distinction, a woman's free foul; When we drove them inglorious away from the field, And by prodence and virtue compell'd them to yield: Then rouse to the battle, exert ev'ry charm, [arm! While the trumpet loud founding cries, arm, females, Thus the Amazons once, as by poets we're told, In defence of their honour and conduct were bold; Defied each vain coxcomb of powder and prate, And nobly determin'd to be a free state : Ye females of Britaia, adopt the same plan, And thus prove the brightest examples to man;

To those who are wor hy display ev'ry charm,

But when others invade you, then arm, females, arm!

## A COLLECTION of SONGS for GENTLEMEN.

SONG

THEN here, Lucinda, fish we came, Were Arno rolls his filver ftream, How brifk the nymphs the fwains how gay! Content nipir'd each rural lay: The birds in livelier concert fung, The grapes in thicker clusters hung; All look'd as joy could never fail Among the sweets of Arno's vale. But fince the good Palemon dy'd, The chief of fhepherds, and their pride, Now Arno's fons must all give place To northern men, an iron race:

The taste of pleasure now is o'er; Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more; The muses droop, he Goths prevail; Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

I'W pleas'd within my native bow'rs, Ere while I pass'd the day; Was ever scene fo deck'd with flow'rs, Were ever flow'rs fo gay ! How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale, And all the landscape round; The rivers gliding down the date, The hill with beeches crown'd!

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CUPID Take a h eize, oh o reward uffly thof Vho the b

yrants of hofe who Cupid, g

But now, when urg'd by tender wees,
Ifpeed to meet my dear;
That hill and fiream my zeal oppose,
And flop my fond career.
No more, fince Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill, and filver fiream,
Divide my love and me.

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Bul

AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are fair, And to fweets in my garden these nymphs I compare; Nor can shrub, nor can blossom, be better than those, And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to display,

With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be gay; On all paler beauties she looks down with pride, And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her side. Shethinks not how quickly these charms will expire

That with May they first came, and with summer re-That pride, so soon over, is soolish and vain, [tire; And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a swain. But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face, No season por age can her features displace:

No leason nor age can her features displace; She covets no praise, nor with envy is stung, She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young,

Then, Chloe, I fudden must make my retreat, Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet; But, Jenny, thy myrtle is lasting and green, And all the year thro' thou the same still art seen.

CUPID, god of foft persuasion, Take a helpless lover's part:
eize, oh seize some kind occasion oreward a faithful heart.

ustly those we tyrants call, who the body would enthrall; yrants of more cruel kind, hose who would enflave the mind. Cuaid, god of, Se.

What is grandeur? foe to rest; Childish mummery at best. Happy I in humble state! Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait. Cupid, god of, &c.

OH! would'st thou know what facred charms. This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's, &c.

Who joys to hear the figh fincere, Who melts to fee the tender tear, Who melts to fee, &c. From each ungen'rous passion free; Be such the maid that's made for me, Be such the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows, Who feels the blessings she bestows, Who feels the blessings, &c. Gentle to all, but kind to me; He such the maid that's made for me, Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art, Are all the natives of her heart, Are all the natives, &c.

A gentle train, from fallhood free;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire! Where flatt'ring fops around admire, Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd, your tinfel'd charms I fee, More genuine beauties are for me, More genuine, &c.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the swelling seas to praise
The charms of Highland Nelly

The

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't suit,
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blythe content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden bair;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly.

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she lest the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd no gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a lowland ball I've seen.
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;
But when she danc'd, ye gods! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

YE virgins of Britain, who wifely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.
Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand; Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand; Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array, Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beausies of nature appear, And Phæbus' bright smile chears the juvenile year; When the birdschaunt their amorous notes from each Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May. [spray,

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight, Her delicate paintings exhibit to fight; In her meadows and fields, should you frolic and play, Beware, oh! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise; The bosom quick-panting with force seems to say, 'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this fost scene to improve, With ardour implore the reward of his love; If Hymen attend you his dictates obey, For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

YES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
My boasted liberty how vain,
Thy eyes triumphant prove:
My freedom now I cease to boast,
But think that freedom nobly lost,
By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair, No jealous pang, no anxious care, Did e'er my heart perplex; Till I beheld, too lovely maid! In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd, The charms of all thy fex.

O Verus, queen of foft delignts,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r,
Who wishes to attend the rites
In which thy vot'ries share:
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill,
Whilst he his unseign'd love declares
For Patty of the hill.

What strains, O goddess! must he find To melt her frozen heart, Since words can ne'er express his mind, Nor e'er his pain impart? Unless thy son shall aid his lays,

Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her instill,
In vain will prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the hill.

Her cheeks with rose and lily vies,
Her breath with sweet woodbine,
Inserior far unto her eyes
The sparkling diamonds shine;

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With lowing the wante Gambol and The bufy buffy buffy had all the

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ach toilforn Her love t Her voice excels the linnet's notes,

Exceeds the thrush's stile,
In vain they strive to raise their notes
Like Patty's of the Hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind, (The charms I most admire) In her is ev'ry virtue join'd

That passion can inspire. Her soul the Graces all refine, She bends to Reason's will;

I'd freely all the world refign For Patry of the Hill.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring, levite the chearful birds to sing; And, while they warble on each spray, Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wise, Like them improve the hour that slies, And in soft raptures waste the day, Among the Birks of Endermay.

Among, Sc.

For foon the winter of the year,
And age life's winter will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will firip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Schold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams,
The busy bees with humming noise,
and all the reptile kind rejoice;
atus like them then fing and play
Hout the Birks of Endermay.

What labour would feem hard! ath toil fome task how easy, Her love the sweet reward! The bee thus uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining
Of honey all the year.

CONSIDER fond shepherd how sleeting the plea-That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair; [sure, The joys that attend it by moments we measure, But life is too little to measure our care,

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me, All ye sweets of blooming May; How should empty sunshine warm me, While Lotbaria keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me; Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky; Sweeter notes her voice can give me, Softer sunshine fills her eye.

WHILE you, Felicia, heedless stray
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,
Exempt from ev'ry fear,
Exempt, &c.
Secure within thy rosy bow'rs,
Content the sweetest influence pours.

And gilds the blooming year.

And gilds, &c.

No anxious doubts invade thy breaft,
All, all, is tranquil, calm and bleft,
And joys on joys abound;

Where'er thy fragrant footsteps lead,

Or in the grove, or on the mead, The graces smile around.

Such ever be Felicia's fate,
Such transports ever round her wait,
Whom gods and men approve;
O may these bleffings never cease,
May all her days be crown'd with peace,
And all her hours be love.

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of same,
Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclaim,
M

Attend to my fong, where you'll certainly find A fecret disclos'd for the good of mankind; And deny it who can, fure the laurel's my due-I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true. Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame, With the ardours of youth all her passions inslame ; Should her beauty lead captive each fofter defire, And languishing lovers still figh and admire: Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousands may sue, When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true. Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and How fatally weak must this artifice prove! [chains; Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love? Throw jealoufy hence, bid suspicion adieu; Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true. Should her fancy invite to the park or the play, All-complying and kind you must give her her way; While her tafte and her judgment you fondly approve, Tis reason secures you the treasures of love: And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find, For the fair-one is fafe, if you padlock her mind. Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend, Let the husband be loft in the lover and friend; Let doubts and furmifes no longer perplex, "Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the foft fex; They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

Now Julia is out of my fight?

How dull is the nightingale's fong
That formerly gave fuch delight?

The meadows that feemed fo green,
Now lose all their verdure of May;
The cowship and violet are feen
To droop, fade, and wither away?

Bright Phæbus no longer can please,
Gay prospects no longer can charm;
E'en music affords me no ease,
Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm:

My flocks too disorderly stray,

And bleat their complaints in my ear;

No more they leap, frolic and play,

But sad, like their master, appear.

But ah! if my Julia were feen,
My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
Each flow'ret would spring on the green,
And nightingales charm me again:
Return then, my fair one, return,
Your coming no longer delay;

O leave not your shepherd to mourn, But hasten, my charmer, away.

THE goodness of women some men will dispute, But I shall their arguments fairly consute; Undeniably prove that they do what they ought, And say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues, That they harrass your ears, & destroy their own lung Should they talk, pretty creatures! from morning till From fifteen to fifty they're all in the right. [night

If resentment against the fair-sex you conceive, Give attention to slanders, and slanders believe; Behold their sweet faces—resentment will fly, Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus, you know, How he went for his wife to the regions below; But it must be a falshood, because one so fair, So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail, But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail; Persection to kings and to semales belong, For women, like monarchs, can never do wrong,

Some love to range, so fond of change, Variety's their shrine; Each has his scheme, and fav'rite whim, But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul, The misers I decline; Wit For a

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And as ben you, r Will sh hose little

To cate may you t The lofs Like childish toys, to some their joys, But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts, And makes this life divine; For all the tricks of all the fex, I'd still have woman mine.

Let ideots rave, who what they'd have
The fex they can't define;
Just as she is, she's form'd to please,
And long be woman mine.

The sparkling eye, the melting figh, When heart and heart conjoin; The bliss of love, all bliss above, Make charming woman mine.

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In pomp and state, succeed, ye great,

1'll envy nor repine;
If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
To keep dear woman mine.

HEN I survey thee, matchless fair,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm;
! how can I from love forbear?
Or how the passion calm?
uch beauteous charms in thee appear,
Bright as the morning sun:
Why gaze I, simple shepherd, here,
And seek to be undone?

when the fuch skill employ'd;
when the fuch skill employ'd;
wh heav'nly grace, and beauteous charm,
Were giv'n to be enjoy'd.
hen let your beauteous smiles confess
Complacency of mind.

And as you're fair, be kind.

hen you, replete with ev'ry grace,
Will shew how you despise
hose little arts, coquetts embrace,
To catch unguarded eyes.

may you then with justice claim
The loss they must deplore,

nd ev'ry foft defire express;

Unblemish'd manners, purest fame, When beauty'll be no more.

DINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind. Why was I born, ye gods, to fee What robs me of my liberty? Until that fatal hapless day. My heart was lively, blythe and gay. Could fport with ev'ry nymph but fhe Who robs me of my liberty. Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late, That death must be my haples state, If love and you do not agree To fet me at my liberty. Now to the darksome woods I rove, Reflecting on the pains of love. And envy every clown I fee Enjoy the sweets of liberty. We'll follow Hymen's happy traine And ev'ry idle care disdain ; We'll live in fweet tranquillity, Nor wish for greater liberty.

IF that man is happy, whose life is most free,
How blissful a state must a batchelor's be;
From one friend to t'other, with pleasure he roams,
Bor a batchelor's welcome wherever he comes.
If he's blest with enough, & content with his station,
The whole world he may claim for his own recreation
He's in no place a stranger from London to Rome,
For wherever he comes is a batchelor's home.

If a husband can boast greater pleasure than these, They're obtain'd at th'expence of his freedom & ease Whilst with liberty, pleasure, & merriment crown'd, A batchelor's minutes pass jovially round.

Tho' his house ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat, and the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat, By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare How delicious a feast they think batchelor's fare.

M 2

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O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,
The peaceable stall of a cobler decree,
Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.
To my wishes, instead of a mistress, commend
The solid delights of a bottle and friend;
Go marry, if hen peck'd and wretched you'd be,
But if bless, you'd continue still single as we.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom, Whose fragrance sheds a rich persume, And all the meadows fill; Much fairer than the lily blows, More levely than the blushing rose, Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,
With wonder struck they all admir'd,
And prais'd her from the hill;
Each strove, with all his rustic art,
To sooth and charm the honest heart
Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
A fixed heart more true to love
Than turtles when they bill;
A chearful foul, a pleafing grace,
And fweet content smiles in the face
Of Patty of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,

Exalts the honest virtuous mind,

And guards it from all ill;

Ye fair, for ever constant prove,

Be ever kind, be true to love,

Like Patry of the Mill.

LOVELY nymph affwage my anguish,
At your feet a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need sue in vain;

Prince of fong, of dance, of sports, you Scarce will meet his like again.

COME ye hours with bliss replete,
Bear me to Lorenza's feet,
Cheerless winter must I prove
Absent from the maid I love;
But the joys our meetings bring
Shew the glad return of spring.

DAME nature, in forming a creature so fair, Each beauty selected, then cull'd the most rare; Two bright constellations she caught for her eyes, A station so bless, can they wish for their skies? The gale lends its sweets, as from Paphos it blows, The snow drops its whiteness, its blushes, the rose, Bright Venus, her hair, as from ocean she sprung, Sage Palas, the accents that fell from her tongue; Tho' nature, in forming this creature so fair, Each beauty selected, and cull'd the most rare; Yet fortune, her step-dame, severe and unkind, Is unjust to her worth, to her beauty is blind.

GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd, No goddess for me; 'tis a woman I prize, And he that seeks more is more curious than wise Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old: Thus either can please me, fince woman I prize,

And he that feeks more is more curious than wild Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye; If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy: Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize, And he that seeks more is more curious than wil

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love; If poor, then the farther from pride my remove: Thus either contents me; for woman I prize, And he that seeks more is more curious than wi I'm
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I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue the posses; And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less : I'm fuited to either; for woman I prize, And he that feeks more is more curious than wife. Then cease, ye prophane, on the fex to discant; If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no want; Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize; And he that feeks more is more curious than wife.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure You treat me with doubts and disdain, You rob all your youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of pain; Your maxim, that love is fill founded On charms that will quickly decay, You'll find to be very ill-grounded, When once you its dictates obey.

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The passion, from beauty first drawn, Your kindness will vaftly improve; oft fmiles and gay looks are the dawn. Fruition's the funshine of love: And though the bright beams of your eyes Should be clouded, that now are so gay, and darkness possess all the skies. We ne'er can forget it was day.

old Darby, with Joan by his fide, You've often regarded with wonder; le's dropfical, the is fore-ey'd; Yet they're ever unealy alunder: ogether they totter about, n wife Or fit in the fun at the door. nd at night, when old Darby's pot's out, His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

beauty or wit they poffels, Their several failings to smother; hen what are the charms, can you guess, To make them fo fond of each other ? move: the pleasing remembrance of youth, The endearments that love did bestow; han will thoughts of past pleasure and truth, I ne The heft of all bleffings below.

Those traces for ever will laft. Which fickness nor time can remove: For when youth and beauty are past, And age brings the winter of love. A friendship insensibly grows By reviews of fuch raptures as thefe; The current of fondness fill flows, Which decrepted old age cannot freeze.

Y E fair, posses'd of ev'ry charm To captivate the will; Whose smiles can rage itself disarm. Whose frowns at once can kill; Say, will you deign the verse to hear, Whare flatt'ry bears no part; An honest verse, that flows fincere And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r; but, greater yet, Mankind it might engage, If, as ye all can make a net, Ye all could make a cage: Each nymph a thousand hearts may take; For who's to beauty blind? But to what end a pris'ner make,

Attend the counsel often told, Too often told in vain; Learn that best art, the art to hold, And lock the lover's chain. Gamesters to little purpose win, Who lose again as fast; Tho' beauty may the charm begin,

'Tis sweetness makes it last.

Unless you've firength to bind?

1 HE filver moon's enamour'd beam Steals foftly thro' the night, To wanton with the winding ffream, And kiss reflected light: To courts be gone, heart-foothing fleep, Where you've fo feldom been, While I May's wakeful vigil keep With Kate of Aberdeen,

M 3

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May:
The nymphs and swains shall all declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse you nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new dress'd green;
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves desportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen;
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

Y E fair who shine thro' Britain's isle,
And triumph o'er the heart;
For once attentive be a-while
To what I now impart.
Would you obtain the youth you love,
The precepts of a friend approve,
And learn the way to keep him.

As foon as nature has decreed
The bloom of eighteen years,
And Isabel from school is freed,
Then beauty's force appears;
The youthful blood begins to flow,
She hopes for man, and longs to know
The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is selt Within the lover's breast; And you by strange persuasion melt, Each wishing to be blest; Be not too bold, nor yet too coy With prudence sure the happy boy, And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
Affume a modest pride;
And, lest your tongue your mind betray
In fewer words conside:
The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late
That's not the way to keep him.

In dreffing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the fex;
Nor let the arts of dear spadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride;
By virtuous rules your reason guide;
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware:
His love with kind compliance meet;
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair:
The beams of Sol delight and chear,
While summer seasons roll;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day
With emulation glow:
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds sweeter notes prepare;

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That Charmin The playful lambkins skip around, And hail the fister fair. The lark but strains his liquid throat,

To bid the maid rejoice, And mimics, while he swells his note,

The sweetness of her voice:
The fanning Zephyrs sound her play,
While Flora sheds perfume,

And ev'ry flow'ret feems to fay,
I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
From morn to eve their tale;
Her beauty and unspotted fame
Make vocal ev'ry vale;
The fream meand'ring thro' the mead,
Her echo'd name conveys;

And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed. Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lass and swain
To mirthful wake resort,
Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
Advance in rural sport:
No more shall gush the purling rill,
Nor music wake the grove,

Nor flocks look inow like on the hill, When I forget to love.

WHILE beaus to please the ladies write, Or bards, to get a dinner by't,

Their well-feign'd passions tell,
Let me in humble verse proclaim
My love for her who bears the name
Of charming Kitty Fell.
Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
That she has dane'd, that she has sung,
Alas! I know full well:

feel, and I shall ever seel,
The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
That came from Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
To cure the wounds which love has made,
And bade a long farewell:
But t'other day she cross'd the green;
I saw, I wish I had not seen,
My charming Kitty Fell.

Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way? To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay:

Why, don't you hear the bell?
To church—oh! take me with thee there,
I pray'd: she would not hear my prayer,

Ah! cruel Kitty Fell. Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain, I live to love, and to complain,

Condemn'd in chains to dwell:

For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,

Adieu! dear-Kitty Fell-Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty, Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell-

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight & my pride I always have boafted and feek not to hide; I dwell on her praifes wherever I go; They fay, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no; They fay, &c.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!". My heart how it bounds when I hear her below! But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no; But say, &c.

She fings me a fong, and I echo its strain; Again, I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again: I kis her sweet lips. as if there I could grow; But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no; But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee; I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:

My shoulder she tags, and still bids me think so: Who knows but ste loves, tho' she answers, No, no; Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly: The bounty, O fortune, make haste to bestow, And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No; And let me, &c.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass.

That'e'er gave shephed glee;

No May-day, in its morning dress,

Is half so fair as she.

Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore:
Ye bards, had ye my Sally feen,
You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill, Where bees their honey fip, Did ye but know the sweets that dwell On Sally's love-taught lip:

But, sh! take heed, ye tuneful swains, The sipe temptation shun; Or alle like me you'll wear her chains, Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,

And lark-like hail'd the dawn;

More sportive than the kid I kept,

I wanton'd o'er the lawn:

To ev'ry maid sove-tales I told,

And did my truth aver:

And did my truth aver; Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold, I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I fee,
Where love lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my grief I speak,
And figh my foul away:

Nought but despair my fancy paints,

No dawn of hope I see;
For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,

And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
So late my only care,
Have lost their tender sleecy dams,
And stray'd I know not where:
Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat:
My lambkins lost, adieu!

No more we on the plains shall meet, For lost's your shepherd too.

THE bird that hears her nettlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro the fky,
To nurse the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms;
And sickens for the darling boy.
When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd
My faithful bosom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my defires:
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similies are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,

For heav'n and joy divine;

The faint is not with rapture fir'd,

More pure, more warm than mine:

I take what liberty I dare,

'Twere impious to say more;

Convey my longings to the fair,

The goddess I adore.

By the dew-besprinkled rose;
By the blackbird piping clear;
By the western gale, that blows
Fragrance on the vernal year;
Hear Amanda, hear thy swain,
Nor let me longer sigh in vain;
Hear Amanda, &c.

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By the cowflip, clad in gold;
By the filver lily's light;
By those meads, where you behold
Nature rob'd in green and white;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And to his fighs, oh! figh again;
Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race;
By the mufic that it makes;
By bright Sol's inverted face,
Who for the stream his sky forfakes;
Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
And into joy convert his pain;
Heas, &c.

As Chloe came into the room t'other day,
I peevish began, where so long could you stay?
In your life time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:
A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute air;
Thus far, &c.

Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck;
It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
On the lest side my breast, what a mark it has made!
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.
And forgot, &c.

Assist me, all ye tuneful nine,
With numbers foft and witty;
To Beffy I inscribe the line,
Then raise my humble ditty.
To Beffy, &c.
Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song;
And, as ye wast the sound along,
Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,

To praise my charming Bessy; My lovely, charming Bessy;

Let others fing the cruel fair,
Who glories in undoing,
And proudly bids the wretch despair,
Rejoicing in his ruin;
And proudly, &c.
Such haughty tyrants I detest;
And let me fcorn them, while I rest
Upon thy gentle-swelling breast,
My lovely, charming Bessy;
My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
The wi'let and the pansy:
The cowssip too shall quit the mead,
To aid my am'rous fancy;
The cowssip, &c.
Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
Around my sair your odours sing,
Around my charming Bessy;
Around, &c.

When evining dapples o'er the skies,
The sun no longer burning,
Methinks I see before my eyes
Thy well-known form returning,
Thy well-known, &c.
On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
Thou art alone my constant theme,
My waking wish, my morning dream,
Thou lovely, charming Besty;
Thou lovely, &c.

ON pleasure's smooth wing, how old time steals And love's fatal slame leads the shepherd astray? My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight, From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night: No care found a place in my cottage or breast; But health and content all the year was my guest. 'Twas then no fair Pbillis my heart could ensure With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:

So kindly young Capid had pointed his dart,
That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:
I toy'd for a while, then I roy'd like a bee;
But still all my song was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did vield:
If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight;
If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, fince for Hebe in secret I figh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
Adicu to the charms of the valley and glade;
Their sweets now all ficken, their colours all fade;
No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmers in vain.
They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
Then teach me, bright Venus: persuasion's soft art,
Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;

F AIR Hebe I left with a cautious defign
To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em in wine
I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, and fill love in my heart,

Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

To crown my defire, or banish my pain,

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid, Who paus'd on my case, & each circumstance weigh'd Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r, That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught, I came for your counsel, to find out a fault: If that's all, quoth reason, return as you came, To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain, While, like lightning, she darts thro' each throbbing My senses surprized, in her avour took arms, [vein? And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

Ask if you damask rose is sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susanna's fair.

Say, will the vulture quit his prey, And warble thro' the grove? Bid wanton linnets quit the fpray, Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes shate, Let pride in splender shine; Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear, Be fair Susanna mine.

HOW bleft has my time been! what days have I Since wedlock's foft bondage made Jeffy my own!, So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain, That freedom is tasteles, and roving a pain; That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ftray Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play; How pleafing their fport is, the wanton ones fee, And borrow their looks from my Jeffy and me; And borrow, Sc.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen In revels all day with the nymphs of the green; Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles, And meets me at night with compliance and smiles; And meets, &c.

Whas tho' on her cheek's the rose loses its hue, Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year thro'! Time still, as he slies, adds increase to her truth, And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth; And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare, And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair; In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam! To hold it for life, you must find it at home. To hold it for life, &c.

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YE belies and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolickfome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency fprings,
The fexes at once to confound?
What means the cook'd but and the means the

What means the cock'd hat and the masculina air,
With each motion design'd to perplex?

Bright eyes were interded to languish, not flare, And softness the test of your sex—dear girls, And softness, &c.

The girl who on beauty depends for support, May call ev'ry art to her aid;

The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short, Are samples she gives of her trade:

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But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserved from the snare,
Should slily attack with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind, Shrinks modestly back from the view, And kindly should feem by the artist design'd To serve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
Nor venture too much too reveal:

Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal—fweet girls,
And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May, Are charms which no art can procure! Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,

And your empire is folid, and fure:
But if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for fifters or aunts:

You may do very well for fifters or aunts;
Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
Believe me, &c.

GO rose, my Chloe's bosom grace, My Chloe's bosom grace; How happy should I prove,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never fading love!
With never-fading love!

There, phonix-like, beneath her eye, Involv'd in fragrance burn and die; Involv'd in, &c.

Know, haples flow'r, that thou shalt find More fragrant roses there, More fragrant, &c. I see thy with'ring head reclin'd

I fee thy with ring head rec. With envy and despair. With envy, &c.

One common fate we both must prove: You die with envy, I with love, You die with envy, I with love.

OH! how shall I, in language weak
My ardent passion tell,
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
That cruel word, Farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray;
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.

Seek not at once in a semale to find
The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
Let the fair-one I love have but prudence in view,
That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true;
Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean,
Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mein:
By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
Nor indebted to paint—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the fex Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex:
Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest, for prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:
May her humour the taste of the company hit,
Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:

Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan, And I'll love her for ever-I mean, if I can,

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
This source of content is so rare to be sound?
O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of life;
Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be pris'd and esteem'd as a friend, On whom she may always with safety depend? Our joys, when extended, will always increase, And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace: When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere; Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress, No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.

Why heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean Why flutters my heart that was once so serene? Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near Or why, when she's absent, this forrow and fear? Or why when she's absent, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face: Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find; With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy With thy face, &c. [mind;

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
There native good-humour and virtue reside:
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
With compassion for him, who without thee must die.
With compassion, &c.

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
Your hearts, ye fair ones, guard;
Their only study's to trepan,
And play a trickster's card:
With strange delight poor women they slight,
Amuse, copole, belie:

Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care; For men are wond'rous sly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,
A thousand forms will take;
His venal soul is all for gold,
A croeodile, or snake.
See his direthread! this spider spread
To catch the semale sly:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond rous sly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,
At nymphs he darts his quills;
A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,
His glance by poison kills:
With fraudful arts he steals their hearts,
Then throws the baubles by:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous sly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
In one wide-spreading plain,
Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
And virtue's spotless train,
To find a youth renown'd for truth,
Whole ages you might try:
Hence, girls! beware—look sharp—take care;
For men are wond'rous sly.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To ease my pain, and sooth my care,

I seek a nymph more kind,

And as I rove from fair to fair,

Still gentle usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
Where nature has no part?
Fresh beauties may my eyes employ,
But you alone my heart.

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ANGEL On graffy And Thus wretched exiles, when they roam, Meet pity ev'ry where; But languish for their native home, Though death attends them there.

To reason, ye fair-ones, affert your pretence,
Nor hearken to language beneath common sense:
When angels man call ye, and homage would pay,
If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view, Ten thousand oaths swore, but not one of them true; Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride, Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to found, True bleffings can ne'er without goodness be found; Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth, And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth,

No more shall meads be deckt with flow'rs,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
Nor greenest buds in branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
Is I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
The humble vale no flood shall know,
When floods shall highest hills o'erslow;
Black Letbe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to shew his light,
And day be turned into night;
And in that night no star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

ANGELIC fair, beneath yon pine, On graffy verdure let's recline, And like the morn be gay: See how Aurora smiles on spring, See how the larks arise and sing, To hail the infant day.

Music shall wake the morn—the day Shall roll unheeded as we play
In wiles, impell'd by love:
When weary, we shall deign to rest Alternate on each other's breast,
While Cupid guards the grove.

What prince can boaft more happiness
Than I (possessing thee) possess?
All care is banish'd hence,
Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
In what superior pleasure lies,
Than love and innocence?

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair, And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair; How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke? What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love, And nothing but death should my passion remove; I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year; And not yet contented! have conscience my dear.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A stame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy:
You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;
For say, what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The fun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:

And when in Thetis' lap to reft,
He fireaks wish gold the ruddy west,
He not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows, Or breathes upon the damask rose, It does not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.

I fole a kis the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed, With her the bleating slocks I'd feed, And pipe upon the oaten reed;

To please my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight;
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove, And linnets warble thro' the grove, Or stately swans the water love,

So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

THE winter's dreary scene is o'er,
The sun unlocks the frozen ground;
The vessels leave the verdant shore,
And woods with vocal music sound:
Warm'd by the sun's enliv'ning ray,
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Transported, hop from spray to spray,
And feel the genial pow'r of love.

A feather of peculiar dye,

A fofter note, a fweeter voice,

May teach their little breafts to figh,

And guide them in their transient choice:

No wonder that these tristes please,
Transfix their hearts, and charms their ear;
Their nuptial union soon must cease,
Nor can survive the circling year.

Far nobler gifts my fancy warms,
Far nobler gifts must strike my eyes;
I rove in quest of brighter charms,
And seek a mate discreetly wise.

In Chloe all those charms combine,
That wit and virtue can impart;
She then shall be my Valentine,
And ever triumph o'er my heart,

WHEN, lovely maid, with thee I join'd
In humble fuit to heav'n,
Unusual comfort cheer'd my mind,
And spoke my faults forgiv'n.

My griefs were hush'd, my joy serene,
No anxious care I knew:
Lost to my thought this earthly scene,
All but my love for you.

Fain would I think, that thou, dear maid,
By pitying heav'n was femt
To lend an erring finner aid,
And teach him to repent.

Vouchfafe me still the pious care,
O! crown the great design;
Reward my passion, charming fair,
And fix me heav'n's—and thine.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd; But short was her sway for so lovely a maid: In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run; In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun! Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs & the plains; Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains; How many soft moments I spent in this grove! How fair was my nymph! and how servent my love! Be find Reme With Or los Then And to But be Fain v

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Be fill, tho' my heart, thine emotion give o'er; Remember, the feason of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs, Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs!

Then breathless, with ardour, my fair one pursu'd, Andtothink with what fa or my garland she view'd! But be still, my fond heart, this emotion give o'er; Fain would'st thou forget, thou must love her no more

EV'RY blifs that heav'n can give, With dear Myra is to live, Hear her talk, and fee her fmile, Fondly gazing all the while:

Constantly with raptures trace
Ev'ry charm of mind and grace;
Snatch her to my glowing breast,
When with tenderness oppress.
Ev'ry blis, Sc.

But of these, if once depriv'd, Long, too long, I shall have liv'd; Frankly I'd resign my breath; Myra lost is worse than death. Ev'ry bliss, &c.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more;
Iblame all the fears I gave way to before;
I fay to my heart, be at reft, and believe
That whom once she has chosen she never will leave.
But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace,
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
My heart beats again; I again apprehend

These painful suspicions you cannot remove, Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love But doubts caus'd by passion, you never can blame, For they are not ill-sounded, or you seel the same.

STILL in hopes to get the beter Of my flubborn flame 1 try,

Some fortunate rival in every friend.

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Swear this moment to forget her, And the next my oath deny.

Now prepare with scorn to treat her, Ev'ry charm in thought I brave; Then, relapsing, fly to meet her, And confess myself her slave.

As bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers feem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I fung across the mead;

In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tusted grove
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When Chlora's charms I view'd:
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,

To hear my tender tale, But all in vain—she fled away, Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made, Came pity to my breaft,

And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair address'd:

"Ye little warblers, chearful be,
"Remember not ye flew;

" For I who thought myself so free, "Am far more caught than you.

WHEN beauty on the lover's foul
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It foon does reason's force controul,
And ev'ry passion quite disarms.

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave, As ev'ry feature blooms divine; 'Tis beauty makes the king a slave, When in an angel's form, like thine.

N 2

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I fpeak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'l! find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll snivel,
They'll coax and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my song.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruifes, and blows;
Not a fword, but a fword knot, rejoices the fair:
And what are rough foldiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
And filence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with foft myrtle my brows bare involve,
And tenderly combat at home.

HEAR me, blooming goddes, hear me!
Queen of smiles and soft desire;
Send the beauty to endear me,
Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh! how fweet the mild dominion Of the charmer we approve! Honour clips the wanton pinion, And we're willing flaves to love.

To heal the smart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the place.
Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both sweet and smart;

The honey on my lips I found, The sting within my heart.

WHEN real joy we mis,
'Tis some degree of bliss,
To reap ideal pleasure,
And dream of hidden treasure.
The soldier dreams of wars,
And conquers without scars;
The sailor in his sleep
With safety ploughs the deep;
So I, through fancy's aid,
Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
And, blest with thee and love,
Am greater far than Yove.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life;
I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
And never think more of a wife.
Plague on it, men are but asses,
To run after noise and strife,

Had we been together buckled,
'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
And boys pointing. cry'd—Look there!

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me:
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there the graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
Have rather been uncivil,
Have rather, &c.

'Tis not her air, for fure in that There's nothing more than common-; And a Lik Her ve 'Tis In sho

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THO' A rafcal My deali And I'm And all her fense is only chat,
Like any other woman:
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia all together.
Of Celia all together.

To figh and complain,
Alike I distain,
Contented my wish to enjoy:
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a scar;
And if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows?
Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.
The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft that cover woe;

But we, whose wishes never roam,

Shall tafte of real joys at home.

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple & plain, A rascal I hate, and a knave I distain;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth, I feel no remorfe for the follies of youth; I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song, And my boys think my age not a moment too long. Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin & grimace, Creep under, dance over, for title or place; Above all the titles that flow from a throne, That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally:
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy;
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far Than jessamine and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

THO' my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest;
Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young
Oh! I caper'd and fung,
The laffes came flocking apace;
But now turn'd of threefcore,
I can do so no more—
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack;
For we fill love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine?
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

CONSTANTIA, fee thy faithfu! flave Dies of the wound thy beauty gave; Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try From fond pursuing love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart, Pity my bleeding, aching heart; Regard my fighs, and flowing tears, And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be, By sacred Hymen join'd to me, Ere yet the western sun decline, My hand and heart shall both be thine.

Thy origin divine I fee,
Of mortal race thou can'ft not be:
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose:
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy fordid way of life despise;
Above thy stav'ry, Silvia, rise:
Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

Nought but raptures fill my mind;

Then I think thee so divine,
Thou excell'st e'en mighty wine:
But when you insult me and laugh at my pain,
I wash thee away in sparkling champaign;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

Eyes relenting when I fee,
Friends I freely quit for thee;
Love perfuades and charms me then,
Freedom I'd not wish to gain:
But when thou art cruel and heed'st not my care,
Then straight with a bumper I banish despair;
So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

W AS Nanny but a rural maid,
And I her only swain,
To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
And on the verdant plain;
Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
To please my lovely maid;
While of all sense of care we're freed,
Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
And rain feems in the fky,
Then to our oaken, fafe retreat,
We'd both together hie!
There I repeat my yows of love
Unto my charming fair,
Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
A mind like mine, fincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,

I'd live in rural ease;

Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise,
Could ne'er my fancy please:

In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
With grace and blooming youth,
Sincerity and virtue shines,
With modesty and truth,

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Thrice-lov'd Conftantia, heavenly fair, For thee a fervant's form I wear; Tho' blest with wealth, and nobly born, For thee both wealth and birth I scorn.

Trust me, fair maid, my constant slame Forever will remain the same: My love that ne'er, will cease, my love Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

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Trice

BELIEVE my fighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won:
Believe my vows to you fincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
You fay I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry-face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you:

My heart was like a flake of ice,

Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that never dies.

Then take and try me, you shall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever faw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Farewell, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Pbillis engag'd my fond heart;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dress'd without art:
No pleasure ye now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.
Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
For Strephon was all she held dear:
But as soon as she found, by my eyes,

The passion that glow'd in my breast,

She then, to my grief and furprize, Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my forrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will last,
Are those that are fix'd in the mind.
Which envy or time cannot blast:
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquets, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been just,
If nature had bless'd her with sense.

Sure never poor shepherd was tortur'd like me, From morning to night I could never be free; The charms of young Pbillis so ran in my head, I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her and told her my case, She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my sace; Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wise, My passion was six'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move; So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try, And boldly resolved, to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young Prue And Phillis had left her own schemes to pursue; This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more kind.

And vow'd ro be true, if I'd not change my mind. I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest, For fear she should alter, I thought it the best; From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if ye can, And never refuse the sincere honest man.

ERE Phæbus shall peep on the fresh-buding slow'r,
Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew;
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jess'min each other shall greet,
And mingle, to copy thy hue;
The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you.

With

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie, But weakly, and pay it its due; The thorn shall be robb'd of the sloe for thine eye, Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the fenfitive-plant must declare
The truth of my well-belov d she;
Whose hand if to touch it bold shepherds should dare,
Would shrink from all others but me.

LET misers hug their darling store,
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a shilling;
It brings me out to chearful air,
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
Oh! that she was but willing.

To make her fuch, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart-fick doves,
How fweetly they are billing;
But all in vain, as yet, my art,
For, oh! I feel across my heart,
Love's god his poison spilling.

The fireams which flow like my fad eye,
Will leave, at last, their channels dry,
Unless the springs are filling;
And softest rain, on hardest stone,
Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one,
A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh! my springs will ne'er again Replenish, but with fresher pain, Her frowns are still so killing; Nor will my tears her marble pierce, Though constant drops bedew my verse, From eyes, like limbecks stilling.

I fung the fong, it pleas'd her too,

"How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,"

While neighbour's grift was milling;

But all was vain, if you must know,

So I resolv'd to let her go,

Because she was not willing,

THE gentle fwan, with graceful pride,
Her gloffy plumage laves;
And failing down the filver tide,
Divides the whifp'ring waves:
The filver tide that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be;
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree fung;
And fill the pendent neit she view'd,
That held her callow young:
Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood must be,
They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before the hue grew pale:
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n fnow,
So white the beauteous pair;
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair:
May they of our connubial love
A happy omen be;
Then such fond bliss as turtles prove
Shall Delia share with me.

Come Rosalind, oh, come and see What pleasures are in store for thee, What pleasures are in store for thee; The slow'rs in all their sweets appear, The fields their gayest beauties wear, The fields, &c.

And Come, My ter If love 'Tis M Come, Can'ft

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Then, A Till of Our you We m The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove, Now warble out their fongs of love; For thee they fing, and rofes bloom, And Colin thee invites to come.

Come, Rofalind, and Colin join; My tender flocks and all are thine: If love and Rofalind be near, 'Tis May and pleafure all the year.

Come, fee a cottage and a fwain:
Can'ft thou my love or gifts difdain?
Can'ft thou, &c.
Leave all behind, no longer flay,
For Colin calls, then hafte away,
For Colin calls, &c.

BREATH foft, ye winds, be calm ye skies, Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs.
The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest, Shall flourish on my fair one's breast, Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair, The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
Can madness and reason ageee?

O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee?
Let sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste;
Let me seize on old time as he slies,
And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
Too late may repent being coy:
Then, Mally, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but to-day;
We may always find time to grow old.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear,
With all the bright beauties they wear;
Yet none on the plains can be found,
So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
Solovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
No longer in silence remain;
No longer in silence remain;
Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
'To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain?
To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale

I breathe my complaints in a fong,
I breathe my complaints in a fong;
Fair Flora attends the fad tale,
And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
And sweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whose breath might persume
The bosom of Flora in May,
The bosom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
Regardless of all I can say.

Go, tuneful bird, that glads the skies, To Dapbne's window speed thy way, And there on quiv'ring pinions rise, And there thy vocal art display,

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song;
Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plaints belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat you witless beau, And all his figuring race, with scorn,

And

And lend an ear to Damon's woe, Who fings her praise, and fings for orn.

I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this,
Ye rovers and rakes of the age;
Who laugh at the mention of conjugal blifs,
And who only loose pleasures engage:
You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the
When you merrily marriage deride; [wrong,
For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
Are fugitive, never fincere;
Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
But those which in legal attachments we find,
When the heart is with innocence pure,

Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd, And to life's latest hour will endure.

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
True love is with sentiment join'd;
But your's is a passion, a severish slame,
Rais'd without the consent of the mind:
When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
With this and with that ye are cloy'd;

Ye are led, and missed, by a flatt'ring salse fire, And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me—from whence my felicity flows?

My answer is short—From a wife,

Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature, I chose Which are beauties that charm us for life. —
To make home the seat of perpetual delight,

Ev'ry hour each studies to seize;
And we find ourselves happy from morning till night,
By our mutual endeavours to please.

NoT on beauty's transient pleasure,
Which no real joys impart;
Nor on heaps of fordid treasure
Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature Did the fickle wand'rer bind; Nor her form, the boast of nature; 'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure, Which no real joys impart; Nor on heaps of fordid treasure Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take, ye swains, the real bleffing.
That will joys for life ensure;
The virtuous mind alone possessing,
Will your lasting bliss secure.

THO' Cbloe's out of fashion,
Can blush and be fincere;
I'll toast her in a bumper,
If all the belles were here.
What tho' no ciamonds sparkle
Around her neck and waist,
With ev'ry shining virtue
The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest plain apparel,
No patches, paint, nor airs,
In debt alone to nature,
An angel she appears:
From gay coquets, high finish'd,
My Cbloe takes no rules,
Nor envies them their conquests,
The bearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all possessing,
Yet knows not she has one:
Then grant me gracious heavin,
The gift you must approve,
And Chloe, chaiming Chloe,
Will bless me with her love.

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Riche Soft r The moon, resplendent queen of night,
And snows that drive before the gale:
In fairness these the rest excel,
But fairer is my Isabel.

weet is the vi'let, fweet the rose,
And sweet the morning breath of May;
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding woodbines stray:
In sweetness these the rest excel,
But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow call:
Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all:
In fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.

O curb the will, with vain pretence
Philosophy her force employs,
And tells us, in despite of sense,
That life affords no real joys:
Buchidle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not, immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliss to your's,
Class'd in the arms of her I love.
Since you have giv'n desires to men,
Deny us not enjoyment free:
Must I be happy only then,
When I, alas! shall cease to be?
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AIRER than the op'ning lilies,
Sweeter than the morning rofe,
Are the blooming charms of Pbillis;
Richer sweets does she disclose.
ong secure from Cupid's pow'r,
Sost repose had lull'd my breast.

Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

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Till in one short satal hour,
She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
From whose shafts I bleed and burn!

Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
Strike fair Phillis in her turn.

From that torment in her breast,
Soon to pity she'll incline,
And, to give her bosom rest,
Kindly heal the wound in mine.

DEAR, Chloe, come give me fweet kiffes,
For fweeter no girl ever gave;
But why, in the midft of my bliffes,
Do'ft ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be flinted in pleasure;
Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
For fince I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'il ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are flraying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many flars are in heaven;
Go number the fands on the shore;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on your lips shall be spent:
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

P Arewell, my Puffora, no longer your swain,
Quite fick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty distain;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol, Sc.

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But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do'stask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;
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For since I love thee beyond measure,
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Quite fick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty distain;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
Sing tol derol, &c.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May. I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great, Who always are sportful, who always are gay; How feetly their fonnets they carol all day! Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play. Sing tol derol, &c.

If firuck by a beauty they ne'er faw before, In chirping foft notes they her pity implore: She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er, 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more. Sing tol derol, &c.

- 99 -I HE nymph that I love was as chearful as day, And as sweet as the bloffoming hawthorn in May; Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove, And her face was as fair as the Mother of Love: Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds And receives gentle odours from flowery beds; Yet warm in affection as Phæbus at noon, And as chafte as the filver-white beams of the moon. Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n fnow, And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow; As clear as the fiream and as deep as the flood; She, tho' witty, was wife, and tho' beautiful, good : The fweets that each virtue or grace had in store, She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r, Which, treasur'd for me, O! how happy was 1! For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

OME, give your attention to what I unfold, The moral is true, tho' the matter is old, The moral is true, &c. My honest confession's intended to prove, How tafteless, infinid, is life without love; My honest confession's, &c.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd; My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd, My bottle, &c. I laugh'd at the fex, and prefumptucully firove Their charms to torget, and bid farewell to love: I laugh'd, &c.

A patriot in politics, fond of debate, A patriot. &c.

Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove : They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love: Each paffion, &c.

How fweet my refolves, I confes'd with a figh, When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by, When Phillis, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove; Confenting the made me a convert to love: I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain; We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain, We're born, &c. My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove, That life is not life when divided from love:

My purchas'd experience, &c.

- 101 -BEHOLD, fairest Phabe, you garden fo fair. So rural the arbours, fo pleafant the air; The trees how they're elad with a bright lovely green And lovers, for pleasure, a walking are seen. See the meadows & fields, with what beauty they grow And the clear limpid streams uninterruptedly flow; See the innocent lambs how they chearfully play, While their dams, on the bank, do a fun burningla

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling throats All chanting their lays in the sweetest of notes; The lark in the morning, as foon as 'tis light, [flight With out firetched wings tow'rds the fky takes he The cowslips and vi'lets adorn the green banks, And pleasantly grow in irregular ranks; Not a thing is there wanting to make it look next But you, my dear Phæbe, to render't compleat.

Suppose, then, for pleasure, we just take a walk Around yonder green, and let love be our talk: What say you, my fair one, to you I'll resign; What pleases your fancy, will likewise please mine I wou To dr I am I hate

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I would fcorn to be rude; my thoughts I'd employ To drive away that which I thought would annoy. I am plain and fincere, as a lover should be; I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

THE flame of love fincere I felt,
And skreen'd the passion long;
A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
But awe suppress'd my tongue.
At length I told my dearest maid,
My heart was fix'd upon her:
But think not I can love, she said,
I can't upon my honour.

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The heart that once is roving caught,
All prudent nymphs distrust;
And must it for a youthful fault
Be always deem'd unjust?
So Celia judg'd, so fense decreed,
And bid me still to shun her:
Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame, I with a figh confess; But thou, who canst the rake reclaim, My new-born passion bless!

Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd, I could not have undone her; On thee, bright maid, thou best belov'd, I doat, upon my honour.

Awhile the nymph my fuit repress'd, My conflancy to prove, Then with a blush consent express'd, And bless'd me with her love.

To church I led the blooming fair, Entaptur'd that I'd won her; And now life's sweetest joys we share, We do, upon my honour.

LET the tempest of war

Be heard from a far,
With trumpets' and cannon' alarme:

Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my slocks and my Chloe posses;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest:
In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease;
In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wise,
Who will study her hursband to please,

104 -WHERE virtue incircles the fair, Their lilies and rofes are vain; Each Bloffom must drop with despair, Where innocency takes up her reign: No gaudy embellishing arts The fair-one need call to her aid, Who kindly by nature imparts The graces that Nature has made. The swain who has fense, must despise Each coquettish art to enfnare; If timely ye'd wish to be wife, Attend to my counfel, ye fair; Let virgins whom Nature has bleft, Her sovereign dictates obey; For beauties by Nature exprest, Are beauties that never decay.

My fair, ye swains, is gone astray;
The little wand'rer lost her way
In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
Poor Phillis, poor Phillis poor lovely Phillis.
Ah! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains;
And bring her safely o'er the plains;
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

O

Conceive

Conceive what tortures rack my mind;
And, if you'll be so just and kind.
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, Sc.

Whene'er a charming form you see, Serenely grave, sedately free, And mildly gay, it must be she; 'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not bold!y bare, not half undrest, But under cover slightly prest, In secret plays the little breast Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear, As makes you think a Dryad near, Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear; 'Tis Phillis, Sc.

The nymph, whose person, void of art, Has ev'ry grace, in every part, With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart, Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—nothing that I know,
Is Phillis, &c.

But reft, my foul, and blefs your fate; The Gods, who form'd a piece so neat, So just, exact, and so compleat As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in fuch a flow'r,
Which fo exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis,

WHILE others strip the new fall'n snows,
And steal its fragrance from the rose,
To dress their Fancy's Queen;
Fain would I fing, but words are faint,
All music's powers too weak to paint
My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, be side this stream, How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme, And told my tale unseen! While, faithful in the lovers cause, The winds would murmur soft applause To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my foul revives the day,
When, deck'd in all the pride of Nay,
She hail'd the fylvan scene;
Then ev'ry nymyh that hop'd to please,
First strove to catch the grace and ease
Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's figh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mien;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
I'll feek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now fhe treads fome distant plain,
Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that blest night
That brings her back with speedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.

SOFT pleafing pains, unknown before,
My beating bosom feels,
When I behold the bliffful bow'r
Where dearest Delia dwells.
That way I daily drive my flock;
Ah! happy, happy vale!
There look, and wish; and while I look,
My fighs increase the gale.
My fighs increase the gale.
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Beneath th' inclement skies,
And there my true devotion pay
To Delia's sleep-feal'd eyes:
So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
With tedious travel faint,
To kis alone the clay-cold tomb
Of some lov'd fav'rite saint,
Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
And all my bliss contain,
Ah! why should ye those blessings share,
For which I sigh in vain?
But let me not at fate repine,
And thus my grief impart:
She's not your tenant;—she is mine;
Her Mansion is my heart,
Her Mansion is my heart.

Too long a giddy wand'ring youth,
From fair to fair I rov'd;
To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
Tho' all alike I lov'd:

Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
My truth appear'd a jest;
But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
'Twas my delight to rail;
Their fighs, their vows, their tears, their fmiles,
Were false, I thought, and frail:
But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
I see their worth confest;
That man cannot enough adore.
That constancy is best,
That constancy is best,
The towing hears at heapty's fight

The roving heart at beauty's fight
May glow with fond defire;
Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
It damps the lawless fire:

tims

But love's celeftial faithful flames
Still catch from breaft to breaft;
While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
That conftancy is best,
That conftancy is best.
No solid bliss from change results,
No real raptures flow;

No real raptures flow;
But, fix'd to one, the foul exults,
And taftes of heav'n below.
With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
Is truth's fair form impreft;
And reason dictates to mankind,
That constancy is best,

Cupid, god of love and joy,

Wanton rofy winged boy,

Guard her heart from all alarms,

Bring her deck'd in all her charms,

Blufhing, panting, to my arms.

That constancy is best.

All the heaven I ask below,
Is to use thy earts and bow,
Could I have them in my pow'r,
One sweet smiling happy hour,
One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd;
When she treads the velvet ground,
We feel the zone with which she's bound,
All is paradise around.

IN persuit of the fox and the hare
What joys and what comforts abounds?
Byt I am alone in dispair,
Since Silvia's not there to be found.

When I join with my friends round the bowl!
What raptures I view in each face!
But Sylvia possesses my soul,
And no pleasures her form can erase.

I have told her a tale of foft love, As we fat in the cool mystle shade;

But

But nothing I said could remove Her idea of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife, I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu! And refolve for the rest of my life To center my wishes with You.

OBetsey! wilt thou gang with me,
Nor figh to leave the flaunting town?
Can filent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and ruffet gown.
Nae longer drest in filken sheen,
Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare;
Say, can'ft thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair?

O Betsey! when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the slakey snaw,
Nor shrink beneath the northern wind?
Say, can that saft and gentlest mien,
Severest hardships learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

O Betsey! can'st thou love sa true,
Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?
Or when mishap the swain should rue,
To share with him the pang of wee?
Or when invading pains betall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And chear with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
Strew slowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the Fair.

IN pity, Celia, to my pain, No more my heart reprove, Nor let the blafts of cold diffain Destroy my rifing love.

My love, as yet, but newly blown,
Must die for want of care;
'Tis your's (as you the feeds have fown)
To save the flow'rs they bare.

When first the springing slow'r appears,
And shews its rising head.

Each gentlest wind is shiv'ring fear.
And courts the gardener's aid.

In pity then, no longer strive
To grieve my faithful mind;

Since love and faith, and justice too,
Expect you to be kind.

SAY, why must the poet's soft lays
To beauty be always confin'd?
Or why not the tribute of praise
Be paid to the charms of the mind?
Why need we observe what we know,
That beauty will quickly decay,
Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,
Droop, wither, and then sade away?

Tho' not with that ravishing form,
Which blooming Lucinda can boast,
Shall Celia be treated with scorn,
Or slighted, because she's no toast?
No, surely, for all must revere

The charms of her temper and mind; Her judgement so solid and clear, Her tast so correct and refin d.

Then why not the tribute of praise

Be paid to the charms of the mind?

Or why must the poet's soft lays

To beauty be always confined?

Ye swains, then be prudent and wife,

Nor listen to beauty's false voice;

A happiness pure if ye prize,

Let merit alone claim your choice.

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WHILST on thy dear bosom lying, Celia! who can tell my blis?
Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kis?
Ev'ry look with love inspires me;
Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;
Ev'ry melting transport fires me;
Ev'ry joy is in thine arms.

Those dear eyes that sweetly languish,
Make my heart with raptures beat;
Pleasure aimost turns to anguish,
When the transport is so great.
Look not so divinely on me;
Celia! I shall die with bliss:
Yet, oh! turn those eyes upon me;

Who'd not die a death like this?

THE fragrant Lily of the Vale,
So elegantly fair,
Whose sweets persume the fanning gale,
To Chice I compare:
What though on earth it lowly grows,
And strives its head to hide;
Its sweetness far out-vies the rose,
That flaunts with so much pride.

The coftly tulip owes its hue
To many a gaudy stain;
In this we view the virgin white
Of innocence remain:
See how the curious florist's hand
Uprears its humble head;
And to preserve the charming flower,
Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
How shines each modest grace;
Emaptur'd how its owner stands,
To view its lovely face:
But pray, my Chloe, now observe
The inference of my tale;
May I the florist be—and thou
The Lily of the Vale.

ILS

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
Where rivers ran murmuring by,
I heard the fost vows that she made,
What swain was so happy as I?
My breast was a stranger to care,
For my wealth by her kisses I told;
I thought myself richer, by far,
Than he that had mountains of Golda

But now I am poor and undone,
Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
The kisses, I once thought my own,
Are bestow'd on a happier swain:
But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
Her vows shall be constant and true;
They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
As sickle as Midsummer dew,

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve?
Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair,
I soon had forgotten to love:
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
You spoke, and your words were so kind,
I could not suspect the deceit,
But gave my loose sails to the wind
When tempests the ocean deform.
And billows so mountainous roar,

The Pilot, fecure from the florm,
Ne'er ventures his bark from the fhore;
As foon as fost breezes arise,
And smiles the false face of the sea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And failing is shipwreck'd like me.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;
After walking three long miles,
One kind look, at leaft, discover,
Come and speak a word to Giles.
You alone my heart I fix on,
Ah, you little cunning vixen!
I can see your roguish smiles.

Addflids!

Addflids! my mind is so posses'd,

Till we're sped I shan't have rest;
Only say the thing's a bargain,
Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,
There's at once an end of arguing:
I am her's, she is mine;
Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

I HE fmiling plains, profusely gay, Are dreft in all the pride of May, The birds around in every vale, Breathe rapture on the vacal gale. But ah! Miranda, without thee, Nor fpring nor fummer fmiles on me! All lonely in the fecret shade, I mourn thy absence, charming maid. O oft as love! as honour fair! More gently sweet than vernal air, Come to my arms, for you alone Can all my anguish past atone ! O come! and to my bleeding heart, Th' ambrofial balm of love impart! Thy prefence lasting joy shall bring. And give the year eternal fpring.

HOW fweet are the roles of June, The pink and the jestamine gay; But stripp'd of their blossoms, how foon, How fulden those sweets will decay! Just fuch is the maid in her prime, Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen; But robb'd of her beauty by time, No traces of youth can be feen. Then Phillis, be wife whilst you may, To Damon's addresses prove kind, Relent, or, believe what I fay, Too late you will alter your mind. When next the fond youth shall declare, The passion which glows in his breast, With him to the altar repair. No longer refuse to be bleft,

I E gods ye gave to me a wife, Out of your grace and favour, To be the comfort of my life, And I was glad to have her. But if your providence divine For greater blifs defign her ; To obey your will at any time, I'm ready to refign her. ADIEU, dear maid, whose charms inspire A never-fading love; Once more to rural scenes retire. And range the thoughtful grove; Where peace shall all thy steps attend, And Nature's various beauties blend, And Nature's various, &c. There no corroding cares intrude, Which haunt th' ambitious throng :-Th' embow'ring shades of solitude To humble minds belong; To those whose virtue is too great To live in regions of deceit. Though now ill-nature throws her darts. And wounds our focial joy. Bleft friendship still unites our hearts With her endearing tie. While thus supported, we can brave Each cruel fform and threat'ning wave. Vice shall try all her arts in vain Our union to divide : For purest love's eternal chain Our spirits has ally'd : and and and and and Then let not parting give us paints at all all We parted but to meet again, SAY, oh! too lovely creature, world world Thou cause of all my smart, was an war of What means this palpitation, and you war and to

Without a feeling heart?

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Such rapping,
And tapping,
As if it ne'er would reft;
Mine too, I vow,
I can't tell how,
Is like to burft my breaft.

FAIR Hetty my Heart hath enchain'd, That rov'd among Beauties fo free; For furely the Fates had ordain'd That none should ensave it but she.

Ah! Traitor, is Lucy forgot,
To Whom thou didft Constancy sware?
The Lucy that sweetn'd thy Lot
Of Sorrow, Vexation, and Care!

Oh! perish the Thought? She was mine, Best Gift I could ask from above; Conceive it, ye Hearts that combine In Rivets of conjugal Love.

But, ah! the infatiable Foe
Nor Sighs nor Entreaties will hear,
He levell'd his murtherons Blow,
He spoil'd me of all that was dear.

Like Orpheus, my l) re I would firing,
The Regions of Death would explore,
My Lucy from thence would I bring,
But, alas! I can see her no morer

Sweet Hetty, then haste to my Arms, Since nought can reverse the Decree; Oh! give me to tast of thy Charms, To meet a fond Lucy in thee.

I Am a young shepherd, the pride of the plain;
The lasses all strive my affection to gain;
I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue;
Say, what would you have such a young sheperd do?

I cannot be easy wherever I go, Nor know I the reason they follow me so; 'Tis strange I am sure you will readily own, That, tho' I resule, they won't let me alone. Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green, Such numbers came round me as never were seen; To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear, so I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I wow and protest, Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest; She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move, And at last, I must own, I am smitten with love.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride; for riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide; The slave that is poor must starve all his life, In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads. In fettling of jointures, or making of deeds; But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course, E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Cbloe, ne'er aim to be great; Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate: You can never be poor, who have all those charms; And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,

Nor let me longer tarry;

With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;

But hang me if I marry:

With you, &c.

The stroke I well can parry;
I love to kis, to toy and play;
But do not choose to marry:
I love, &c.

Young Molly of the dale Makes a mere flave of Harry;

Becaufe,

Because, when they had toy'd and kiss'd, The foolish swain would marry; Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry;
With you I'll toy, and kiss and play;
But hang me if I maary, hang me if I marry;
With you I'll toy, &c.

ADIEU, ye groves, adieu ye plains!
All nature mourning lies;
See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies:
See from afar th' impending storm
With fullen haste appear;
See winter comes, a dreary form,
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamefome bound Rejoice the gladden'd light; No more the gay enamell'd ground, Or fylvan icenes delight: Thus Zepbalinda, much lov'd maid, Thy early charms shall fail; The rose must droop the list fade, And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of May,
May rife on active wing;
Again the sportive herds may play,
And bail reviving spring.
But youth, my fair, sees no return;
The pleasing bubble o'er,
In vain its sleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more,

Hafte then, dear girl, that time improve
Which art can ne'er regain,
In blifsful fcenes of mutual love,
With fome diffinguish'd swain:
So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
Pass smiling and serene;
Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide way,
And Winter close the scene.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment? If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content! Since I fuffer with pleasure, why should I complain, Or grieve at my fate, fince I know 'tis in vain ? Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft his the dart, That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart, I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down: And by paffionate filence I make my love know; But, oh! how I'm blefs'd when fo kind she does prove! By some willing mistake to discover her love; When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame, And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name, How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are .he charm! How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms! Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love; Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above: And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield; For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

W HAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight!
How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting height
Her wanton ringlets twine!
That elm (no more a barren shade)
Is with her clusters crown'd;
And that fair vine, without his aid,
Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
Connubial joys to prove,
Yet mark what age and care impart,
Nor choughtless rush on love:
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful god that rules the year,
And keeps thy groves from harm.

While fome with short-liv'd passion glow,
His love remains the same;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant si me:

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Deform the blooming spring;

So shall thy trees, from blass secure,

Their wonted tribute bring.

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THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
And rears its beauties to the fun,
With heav'n born tints of Iris's how;
While low the vi'let springs beside,
And in the shade it strives to shun
The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store
That from the sulip can arise,
When parted from its glowing hed:
While hid, the villet charms the more,
Like innocence in its native skies,
When crop'd to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
Are wrought in nature's various robe:
Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
The heroes of the conquer'd globe:
But sweet sompliance makes ye wives.

YE chearful virgins, have ye feen
My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
To rose or jess mine bow'n?
Where does she feek the woodbine shade?
For sure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-blown flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden role,
Join'd with the lily as it blows,
Where each in fweetness vie;
Like dew-drops glist'ning in the morn,
When Phæbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health sparkles in her eye.

Her fong is like the linnet's lay.

That warbles chearful on the spray,

To hail the vernal beam:

Her heart is blither than her fong, Her passions gently move along, Like the smooth gliding fream.

ADIEU, ye fireams, that fmoothly flow;
Ye vernul airs, that foltly blow;
Ye plains, by blooming fpring array'd;
Ye birds, that warble thro' the gladey
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my foul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor hear one figh;
But, forc'd from Celia's fmiles to part,
All joy deferts my dropping heart,
All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the roly morn,
When flow'rs the dewy field adorn;
Unfully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of May,
That warms, Sc.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
And add new splendor to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night,
And gild, Sc.

THE glitt'ring fun begins to rife
On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
The lark his warbling matin fings;
Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
The village up, the shepherd tries
His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
My Delia, lovely maid, were feen,
Fresher than the roses bloom,
Sweeter than the meads perfume.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my fighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey:
As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
And with shrill echoes fills the founding shores,
So I, like him, abandon'd and forlors,
With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn. Go,

Go, gentle gales, and bear my Eghs along:
The birds shall cease to tune their evining song,
The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling sountains to the thirsty swain,
Nor balmy sleep to lab'rers spent with pain,
Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

I Love thee, by heavens I cannot fay more;
Then fet not my paffion a cooling:
If thou yield'st not at once, Imust e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at fooling. [deeds;
What my love wants in words it shall make up in
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds;

A word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all protesting and arguing:

Had a goddess my heart, she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been faying;
Po'ythee be thou so too; seek for no better term,
But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay, in.

I cannot bear love like a Chancery fuit,

The age of a patriarch depending;

Then pluck up a spirit; no longer be mute;

Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic sool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners; [cool,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
Before men fit down to their dinners.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
Serene was all the fky,
When on the waves I left my dear,
The center of my joy;
Heaven and nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each roley field did odours foread,
All fragrant was the fhore;
Each river-god rofe from his bed,
And figh'd, and own'd her pow'r;
Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
Her hero went to fee,
Cindus fwell'd o'er her banks with pride,
As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
And tell her how distress'd:
Bear all my sights, ye gentle winds,
And wast e'm to her breast:
Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,
I never shall have rest.

What beauties does Flora disclose
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Moggy's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed:
Nor daily, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove.

The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd solks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?

Does Mogg y not tend a few sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While, happily, she lies afleep?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,

Kind nature indulging my bliss,

To relieve the fost pains of my breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss,

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Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
She's fairest when thousands are fair.
Lay, charmer, where do thy slocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they seed?
Chall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter bank of the Tweed?

The heavy hours are almost past,
That part my love and me;
ty longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only wish to see:
at how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Vill you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is still the same,
and heal each idle anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame?
hus, Delia, thus I paint he scene,
When we shall shortly meet,
and try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

utif the dream that fooths my mind
Shall falfe and groundless prove;
I am doom'd at length to find
That you've forgot to love:
Il I of Venus ask, is this,
No more to let us join;
It grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

Isk me not how caimly I the cares of life defy;
How I baffle human woes,
Woman, woman, woman knows.
It may live and laugh as I;
It, like me, may cares defy;
All the pangs the heart endures,
Yoman, woman, woman cures.

Afk me not of empty toys, the add all all Feats of arms, and drunken joys; I have pleafure more divine, Woman, woman, woman's mine. Raptures more than folly knows, More than fortune e'er bestows'; Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields, Woman, woman, woman yields, is a soul back Ask me not of woman's lasts, and and and Broken vows and faithless hearts: (18 110 010) Tell me wretch, who pines and grieves, Woman, woman, woman lives. All delights the heart can know, More than folly can bestow, Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings, Woman, woman, woman brings. Y ES, she is fair, divinely fair, And fofter than the balmy air That vernal Zepbyr blows; Her cheeks transcend the role's bloom. And sweeter is the sich perfume Her ruby lips disclosed fords semisally diversion A. Fly swift, oh! Love, and in her ear Whisper fost, her lover's near, Full of doubt and full of fear; If my rashness should offend, Intercede. My pardon plead. Her angry brow unbend. OH! had I been by fate decreed Some humble cottage fwain. In fair Rosetta's light to feed My flocks upon the plain, What blifs had I been born to tafte, Which now I ne'er must know? Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd My fair-one's lot fo low? - 142 -IN all the fex fome charms I find; I love to try all woman kind.

The fair, the smart, the witty,
'The fair, the smart, the witty.
In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
I languish out a long, long year,
The slave of wanton Kitty,
The slave of wanton Kitty,

At length I broke the galling chain,
And fwore that love was endless pain,
One constant scene of folly,
One constant, Sc.
I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
But soon I felt a second stroke.

And figh'd for blue-ey'd Molly, And figh'd, &c.

With treffes next of flaxen hue, Young Jenny did my foul tubdue, That lives in yonder valley, That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally,
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young, My roving heart from bondage sprung, This heart of veilding mettle, This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there, By turns the prize of brown and fair, But never more will fettle,

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To soft Elysian gales;
From smoke to smiling skies repair,
And sun-illumin'd vales:
No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But blessings crown the plains;
Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And Peace, the cherub, reigns.
O come! for thee the roses bloom,

O come! for thee the roses bloom,
The deep carnation grows,
For thee sweet violets breathe persume,
The white-rob'd lily blows;

For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
The daisied hills are gay,
Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
The spotless lambkins play.
From vale to vale the Zepbyrs rove,
To rob th' unfolding flow'rs;
And music melts in ev'ry grove,
To charm thy rural hours;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will strive to please Amelia fair,
Who pleases all beside.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, &c.
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields all round are gaily drest;
Arise, my love, and play, and play;
Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And blefs thy shepherd's fight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,

And give them sweet delight, And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
Those smiles your charms improve;
Thy presence, &c.
Thy strains the list ning birds beguile,
And, as invite, reward their toil,

And tune their notes to love, And tune, &c,

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
Beneath, &c.
E'er other eyes ye beauties fee,
Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;
Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
Thy bappy fate be mine,

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WHEN Chloe first, with blooming charms,
Invited lovers to her arms,
She look'd a dainty thing;
We faw her beauty, own'd her wit
And, as the simile most sit,
We call'd the period, Spring.

The hafty moments pass'd away;
We saw her bright meridian day,
And woman's state become her:
The prudent mother, and the wise,
Diffus'd around her all the life.
And all the blis of Summer.

Advancing on in life's career,
The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
And what the knew the taught 'em;
Het fage advice difperfing round,
Till every prudent virgin found
The richeft fruits of Autumn.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;— Yet honour can't allow it right, Of well-earn'd praise to flint her; For the who Summer well employs, Will reap the Autumn's folid joys, Nor dread the frost of Winter.

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YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in this throng, ray tarry a while, and attend to my song: the story, tho' simple, is true that I tell; hope it will please you all wonderful well. went, t'other day, to a wake on the green, and met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen; ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no; and stuggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go tenderly cry'd, Phillis. don't be a prude; at still, she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude: the more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd no, and stuggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go

ound no intrearies would make her comply; henever I touch'd her 'twas fye, Collin, fye. So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife, And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this, Take care how too freely you part with a kifs; Conceal for a time all the favours you can, man. For that's the best way to make sure of your

PHILIR A's charms poor Damon took;
How eager he for billing!
When lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her pow'r of killing:
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it never doubt him:
Odzooks! a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he could look about him.

But mark the end—with scythe so sharp
Time o'er the forehead struck her;
And all her charms began to warp—
Then she was in a pucker:
She then began to rave and curse,
Her time she pass'd no better;
Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
Some comely swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad the meets,
Now makes an am'rous trial;
But each with fcorn her warmness treats;
Each frowns in cold denial.
Coquets, take warning; change your tune;
This woeful case remember:
The bed-fellow you slight in June,
You'll wish for in December.

COME, dear Amagraa, quit the town, And to the sural hamiets ply; Behold the winter florms are gone, A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
Each spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear,
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the role.

Let us fecure the front delight,

And wisely crop the blooming day;
For foon, too soon, it will be night;

Arise, my love, and come away.

ATTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay You may learn from my tale, and go wifer away: A damsel once dwelt at the foot of the hill, Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd Her face to improve, and embellish her mind; Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill; 'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid at Each art to subdue her was presently laid;
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond sp'endor and state; Tho' poor, yet she never repin'd at her fate; His prossers she slighted—in vain all his skill To ruin the same of the Maid of the Mill,

Young Collin address'd her with hope and with fear, His heart was right honest, his love was fincere; With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill, When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth— The girl read his heart, & of courselov'd the youth; At church little Patty soon answer'd, "I will." His lordship was han k'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair! To Content, they are strangers to forrow, and care! The stame they first rais'd in each other, burns still, And Collin is bless'd with the Maid of the Mill.

Young Mally, who lives at the foot of the hill; Ard whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,

Of beauty is bles'd with so ample a share. That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May when I travers'd the grove, In thoughties retirement, not dreaming of love, I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare, And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green messy bed, A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid: Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart, And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart: And from thence, how to win the dear maid was my For a captive I sell to her delicate air. [care;

As she saw me, she blush'd, & complain'd I was rude, And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude: I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there, But laid all the blame on her delicate air; [tain, Said her heart was the prize which I sought to ob-And hop'd she whold grant it to ease my fond pain, She neither rejected, nor granted my pray'r, But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit;
But still the tormenter affects to be mute: [fair,
Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

WHILE fervile scriblers take the pen,
To flatter some great ruling men,
In hopes to get a dinner;
Not so the bard who now invokes

Not so the bard who now invokes The nine, and such celestial solks, In praise of Betsy Skinner.

Before my tongue thould frame a lye, For wealth, or fame. I'd fooner die,

An unforgiven finner;
If truth direct me on my way,
Do thou approve my feeble lay,
Oh charming Betsy Skinner,

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Though Stella boafts a sparkling eye, And Flavia's cheek a crimson dye,

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A shape and air, Corinna;
No more those fading charms shall shine
At court, when once compar'd with thine,
Oh lovely Betsy Skinner.

An angel's heav'nly form we find,
With reason, sense, and wisdom join'd,
Such beauties dwell within her;
That Venus, though the fairest she,
Enreg'd should seek her native sea,
At sight of Betsy Skinner.
If happiness can be express'd

In wedlock, how fupremely blefs'd

The youth that's doom'd to win her;

He need not envy kings, who wear

The diadeth of pain an dors

The diadem of pain an care, Posses'd of Betsy Skinner.

BEAUTEOUS nymph approve the flame
Thy merit rais'd within my breaft;
Let ev'ry tender thought proclaim
How much I love, and how diffres'd;
Since words themselves want energy to prove
What Damon suffers by capricious love.

Suppress not then the pleading thought,
Which thy fost nature must advance;
Nor blush, if in the contest caught,
The purest minds have fell by chance.
Then deign, Belinda, generous and kind,
To smile compliance on the humble mind.

AT Windfor, where Thames glides so softly along. Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my song; Her name all the day I with rapture repeat, And am blest when the shepherds buttalk of my Kate. When my fair-one is by, the whole village is gay, for 'tis she, not the sun. that enlivens the day; The lads are all happy when round her, they wait, And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate. When I join the pale lily or blushpainted rose spose

And with pinks & fweet wooddines a garland com-

More lovely to fight are her looks, and more sweet. Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my Kate. Hush hush ye vain warblers no more croud the spray. Nor think to delight with your love liven'd lay; With success each may tune a shrill note to his mate, But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my Kate. As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream, The fish, without fear, feed & play by the bim; And why should they not? they can think no deceit. Such truth is confest in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring posses of flow'rs: but the maid Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade: But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date, Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my Kate.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair, Tell me when, and tell me where, Tell thy fond and faithful fwain When we thus shall meet again? When shall Strepbon fondly see Beauties only found in thee? Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play, All the happy live long day? Dearest Kitty! kind and fair, Tell me when, and tell me where? All the happy day, 'tis true, Bles'd, but only when with you; Nightly Strephon fings alone, Sighs till Hymen makes us one. Tell me then, and ease my pain, Tell thy fond and faithful fwain, When the priest shall kindly join Kitty's trembling hand to mine? Dearest Kitty ! kind and fair, Tell me when-I care not where,

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, unconstant, have posses'd,
Or lov'd a fairer she.
If that at once, you would be cur'd,
Of all the pains you've long endur'd,
Consult your glass and me.
Pa

In

In gardens did you never see
The little, wanton, curious bee,
Where ev'ry blossom blows,
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,
And, for the quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,
On each variety of joy,
From fair ro fair I roam,
Perchance, to thousands in a day?
Those are but visits that I pay—
My Chloe, you're my home.

GRAN's me, ye pow'rs, a calm repose,
Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride,
Where I may pity human wees,
And taste the pleasures you provide.

Unenvy'd by the proud and great, My hours shall sweetly glide away; While conscious of my still retreat, Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may felect the maid

From all the foster sex below,

May Stella be alone convey'd,

Whose beauties bid my bosom glow.

At length, when life is in decline, Celestial mansions let me view; Without a groan mp breath resign, And peaceful bid the world adieu.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the sair from whence she sprung,
With little rage instam'd;
Instam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mama ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd,
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And forely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boost,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?
While I am scarce a toast?
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear mama for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way;
Kitty, has heart's defire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire,
And fet the world on fire.
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

THE woodlark whiftles through the grove,
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his female on the spray;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove
From their example now to love:
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock returns to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

THINK, oh! think, within my breaft,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest;
And, in pity, ease my pain.

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To a lover thus distress'd,

Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,

Ev'ry moment, till he's bless'd,

Is a thousand, thousand years.

My Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old;
Yet well I like to meet her
At the wawking of the fold.

My Peggy speaks sae sweatly,
Whene'er we meet alane;
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae more of a' that's rare;
My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
To a' the love I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spiri s glow,
At wawking of the fold.

My Peggy fmiles (ae kindly
Whene'er I whifper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown:
My Peggy (miles (ae kindly)

My Peggy fmiles fae kindly, It makes me blyth and bauld, And naething gives me fic delight As wawking of the fold.

My Peggy fings fae faftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings fae faftly,
And in her fangs are tauld,
With innocence the vale of sense,
At wawking of the fold.

And found that no nymphs were like those of the Thames,

On the banks of the Seine I was pleas'd to furvey Such crowds of fair n, mphs all to merry and gay; But then they were merry and gay to extremes, And no nymphs could I find like the nymphs of the Thames.

Then I traver'd each mountain, each tiver & plain, But my labour alas was all labour in vain, O Tyber, O Po, why fo fam'd are your fiteams, Since no nymphs can you boast like the nymphs of the Thames.

But of Italy's merit and fame, to fay true,
And give as 'tis fit ev'ry nation its due,
Each fair like a Syren with music inflames,
But what is a fong to the nymphs of the Thames?
As for Germany, there I was struck with surprize,
What the belles want in beauty, they make up in fize
And 'tis just with their girls as it is with their streams
You've a ton on the Rhine for a quart on the Thames
Then ye youths of Great Britain on wandring so keen
To feed your fond fancy with beauties unseen,
Go, enquire of the sun, and he'll tell you his beams
Ne'er shone on such nymphs as the nymphs of the
Thames.

THE fun, just glancing thro' the trees, Gave life and joy to ilka grove, And pleasure in each southern breeze Awaken'd hope and slumb'ring love;

When Jeany fung with hearty gleen. To charm her winfome marrow, My bonny laddie gang wi me Will o'er the braces of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blithest swain, That ever pip'd on broomy brae; No lass cou'd ken him free sra' pain, So graceful, kind, so fair and gay. And Jeany sung, &c.

He kiss'd and lov'd the bonny maid, Her sparkling eyn had won his heart; No lass the youth had e'er betray'd, No fears had she, the lad no art.

And fill she sung, &c. P 3

SHALL

SHALL I wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May?
Yet if she think not well of me,
What case I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move Me to perish for her love? Or her worthy merits known Make mequite forget my own? Be she with that goodness blest As may merit name the best, Yet if she be not such to me What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair I will never more despair; If she love me, the believe, I will die ere she shall grieve: If she slight me when I woo, I will scorn and let her go: So if she be not fit for me, What care I for whom she be.

O! How to bid my love adieu,
The painful tafk rever!
No more the confcious bluft to view,
The tender glance to fleal.

Alas! how sharp will be my woe,
For ever torn-from thee!
Shall that fond breast one joy forego,
Or yie'd one sigh for me?

Though destin'd every anxious pain, Each tender sear to prove, My constant heart shall still remain Unchang'd to thee and love!

FROM College I came,
Full of spirsts and flame,
Determin'd I ne'er would despair:

I'll fearch the town through. For the lass I've in view. She must have a delicate air. I'll fearch the town through. For the lass I've in view. She must have a delicate air. There's you mils, and you. Ay, and you madem too, Who look fo contound dly fly; You think I'll declare, Now the name of the fair. If I can, I wish I may die. I've fearch'd the town round. She is not to be found. I find my elf quite in despair; There's this thing and that, Sets my heart pit a pat. Whenever I speak to the fair. Refolv'd then I am.

Refolv'd then I am,
And blame me if you can,
If one of your hearts to enfnare,
In wedtock's foft chains,
I'll forget all my pains,
Live constant and bless'd with my fair.

AH! fure a pair was never feen
So juffly form'd to meet by nature!
The youth excelling fo in mien,
The maid in every grace of feature.
O how happy are fuch lovers,

When kindled beauties each discovers!

For surely she
Was made for thee,

And thou to bless this lovely creature?
So mild you looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty.
The boys with all their father's sense,

The girls with all their mother's beauty!

O how happy to inherit

At once such graces and such spirit!

Thus while you live May fortune give

Each bleffing, equal to your merit!

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HAD I a heart for falshood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true,

To you no foul shall bear deceit,

No stranger offer wrong:
But triends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

Eut when they learn that you have b'est Another with your heart, They'll bid aspiring passion rest, And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to fuffer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

DEAR smiling Kitty's to my mind,
She ev'ry way can please me,
Good-humour'd, faithful, fond and kind,
She never tries to teaze me;
Athome, abroad, by night or day,
The same engaging creature,
She lets me ever have my way;
With joy I always meet her.

To vex or harm a girl so good,
Wou'd be a shame and pity,
I would not injure if I cou'd
My ever smiling Kitty;
To rove abroad from fair to fair,
No longer is my passion,
One, only one, is now my care.
Tho' more is all the fassion.

Noarts vermillion has she shewn,
She is the child of nature,
Her face, her shape, is all her own,
And every other feature;
Fr. m folly, spite, and cunning free,
She's lively, gay, and witty,
Her like I ne'er expect to see,
I'll live and die with Knity.

How oft Louisa hast thou said,

(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love,

To reign the partner of a throne.

And by those lips that spoke so kind!

And by this hand I press to mine!

To gain a subject nation's love.

I swear I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor

Who own what kingdoms could not buy!

Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,

And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss,

And rich in love's exhaustless mine;

Do thou fnatch treasures from my lips

And I'll take kingdoms back from thine, ASK not beauty quite compleat, Give me a girl who simply neat, Rich golden tiff se can despise, And wear no brilliants but her eyes: While blended in those eyes there fit, The laughing loves and sparkling wit. Ogive me Hymen fuch a wife, With joy I'll quit the fingle life, With joy I'll quit the fingle life. As paufes find in music place, Her speech let proper silence grace, And in her dimpled fmiles be feen, A modest yet a chearful mien: Her conversation ever free, From censure as from levity. O give me Hymen fuch a wife, With joy I'll quit the fingle life. Not fond of compliment, nor rude, Not a coquette nor yet a prude, Averse to grandeur and parade, Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerade: The virtues that her fex adorn, By honor guarded not by fcorn, To fuch a virgin, fuch a wife, I give my love, I give my life.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifrida, move thy sear;
Let nought delay the heavinly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors

With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll thine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What the from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we posses;
We'll find within our pittance pienty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season Sufficient for our wishes give; For we will live a life of reason, And that's the only life to live.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender, Shall sweetly found where'er'tis spoke; And all the great ones much shall wonder, How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling, We il hand in hand together tread; Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling, And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung;
To see 'em look their mother's seatures,
To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time transported Shall think to rob us of our joys, You'll in your girls again be courted, And I go wooing in my boys.

AH, dear Marcella! maid divine, No more will I at fate repine, If I this day behold thee mine, For dearly do I love thee.

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ, My constant care, my ev'ry joy; May then no chance my hopes destroy, for dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee, The rifing fun to ev'ry tree, But fweeter far art thou to me, For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine, No more will I at fate repine, But while I live, thou maid divine, With rapture will I love thee.

AS down on Banna's banks I ftray'd,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes,
Made vocal ev'ry fpray:
They fung their little tales of love,
They fung them o'er and o'er.
Ah! gramachree, ma cholleenouge,
Ma Molly ashtore!

The daify py'd, and all the sweets,
The dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,
Lay scatter'd o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my fad fate,
That doom'd me thus the flave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart,
That wears her in it's core?
Ah! gracachree, &c.

You faid you lov'd me, Molly dear:
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think fuch tender words,
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
Nay, Heav'n could give no more.
Ah! gramachree, Sc.

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But fill When t Will los O! had I all the flocks that graze.
On yonder ye'low hill.
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paffure fill;
With her I love. I'd gladly share,
My kine and fleecy flore.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envy'd them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me he shew'd,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn;
While life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art false, may Heav'n on thee
It's choicest blessings pour.
Ah! gramachree, &c.

As thro' the grove I chanc'd to ffray, I met young Phillis on her way; I flew like lightning to her arms, And gaz'd in rapture on her charms; Her looks reveal'd a modest flame, But fill she cry'd, O fye for shame.

With eager haste I stole a kiss,
Which blushing Phillis took amise;
She push'd me from her with a frown,
And call'd me bold prefuming clown;
While I confess'd myself to blame,
Butstell she cry'd, O fye for shame.

In tender fighs I told my love,
And pleg'd my faith on things above;
But she, like all her sex, was coy,
And tho' I swore, would not comply;
Yet I perceiv'd she met my slame,
But still she cry'd, O sye for shame.

When this I faw, I quickly cry'd, Will lovely Phillis be my bride; For hark, I hear the tinkling bell;
To church let's go? It pleas dher well;
And foon a kind compliance came.
But fill the cry'd, O fye for thame.
Now Hymen's bands have made us one,
The joys we take to few are known.
No jealous fears our bosons move;
For conftant each, we truly love.
She now declares I'm not to blame.

Nor longer cries, O fye for shame.

As I went to the wake that is held on the green, I met with young Phebe, as blithe as a queen; A form so divine might an anchoret move, And I found (tho' a clown) I was smitten with love: So I ask'd for a kis, but she, blushing, reply'd, Indeed, gentle shepherd, you must be deny'd.

Lovely Phebe, I cry'd, don't affect to be shy, I vow I will kiss you—here's nobody by; No matter for that, she reply'd, 'tis the same; For know, silly shepherd, I value my fame: So pray let me go, I shall furely be mis'd: Besides, I'm resolv'd that I will not be kis'd.

Lord bless me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you resuse; A few harmless kisses but serve to amuse: The month it is May, and the season for love, So come my dear girl, to the wake let us rove. No, Damon, she cry'd, I must first be your wise, You then shall be welcome to kiss me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the church let us go, But after dear Phebe must never say no. Do you prove but true, (she reply'd) you shall find I'll ever be constant, good humour'd and kind. So I kiss when I please, for she ne'er says she won't, And I kiss her so much, that I wonder she don't.

AWAKE, thou blithsome god of day,
Invite each songster round,
Let ev'ry heart be blithe and gay,
The world with mirth abound;
Betsy's sweet seraphic charms
In raptures now I fing,

Soon

Soon let her prison be my arms, And I'll thy tribute bring,

Ye regents, who the realms above
With godlike fweethess guard,
Fair Betsy's heart invade with love,
Her faithful fwain reward;
If not, avaunt! ye gods divine,
Contented let me die,
My Betsy's eyes much brighter shine
Than all your spangled sky.

No longer boast your lilies fair.

Now russet seems your snow,
With Betsy's skin their white compare,
Where new born roses grow;
Your funthat gilds the realms above,
A distant heat may give,
But Betsy's eyes will always prove
How sweet it is to live.

As flows the cool and purling rill,
In filver mazes down the hill,
It chears the myrtle, and the vine,
That in each other's foilage twine:

So streams from the maternal heart, What tender nature can impart; Thus happy, in my arms to fold, And to my heart Almena hold,

AH, happy hours, how fleeting
Ye danc'd on down away;
When, my foft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

But from her charms when funder'd,
As Midas frowns presage;
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

BRIGHT Cynthia's pow'r, divinely great,
What heart is no obeying?
A thousand Cupids on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign;
For she alone dispenses
Such sweets as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings; Her breath gives balmy blisses; I hear an angel when she sings, And taste of heav'n in kisses.

Four fenses thus she feasts with joy, From nature's richest treasure: Let me the other sense employ, And I shall die with pleasure.

BELINDA, with affected mien,
Tries ev'ry power of art;
Yet finds her efforts all in vain,
To gain a fingle heart:
Whilft Chloe, in a different way,
Aims but herfelf to please,
And makes new conquests every day,
Without one borrow'd grace.

Belinda's haughty air deffroys—
What native charms inspire;
While Chloe's artless, shining eyes,
Set all the world on fire.
Belinda may our pity move,
But Chloe gives us pain;
And while she smiles us into love,
Her sister frowns in vain.

BY the fide of a ftream, at the foot of a hill, I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill, My heart leapt with joy at so pleasing a fight; For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love, and fat down by her fide, And fwore the next morning I'd make her my bride In anger she said, Get out of my fight, And go to your Phillis; you met her last night. Surpriz'd, I reply'd. Pray, explain what you mean? I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen; Nor Oh! Say,

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Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at. Oh! can't you? the cry'd; well, I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot ? O Colin, O Colin, you can't have forgot; I heard the whole flory this morning from Mat, You still may deny it, I love you for that,

'Tis false I reply'd, dearest Phebe believe, For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive; You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat, And furely my charmer must hate him for that.

Come, comethen, the cry'd, if you mean to be kind I'll own 'twas to know the true flate of your mind : Transported I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat, I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

DEFORE the morn's empurpling light Has chac'd the fombre fhades of night, My reftless thoughts to Nancy rove, And fancy paints the maid I love.

When from the chambers of the East. In all his mildest glories drest, The beauteous rifing fun I fee, Ithink his beams less fair than the.

The flow'ry vesture of the fields, The flaming gems rich India yields, Are far less grateful to my eye Than when my dearest maid is nigh.

The fragrant role's crimfon dyes. Fade at the luftre of her eyes; And as o'er banks of flow'rs treads. They feel her charms, and droop their heads,

Ye great, ambitious, and ye vain, Possels your wishes, and your pain; bride All other pleasures I refign, Be dearest Nancy only mine.

Blest with her love, I would defy Maiignant fate, and envy fly; And pass thro' life without a care, Aligh, a murmur, or a fear,

ight.

mean ?

By a cool fountain's flow'ry fide, The bright Celinda lay; Her looks increas'd the fummer's pride; Her eyes the bloom of day.

The roles bluth'd with deeper red. To fee their charms out-cone; The lilies fonk beneath their bed. To fee fuch rival's fhown.

Quick through the air, to his retreat, A bee industrione flew: Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry fweet, 1998 and a sollot of And fip the balmy dew. was om bos and sad

Drawn by the fragrance of her breath, Her rofy lips he found; Where he in transports met his death, And dropt upon the ground.

Enjoy, bleft bee ! enjoy thy fate, Nor at thy fall repine; Each god wou'd quit his blifsful state, To share a joy like thine.

At length, by entreaties, by kines A BEAUTY and mufick charm the foul, Tho' feparate in the fair; and I read on all What mortal can their pow'r controul, When heav'n has join'd them there?

What needed, then, my Calia's art, To fing or touch the lyre? Your charms before had won my heart, Twas adding flame to fire.

CAN the shepherds and nymphs of the grove Condemn me for dropping a tear; Or lamenting aloud as I rove, a planting Since Susan no longer is here?

My flocks, if at random they stray, What wonder, fince she's from the plain? Her hand they were wont to obey, She rul'd both the fleep and the Iwain,

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have One morning I rang'd o'er the plain; [firay'd, But, alas! after all my researches ware made, I preceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore, I resolv'd to return back again; It was useless. I hought, to seek after them more, Since I sound that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phabe Isaw,
And to love her I could not refrain;
To folicit a kiss Iapproach'd her with awe,
But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phabe I cry'd, to my fuit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain:
She reply'd with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young Collin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly class'd her quite close to my breast, And kis'd her, and kis'd her again; O Collin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kiffes and vows, Compaffion the took on my pain; She now has confented to make me her spouse, So no longer I labour in vain.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to fing,
For emblems of beauty I fea ch'd thro' the fpring;
To flowers for blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blowing, at ev'ning may fade.
Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
For sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue, And the sunbeams behind 'em peep'd glittering thro' Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,

Yet methought they look'd something like Celja's sweet eyes;

These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last When spring, & when summer, & autumn, are past; For fense and good-humour no feason disarms, And the foul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a blossom I found, Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around, I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray's This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair; These colours, so gay, and united so well, This delicate texture, and ravishing smell, Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I find, In nature, a beauty that eaquals her mind?

This bloffom, now pleafing, at summer's gay call Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall, But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise:
By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er, By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more; Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime, When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
Yet nature does their firength supply;
Their will is too firong to surrender;
They're obstinate still till they dis.

In vain you attack 'em with reason, Your forrows you only prolong; Disputing is always high treason; No woman was e'er in the wrong.

Relief must be in resignation

For if you appear once content,

Perhaps the dear fair in compassion,

May then condescend to relent.

Sylvia, wilt thou wast thy prime,
Stranger to the joys of love?
Thou hast youth, and that's the time
Every minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys
Sweetly founding in thy ear,
Sweetly founding in thy ear,
Infant prate and mother's joys?

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Only view that little dove,
Softly cooing to his mate;
As a farther proof of love,
See her for his kiffes wait.
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As he flies from fpray to fpray,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
Sweetly tunes, &c.
I love, I love, he strives to say.
Could I to thy soul reveal
But the least, the thousandth part
Of those pleasures lovers feel
In a mutual change of heart;
Then, repenting, would'st thou say,
Virgin fears from hence remove;

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Virgin fears from hence remov All the time is thrown away, All the time is thrown away, That we do not spend in love.

190 VIY dearest life, were you my wife, How happy should I be; And all my care, in peace and war, Should be to pleasure thee. When up and down, from town to town, We jolly foldiers rove, Then you, my queen, in chaise marine, Shall move like queen of love. Your love I prize, beyond the fkies, Beyond the spoils of war, Would'st thou agree to follow me, In humble baggage car; for happiness, tho in diffress, In foldiers wives is feen ; and pride in coach, has more reproach, Than love in chaife marine. ph! do not hold your love in gold, Nor fet your heart on gain; chold the great, with all their state, Their lives are care and pain : a house or tent, I pay no rent, Nor care nor trouble ice,

and ev'ry day, I get my pay,

And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
Who lead ignoble lives,
Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
Who sight none but their wives:
For Britain's right, and you we sight,
And ev'ry ill defy,
Should but the fair reward our care,
With love and constancy.

If fighs nor groans, nor tender moans, Can't win your harden'd heart,
Let love in arms, with all his charms,
Then take a foldier's part;
With fife and drum, the foldier's come,
And all the pomp of war,
Then don't think mean of chaife marine,
'Tis love's triumphant car.

DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone me,
They've robb'd me of freedom and joy;
Then dearest, sweet Sally, smile on me,
For death is my fate if thou'rt coy;
Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,
Since murder's so heinous, comply;
And torture me uot with delaying
What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Confider, my angel, why nature
In forming you took fuch delight?
Don't think you were made that fair creature
For nought but to dazzle the fight:
No; Jove, when he gave you those graces,
Intended you wholly for love;
And gave you the fairest of faces,
The kindest of females to prove:

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
The slower that's blooming in May
Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
And cast unregarded away:
So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
Who takes at her lover distaste;
She trifles till thirty disarm her,
And then dies sorsaken at last.

NOT

NoT long ago how blythe was I!

My heart was then at rest;
I knew not what it was to sigh,
Of love I made a jest.
But soon I found 'twas all in vain
To thwart the urchin's will;
For now I'm forc'd to drag the chain
For Fanny of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,
We chance to toy and kifs,
The lads and laffes vent their spleen,
In envy of the blifs.
By turns they censure ev'ry part,
Her face, her shape, and air;
But let 'em rail, with all my heart,
If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is grac'd,
That fan each dimpled cheek;
With lips might tempt e'en Jove to taste,
And ayes which seem to speak.
If then such beauties she displays,
Yet paltry critics hence;
For such a form was made for praise,
And not to give offence.

Great gods! who made mankind your care,
And judge unseen above;
For once be greateful to my pray'r,
Give me the girl I love:
That when posses'd of Fanny's charms,
The world I may defy;
And when you snatch her from my arms,
With pleasure then I'll die.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea,
But yet my sole, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee;
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.
Should landsmen statter, when we're sail'd,

O doubt their artful tales,

No gallant failor ever fail'd,

If love breath'd conftant gales;
Thou art the compass of my foul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
'Till we return again.
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our fails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

WHENCE comes my love? oh muse disclose! It comes from cheeks that shame the rose, From lips above the ruby's praise, From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze Whence then, alas! my cause of moan? Ah me! 'tis from a heart of stone.

Her blush bespeaks a modest mind,
Her lips all words of gentlest kind;
Her eyes provokes to soft desire,
And seems to promise mutual fire:
Yet all these charms but cause my moan,
For, ah! her heart is made of stone.

Ah! why are lover's doom'd to find,
In forms to fair, to cold a mind?
O Venus! take your gifts again,
Since all your gifts occasion pain;
Charms are but lovely fource of moan,
When charms are join'd with heart of stone.

A Twelvemonth & more I had courted young Kate
And offer'd to wed her and make her my mate;
But the filly damfel was froward and flay,
And always declar'd flie a maiden would die.

"You know, my dear Kitty, one evening I said,
"What danger awaits if you die an old main;
"The sentence is cruel, then prythee comply."
Yet still she declar'd, she a maiden would die.
But for an old gypsey, I vow and declare,
Kate had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd with dispair
But she, by me tutor'd, soon made her comply,
And Kitty now sear'd she a maiden should dis. The

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That hanging and marriage by deftiny went, The beldame affur'd her, which made her relent; So the met me next day, and with looks very thy, Declar'd 'twas decreed fie no maiden should die.

Her innocence charm'd me, I made her my wife. And Kitty and I shall be happy for life; No blifs now I find like the conjugal tie, And Kitty ne'er wishes a maiden to die.

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Have feriously weigh'd it, and find it but juft, That a wife makes a man either bleffed or curft; I declare I will marry, ah! can I but find, Mark me well ye young lasses, the maid to my mind. Not the pert little mifs, who advice will defpife, Nor the girl that's fo fooligh to think herfelf wife; Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind, Not one of these three is the maid to my mind. Not the prade, who in public will never be free, Yet in private for ever a toying will be; Nor coquet that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind,

Not one of thess three is the maid to my mind. Nor the who for pleasure her hursband will flight, Northe positive dame who thinks always she's right Nor the who a dupe to the fastion's inclin'd; Nor one of these three is a maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good-nature and carriage genteel? Who her hursband can love, and no fecrets reveal? n whole boaft I may virtue with modefty find; This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

ROM (weet bewitching tricks of love Young men your heart focure, left from the paths of fense you rave, In dotage premature, In dotage premature. ook at each lass thro' wisdom's glass, Nor truff the naked eye : Gallants beware, look tharp, take care, The blind eat many a fly. The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks The borow'd white you'll find; Some bells, when intreft directs, Can even paint the mind. &c. Joy in distress they can express, Their very tears can lye: Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spinster in the realm But all mankind can cheat, Down to the cottage from the helm The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c. With lovely looks, and golden books, T'entangle us they try: Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill. Was earth of parchment made; Was ev'ry fingle flick a quill; Each man a scribe by trade, &c. To write the tricks of half the fex Would fuck that ocean dry : Gallants beware, look sharp, take care, The blind eat many a fly, & c.

I E swains that are courting a maid, Be warn'd and infructed by me : Tho' fmall experience I've had, I'll give you good counsel and free. For women are changeable things, And feldom a moment the same. As time a variety brings, Their looks new humours proclaim, Their looks new humours proclaim. But he who in love would fusceed, And his mistres's favour obtain, Must mind it as sure as his creed,

To make hay while the fun is ferene. There's a feason to conquer the fair, And that's when they're merry and gay; To catch the occasion take care,

When 'tis gone in vain you'll affay, &c. fishing we may live the rate.

Tell with equal truth and grief,
That Chloe is an arrant thief:
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;

And more, that whiteness to adorn, She stole the blushes of the morn:

She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth, And stole the cow's ambrofial breath; The cherry, steep'd in morning-dew, Gave moissure to her lips hue: These were her infant-spoils, a store, To which in time she added more.

At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen Her air and love-commanding mien; Stole Juno's dignity, and stole From Pallas sense to charm the soul. Apollo's wit was next her prey; Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles; She fiole the graces winning smiles; She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard, And to affert their voice appear'd; She play'd, the muses from their hill Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
And t'other day she stole my heart.

If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on the fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For whilft he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a leffon we shall know Too foon without a master; Then let us only study now How we may live the faster. To live's to love, to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live, And pity you deny, To me at least your Sherleck give, 'Tis I must learn to die.

WHEN first I sought fair Celia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the gods above,
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and figh'd in vain;
She still protested, vow'd and swore.
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercame, she made me bless'd, And yielded all her charms; And I forsook her when posses'd, And sled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now Thy breast to rage incline; For why, fince you forgot your vow, Should I remember mine?

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent, When Phabe went with me wherever I went; Ten thousand soft pleasures I selt in my breast, Sure never fond shepherd like Collin was blest! But now she is gone and has left me behind, What a marvellous change on a sudden I find! When things were as fine as could possibly be, I thought it was spring, but alass! it was she.

The fountain that us'd to run sweetly along, And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among. Thou know'ft, little Cnpid, if Phabe was there. Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear's But now she is absent, I walk by its side. And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;

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Must you be to chearful whilf I go in pain? [plain.]

My dog I was ever well pleased to see

Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;

And Phabe was pleas'd too, and to my dog faid,

Come hither poor fellow, and patted his head:

But now when he's frowning I with a four look

Cry, firrah, and give him a blow with my crook;

And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray

Be as dull as his master when Phabe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro', The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too; Winds over us whisper'd, slocks by us did bleat, And chirp went the grashopper under our feet: But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on, The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone; Her voice in the concert, as now I have found, Gave ev'ry thing else an agreeable found.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain, Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain? To be cur'd thou must, Colin, thy passion remove; But what swain is so filly to live without love? No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return, For ne'er was poor shepherd so fadly forsorn. Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with dispair: Take heed, all ye swains, how you leve one so fair.

To make the man kind, & keep true to the bed, Whom your choice or your destiny brings you to wed Take a hint from a friend that experience has taught And experience you know never fails when 'tis The art that you practis'd at first o insnare [bought (For in love little arts, as in battle are fair;) Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the bait, Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

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Should he fancy another, upbraid not his flame;
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim:
Tis more to recover than conquer the heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all art.

Good sense is to them what a face is to you; [due: Flatter that, and, like us, they'll but think it their

And he'll give you perfections at present unknown, Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to his fown

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes, And your meriting favour ungrateful for lakes; Still, still debonair, kind, engageing, and free, Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you fee!

Come all you young lovers, who wan with despair Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair; Who puffup their pride by enhancing their charms, And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms: Be wise by example, take pattern by me, For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free, By Jove I'll be free,

For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd as custom had taught;
I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.
She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be;
I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Pbillis as bright as the morn, The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn; I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind, That none could be handsome but such as were kind Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me. For in spight of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free, Sc,

Let others cail marriage the labour of joys, Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise; Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage, Like birds they sing best when they're put in a cage. Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er made for me', Let who will be bonds laves, by fove I'll be free, &c'.

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass, In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass, Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule, Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool: I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee, For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free,

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I HE fun was funk beneath the hill, The western clouds were lin'd with gold, The fky was clear, the winds were still, The flocks were pent within the fold;

When from the filence of the grove Poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

Who feeks to pluck the fragrant rofe From the bare rock or cozy beach, Who from each barren weed that grows Expects the grape or blushing peach, With equal faith may hope to find The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care, No fields that wave with golden grain, No pastures green, nor garden fair,

A' damfel's venal heart to gain: Then all in vain my fighs must prove, For I, alas! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth, Since women's hearts are bought and fold! They alk not vows of facred truth;

Whene'er they figh, they figh for gold: Gold can the frowns of fcorn remove. But I, alas! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaft, What wealth, what treasure can suffice? Not all their fire can ever boaft

The living luftre of her eyes: For these the world to cheap would prove, But I, alas! have nought but love.

Oh Sylvia! fince nor gems not ore, Can with your brighter charms compare, Confider that I proffer more,

More feldom found-a heart fincere: Let treasure meaner beauties move ; Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

NO glory I covet, do riches I want, Ambition is nothing to me;

The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant, Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride, By reason my life let me square: The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd, And the rest are but folly and care.

The bleffings, which providence freely has lent, I'll juffly and gratefully prize; While sweet meditation and chearful content

Shall make me both healthy and wife.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part; For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey Contributes to gladden my he art.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ftrife. The many their labours employ ! Since all that is truly delightful in life, Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of With my fair one as blooming as May, I tall trees, Undisturbed by all but the fighs of the breeze, Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the fun, less intense, to the westward inclines, For the meadows the groves we'll forfake, And fee the rays dance as inverted he shines, On the face of some river or lake,

Where my fairest and I on the verge as we pass, (For 'tis she that must still be my theme) Our shadows may view in the watery glass, While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, & the lambking to blest When the fings me fome amorous ftrain; All be filent and hush'd, unless echo repeat The kind words and sweet founds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night, Hand in hand as we fauntering ffray, Let the moon's filver beams thro' the leaves give ut Just direct us and checquer our way.

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Let the nightingale warble its note in our walk,

As thus gently and flowly we move;

And no fingle thought be express'd in our walk,

But friend ship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's slarms, of one of the sour angles, of the second repose shall divide all our nights, and each morning shall rise with new charms.

THE blooming damiel, whose defence is adamantine innocence, Requires no guardian to attend. Her steps, for modesty's her friend. Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield;

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The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield; Yet fale from force and fraud combin'd, She is an Amazon in mind.

With this artillery she goes
Not only 'mongst the harmles' beaux,
But ev'n unburt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and fire cockade.
Tho' all a syren as she talks,

And all a goddess as the walks,
Yet decency each motion guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue prefides.

Place her in Ruffia's show'ry plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;
The elements may rave and range,
Yether fix'd mind will never change.
Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dangerous golden show'rs;
Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her defenceless and alone,
A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
The sunshine there might vainly vie
With the bright suffre of her eye;
But Phabus' self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought inspire;
But virtue's path she'd still pursue,
And still ye fair, would copy you.

W Hene'er I meet my Celia's eyes, sand 11122 Sweet raptures in my bosom rife, and doid!

My feet forgot to maye; with a ship mis and T She too declines her lovely head, and two and V. Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are spread; and o w.M.

My beating heart is wrappin blifs, on a said long W Whene'er I fleal a tender kafs of our again of W

Beneath the filent grove; the made and the She strives to frown, and puts me by, the day of Yet anger dwells not in beneget and four I it in a

And once, oh! once, the dearest maid, and and As on her breast my head was laid, and oving and

Me, me, her gen le arms carels'd, salet 3140

And to her bosom closely pressed a reason of Sure this was mutual boxe, deland and share a Transported with her blooming charms,

A fost defire my bosom wermen in an and and a fell

She from my arms prepares to fly,
Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! ftay, I cry'd—let Hymen's bands
This moment join our walling hands,
And all thy fears remove:

She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd, and now we live; supermely bless'd,

A life of mutual love.

THO' cruel you feem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yer, Phillis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymyhs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him;

To me what a heaven 'twoul'd be!

To him but a woman you feem,

But ah! you're an angel to me,

Those lips which he touches in haste,

To them I for ever could grow;

Still clinging around that dear waist,

Which he spans as beside him you go. I have the spans as beside him you go. I have the white,

Which over his froulders you lay, which out and the white hold warm it all night, o which side they would present all cay, do not all were I like a monarch to reign, when have do were graces my subjects to be, and it is adw.

Were graces my subjects to be, and it is adw.

I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain, add the and.

To dwell into conage with thee to leave it and a But if I must feel aby didaffine in the leave it and a but if I must feel aby didaffine in the leave cannot crudly browns is all and but and one on the let me not live in the party of the leave and one of the leave are not one of the leave of the

But give me my death in a frown and and a company of the company o

I drank her health, and really was the sure of the Agreeably furging dimention at the basequery

Her shape so neat, her voice so sweet, and best A.
Her air and mien so free; a continuod.
The Syren charmed method my meat, and there

But take your drink, ford fhe.

If from the north fuch beauty came,

Within my breaft that glowing flame,
No tongue can e'er reveal?

Tho' cold and raw the north wind blow,
All fummer on her breatt;
Her skin was like the driven fnow,
But fun-shine all the reft.

Her heart may fouthern climates melt, Tho' frozen now it feems; That joy with pain be equal felt, And balanc'd in extremes.

Then like our genial wine shellt charm, With love my panting breast; Me, like our sun, bercheart shall warm; Beice to all the rest, F ANNY, fairer than a flow r,

But uncertain as the wind,

Ever trifling with her pow r

Meant alone to blels mankind;

Now with fmiles her face adorning,

She to love my heart ravites;

But if flowe I offer, forming,

She with frowns my paffion flights,

Oh! thou god of pleasing anguish,

If indeed a god you be,

Teach the tyrant how to languish,

Make her heart and eyes agree:

But if wilful she refuses.

To obey the pow'rs divine;

Make the man whom first she chuses,

Treat her heart as the does mine.

FAREWEL to Lochabar, and farewel my Jean, Where heart some with thee I've many a day been For Lochabar no more, Lochabar no more; I'll may be setuen to Lochabar no more; These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, And nae for the dappers attending on weir; Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore, May be to return to Lochabar no more.

Tho' hurricanes rife, and wife ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Tho' loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore;
To leave thee behind my heart is fair pain'd;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jenny, maun plead my excuse; Since honour commands me how can I refuse? Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee, And, without thy favour, I'd better not be! I gae then, my lass to win honour and same, And if I should luck to come gloriously hame, I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er, And then I'll leave thee and Lochabar no more.

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Still, Through FREE from the bustle, care, and strife,
Of this short variegated life,
Oh let me spend my days
In rural sweetness with a friend,
To whom my mind I may unbend.
Nor censure heed or praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth; Let me enjoy but peace and health, I envy not the great. 'Tis these alone can make me bless'd; The riches take of East and West, I claim not these or state.

Though not extravagant nor near,
But through the well-spent chequer'd year,
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Assist him in distress, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wish, to sweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wise,
Young, sensible, and fair;
One wno could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
And sooth my ev'ry care.

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Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would spend,
With no vain thoughts oppress'd.
If Heav'n has bliss for me in store,
O grant me this, I ask no more,
And I am truly bles'd.

Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and fortow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breaft.

Go, and may the pow'rs that hear us, Still, as kind protectors near us, Through our troubles fafely fleer us To a port of joy and reft. FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly lie,
But nor for a lip, nor a languishing eye,
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she,
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of course, We mean not the taking for better for worse, When present we love, when absent agree, I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me, The legend of love no couple can find, So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

HENCE with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stop me;
Boldly for that prize I steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.

Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and for tune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.

How can you, lovely Nancy, thus cruelly flight
A lover, who's wretched when banish'd your fight?
Who for your sake alone thinks i fe worth his care,
Whom once if you frown on, must die in despair.

If you meant thus to torture, ah why did your eyes.
Once express so much softness, and sweetly surprize?
By their lustre inslam'd, I could hardly believe
A language so arcless was meant to deceive.

But, alas! like the pilgrim bewilder'd in night, Who sees a salse splendon at a distance invite, O'erjoy'd hastens on, pursues it and dies; A like sate attends me when away Nancy slies.

Then faireft, but cruel, confider that love, Will, like fickness neglected, more desperate prove; Thatyour heart may relent, I implore the kind pow'rs Since I'm constant as your sex, be not fickle as ours.

IAM

AM a poor shepherd, undone,
And cannot be cured by art;
For a nymph, as bright as the sun,
Has stole away my heart;
And how to get it again
There's none but she can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By saying she loves me well.

And alas, poor shepherd! & alack, & a well-a-day! Before I was in love, oh! every month was May.

If to love the should not incline,

I told her I'd die in an hour.

To die, says she, 'tis in thine;

But to love, 'tis not in my power.

I ask'd her the reason why

She could not of me approve;

She said 'twas a task too hard,

To give any reason for love.

And alas, &c.

She ask'd me of my estate:

I told her a slock of sheep;
The grass whereon they graze,
Where she and I might sleep;
Besides a good ten pound,
In old king Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound,
And birds of fundry notes.
And alas, &c.

My Betsy is the blithest maid

That e'er young shepherd woo'd,

She has at length my heart betray'd,

Alas! do all I could.

For shape, for air, and manneratoo,

None can with her compare:

O would she but be kind and true,

I'd foon my love declare,

Whene'er I see her beauteous face,

My heart with joy does burn;

Whene'er she's absent from the place,

I long for her return.

If she all others would forsake,
And fly to me alone,
What pleasure I with her should take,
While they their loss bemoan!
I'd bless the day that first I knew
My charming Betsy fair;
And all my life should be to shew
She was my only care.
I'd vow to wed next Whissunday,
And make her bless'd for life:
Should she refuse then, maidens, say,
To be young Johnny's wife?

My Fanny was as fair a maid
As any in the fown,
And I as frout and lively lad
As e'er mow'd clover down;
When she agreed to tie the knot,
I thought of nothing else,
I thought of nothing else,
I thought of nothing else,
The knot was tied,
Fan was my bride,
Nor did I grudge the king his lot,
When ding dong went the bells,
When, &c.

Our fugar kiffes, honey words,
We never thought too much:
I dare be fworn no knights or lords
E'er gave their ladies such.
To plow went 1, to spin went she,
And all the parish tells,
How Ralph and Fan,
Their layes began,
With joys that none can greater be,

When ding-dong went the bells.

Rare times were these but ah! how soon.

Do wedlock's comforts fall!

The days that were the honey moon.

Are wormwood now and gall.

Whate'er of furies they invent.

Broke ont from flaming cells.

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WHE:

You now may see
In Fan and me,
We fight, we scold, and both repent,
That ding dong went the bells.

Now pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains.
And brightens the smiles of the damsels & swains,
As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a song:
Posses'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
And when tempests rattle, and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, & ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wife,
And use every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the spring-time, which all must imFor summer to ripen an harvest of love: [prove,
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye—
Let friendship take place then of youth's fiercer joy.

To speak my mind of womankind, In one word it is this, By nature they're defign'd To say and do amis.

Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives;
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
Born to cheat, and give men pain.

Their study, day and night, Is mischief, their delight; And if we should prevent At one door the intent, They quickly turn about, And find another out.

OYou

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long, Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng, I find that my-passion's so lively and strong, [song That your name, when I'm sitent, runs still in my Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, A kis of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose; I sleep all the day to forget half my woes: So hot is the slame in my bosom which glows, By St. Patrick I tear it will burn thro' my clothes. Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave, Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave, And grant the petition your lover does crave, Who never was free till you made him your slave. Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride, With a fwinging long fword, how I'll struck I'll stride In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride, As before you I walk to the church by your side. Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora, Your little white sist for me.

WITH Delia ever could I stay;
Admire, adore her all the day;
In the same field our flocks we'll feed,
To the same spring our heifers lead.
What joy where peace and love combine,
To make our days unclouded shine!

Teach me, ye muses, ev'ry art, More deeply to engage her heart; I strive not to resist my stame; I glory in a captive's name; Nor would I if I could be free, But boast my loss of liberty.

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love, My heart is still distress'd; Afflicted as the plaintive dove, When plunder'd of her nest, Whence fad and mouning, all the day, She pines in folitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,
On time's expanded wings,
Till my Almena stops the figh
That for her safety springs;
Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
And safe conduct her to these arms.

YOU say what charm in Nancy's face
This foolish heart has stole;
Or can I name one striking grace—
Not I upon my soul:
But sure a certain something's there
This bosom must adore;
A something not exactly fair,
But yet extremely more.

A finer face, perhaps, may try
A greater share of art;
But that can only strike the eye,
And never touch the heart:
Less native force, experience sees,
Attends a fairer form;
For that can only hope to please,
But never think to charm.

Yet say my passion is misplac'd,
I live for her alone:
Pray which should I consult—your taste,
Or gratify my own?
Our friendship, if you kindly cease,
Your silence best secures;
Nor think I can destroy my peace,
To please a whim of your's.

Ask not the cause why sullen spring So long delays her flowers to bear; Why warbling birds forget to sing, And winter storms invert the year: Chloris is gone, and fate provides

To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;
She cast not back her pitying eye,
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die:
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why haft thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land?
Where thou had'ft plac'd fuch pow'r before,
Thou should'st have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall;
She can reffore the dead from tombs,
And ev'ry life but mine recal:
I only am by love defign'd
To be the victim for mankind.

As I saw fair Chloe walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly down,
Like Jove descending from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton flakes slew to her breasts,
As little birds into their nests;
But being overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Thence slowing down her garments hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

ADVISE your friend, grave man of art, I find a strange, unusual smart, 'Tis here—herce symptoms at my heart.

'Tis pleasure, pain, a mix'd degree, My pulse examine, here's your see; What think you can my sickness be?

A lover!—'tis my case, too sure!
O ease me straight—I'll not endure;
Prescribe, I'll follow close the cure.

Take hope

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As I ley'd With How The f To be And I To me

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But if the (spite of speech or pen)
Prove coy, or false with other men,
Ah, doctor !—what expedient then?

A rope.

As lately, at a rural fair, ley'd around the beauties there, With top-knots red, and green, and blue, How comic was the motley crew!

The farmer's daughter baulk'd her cows, To buy of gingerbread a spouse; And kitchen Malkin pinn'd her hood, Tomeet her spark of flesh and blood.

The country lady cheapen'd toys, And ballad finger strain'd her voice; Phbeian dames join nymphs of birth, As grass and flow'rs enamel earth.

The country ladies feem'd to me
Too much to mimic quality;
And milk maids charms, and aukward ways,
Could not my nicer fancy please.

But when I turn'd, and look'd again, I spy'd Miss Jenny in the train, In blooming youth and beauty gay, As sresh as any queen of May.

Of graceful mien, and high-born race, Yet humble as the village lass; Like some desert which crowns the feast, And makes amends for all the rest.

In orchard fo the faunt'ring youth Surveys the fruit with gaping mouth, Where many an apple meets his taffe, Which he rejects with sputt'ring hafte.

But when he views the Cath'rine pear, of tempting form, and colours rare; The luscious bait to reach he skips, and longs to have it at his lips.

AH! bright Belinda, hither fly, And such a light discover, As may the absent sun supply, And chear the drooping lover.

TSYC.

Arife, my day, with speed arife, And all my forrows banish; Before the sun of thy bright eyes All gloomy terrors vanish.

No longer let me figh in vain,
And curse the hoarded treasure:
Why should you love to give us pain,
When you were made for pleasure?

The petty pow'rs of hell destroy,
To save's the pride of heaven;
To you the first, if you prove coy,
If kind, the last is given.

The choice then fure's not hard to make
Betwixt the good and evil;
Which sitle had more than take

Which title had you rather take, My goddess, or my devil?

AssiT me ev'ry tuneful bard,
Oh, lend me all your skill,
In choicest lays that I may praise,
Dear Nanny of the hill:
Sweet Nanny, do ar Nanny,
Sweet Nanny of the hill.

How gay the glitt'ring beam of morn,
That gilds the crystal rill!
But far more bright than morning light
Shines Nanny of the hill:
Dear Nanny, shines Nanny, &c.

The gayest slow'r, so fair of late, The ev'ning damps will kill; But ev'ry day, more fresh and gay,

Blooms Nanny of the bill: Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny, &c.

Old time arrefts his rapid flight, And keeps his motion fill, 'Refoly'd to spare a face so fair

Resolv'd to spare a face so fair As Nanny's of the hill: &c.

To form my charmer, nature has Exerted all her skill,

Wit, beauty, truth, and rosy youth, Deck Nanny of the hill: Se,

Ana

And now around the festive board The jovial bumpers fill; Each take his glass to my dear lass, Sweet Nanny of the hill: Dear Nanny, Sweet Nanny, &c.

DEAR madam, when ladies are willing, A man must needs look like a fool; For me, I would not give a shilling For one that can love out of rule: At least you should wait for our offers, Nor fnatch like old maids in daspair; If you've liv'd till these years without proffers, Your fighs are now loft in the air.

You should leave us to guef sat your blushing; And not speak the matter too plain; 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing, And yours to affect a disdain. That you're in a terrible taking, By all your fond ogling I fee; But the fruit that will fall without shaking,

- 244 LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure, Which in fancy we posses; In the folly lies the pleasure, Wisdom always makes it less.

Indeed, is too mellow for me.

When we think, by passion heated, We a goddess have in chase, Like Ixion we are cheated And a gaudy cloud embrace,

Happy only is the lover, Whom his mistress well deceives; Seeking nothing to discover, He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing What the fair-one would difguise, Labours for his own undoing, Changing happy to be wife.

Y OU may say what you will, but Belinda's too tall, And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small;

Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms, Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for my arms,

'Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little dear, And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near; But Chloe's all sweetness by nature defign'd. We might call her a hogshead of double-refin'd.

When she dance then leaps my fond heart like a from When with rapture I press her, I'm loft in a fog: I beg for a kifs, while my vows I renew. And imbibe half a pint of ambrofial dew.

She frequently mentions young Strepbon the beau, But why should I reckon my rival a foe? E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain ; We both shall find more than our arms will contain

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expression, That beauty fo bulky must pall in possession : In his notion the critic is furely misled, Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetnese and grace, But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face : She's always good-humour'd facetious, and free, And only gives pain when the fits on my knee.

I start not, as timorous fribbles have done, At the substance of three or four females in one; First balance her weight with his majesty's coin, Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

- 246 GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink, Obsequious to the muse and me; For once endure the pain to think. O fweet Infentibility! Sifter of peace and indolence, Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow, Elaborately void of sense,

And sweetly thoughtless let them flow, And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near to fome cowflip-painted mead, There let me doze away dull hours; And under me let Flora spread

A fofa of her foftest flowers;

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Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine While murmurs of the stream beneath Still flow in unifon with thine, &c.

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For thee, O Idleness, the woes
Of life we patiently endure;
Thou art the fource whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure;
For who would bear war's toil and waste,
Or who the thund'ring of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?
And find, &c.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be feen, And the meadows their beauty have loft; When nature's difrob'd of her mantle of green, And the ftreams are fast bound by the frost.

While the peafent inactive stands shiv'ring with
As bleak the winds northerly blow, [cold,
And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
With their sleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw, And they send sorth their breath like a steam; And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When the sweet country maiden as fresh as a rose.
As she carelessly trips, often slides,
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the laffes for company join'd, In a croud round the embers are mer, Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind, And of ghofts till they're all in a (weat.

Heav'n grant in this feason it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
I may theither in safety retire!

Where in neatness and quiet, & free from surprise, We may live and no hardships endure; Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
And welcome in the May;
Come, Passioilla, now the spring
Makes ev'ry landscape gay;
Wide-spreading trees their leasy shade
O'er half the plain extend,
Or in reflecting sountains play'd
Their quiv'ring branches bend,
Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
And bless the rising year:
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
Till thou, my love, appear.

Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
Warm in thy beauty's shine,

When thy dear flocks shall feed and play,
And intermix mith mine, &c.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair In filken band I hold; For thee a firstling lambkin fair

For thee a firstling lambkin fair

I keep within the fold:

If milk-white doves acceptance meet,

Or tender lambkins please, My spotless heart without deceit

Be offer'd up with these, Be offer'd up with these,

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,
What can touch my breast with joy?
All around the spacious sphere,
Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining store produce, Heap'd in golden mountains rise; Thee let senseless misers chuse, Thou can'st ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll, Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms; Thou may'ft charm th' ambitious foul,

But for me thou haft no charms.

Ruddy

Give, ve pourts O give me ner! She's the all I alk below

250 \*\* To claintive founds! and to the fair, My secret wounds impart, Tell all I hope, tell all I fear, Each motion in my heart: But the methinks, is lift'ning now To some enchanting strain; The fmile that triumphs o'er her brow Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive founds! yet, yet delay, Howe'er my love repine;

Let that gay minute pass away, The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive founds! no longer croft, Your grief shall soon be o'er; Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost

The smile it lately wore. Yes, plaintive founds! the now is yours, 'Tis now your time to move;

Estay to soften all her powers, And be that foftness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done; That anxious tender air

Proves o'er her heart the conquest won; I fee you melting there.

Return ye smiles, return again, Return each fprightly grace; I yield up to your charming reign All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amis, Rove where you will, her eyes; Still let her smiles each shepherd bles, So she but hear my sighs.

I HOU rifing fun, whose gladfome ray invites my fair to rural play, " Dispel the mist and clear the skies, And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I fure my dear to view. I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough. Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays, And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid? What woods conceal my fleeping maid Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies, Or on the raven's pinions rife! Ye-florks, ye swans, a moment stay, And waft a lover on his way,

My bifs too long my pride denies, Apace the wasting summer flies; Nor yet the wintery blafts I fear, Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for ftrength with fleel compare? Oh! love has stronger fetters far: By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd, But cruel love inchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast; When thoughts perplex, the first are best: Tis mad to go, 'iis death to flay; Away to Orra, hafte away.

Y OU meaner beauties of the night, Who poorly fatisfy our eyes, More with your number than your light, Like common people of the skies; What are you when the moon doth rife?

Your violets, that first appear, By your fine purple mantles known. Like the proud virgins of the year, As if the spring were all your own;

What are you when the rose is blown?

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Th As You warbling chanters of the wood,
Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
Thinking your passion's understood
By meaner accents: what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You glorious trifles of the east,
Whose estimation sancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise,
When the bright di'mond shews his rays?

So when my princess shall be seen
In beauty of her face and mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The role, the vi'let, the whole spring, Unto her breath for sweetness run; The di'mond's darken'd in the ring; If she appears, the moon's undone, As in the presence of the sun.

WHEN the bright god of day
Drove to westward each ray,
And the evining was charming and clear;
The swallows amain,
Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jassamine bow'r,
When the bean was in slow'r,
And zephyr breath'd odours around;
Lovely Sylvia was sat,
With a fong and spinnet,
To charm all the grove with the sound.

"Rofy bowers" the fung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all fluttering strive;
Th' industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with the sweets to their hive.
The gay god of love.

The gay god of love, As he rang'd o'er the grove,

You

By zephyr conducted along;
As she touch'd o'er the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.
O ye rovers beware,
How you venture too near,
Love doubly is arm'd for to wound;
Your sate you can't shun,
And you're surly undone,
If you rashly approach near the sound.

I'M in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore
As many more,
For nothing's like a plenty,
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming,
For constancy
Is not for me,
So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love, Looks as poor As any boor,

Or like a man with one glove.

Not the fine regalia
Of eastern kings,
The poet fings,

But oh! the fine feraglio.

Girls grow old and ugly, And can't inspire The same defire,

As when they're young and smugly. Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions,

If not to fly

Through all the fky,

An fee his favourite minions.

Love was born of beauty, And when she goes.

The urchin khows, To follow is his duty. Variety, &c.

Variety, &c.

Variety, Gc.

Variety, &c.

By love too long depriv'd of reft, Fell tyrant of the human breaft; His vailal long, and worn with pain, Indignant, late I spurn'd the chain: In verse, in prose I sung, and swore No charms should e'er enslave me more; Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye, Again should force one tender figh. Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue. With freedom's praise the vallies rung; And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day, My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay : My cares are gone, my forrows ceafe, My breast regains its wonted peace; And joy and hope returning, prove That reason is too strong for love. Such was my boaft, but ah! how vain, How short was reason's vaunted reign! The firm resolve I form'd ere while, How weak! oppos'd to Clara's smile: Chang'd is the stain; the vallies round With freedom's praise no more resound; But ev'ry night and ev'ry day My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

Some fing in praise of a friend or a glass,
The theme of my song is my favourite lass:
For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.
In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove;
But what are all these to the raptures of love:
For Cbloe I leave both the friend and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire; But Chloe enjoys ev'ry wish and desire: Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul, For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul. Then Chloe, dear Chloe, shall bless me for life,

I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife;
For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl,
For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Tis a maxim I hold, whilft I live to purfue, Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do: This piece of good council attend to, I pray, For while the fun shines is the time to make hay. Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove, In her ear gently pour the fost poison of love: With kisses and presses your rapture convey, For while the sun shines is the time to make hay. If Chloe is kind and gives ear to your plaint, Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint: Entorce your petition, and make no delay, For while the sun shines is the time to make hay. But should you the present occasion let pass, The world may with justice proclaim you an ass: Then briskly attack her, if longer you stay,

A Choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To chuse a may lady to govern the year; [green,
All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in
The garland was giv'n, and Phillis was queen:
But Phillis refus'd it, and fighing did say,
I'll wear not a garland while Pan is away.

The fun may not shine, and you cannot make hay;

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore, The graces are banish'd, and love is no more: The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires, Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires; And vows that himself and his mother will moura Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more; For we will perform what the deity swore: But if you dare think of deserving our charms, Away with your sheep-hooks and talk of your arms: The laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn, When Pan; and his son, and fair Syrinx, return.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

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My heart, a victim to thine eyes, Should I at once deliver, Say, would the angry fair one prize The gift, who flights the giver?

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A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy, My rivals give—and let 'em: If gems, or gold, impart a joy, I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full blown rose, Or rose bud more in fashion; Such short-liv'd offerings but d sclose A transitory passion:

I'll give thee fomething yet unpaid,

Not less fincere, than civil:

I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,

I'll give thee—to the devil.

I Toss and tumble through the night,
And wish th' approaching day,
Thinking when darkness yields to tight,
I'll banish care away:
But when the glorious sun doth rise,
And chears all nature round,
All thought of pleasure in me dies,
My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
Bereaves me of my rest;
My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
With care I'm still opprest:
But had I her within my breast
Who gives me so much pain,

My raptur'd foul would be at reft, And foftest joys regain.

l'é envy not the god of war, Bles'd with fair Venus' charms, Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter, In fair Alemena's arms:

Paris with Helen's beauty bleft, Would be a jest to me; It of her charms I were possest, Thrice happier I would be. But fince the gods do not ordain

Such happy fate for me,

I dare not 'gainst their will repine,

Who rule my destiny.

With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,

And cherish still my soul;

Whene'r I think of my lost fair,

I'll drown her in the bowl.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
Soon beauty touch'd my heart;
From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
With pleafing, painful fmart:
My bosom dear content forsook,
And sooth'd the soft dejection;
The melting eye, the speaking look,

Prov'd love and fweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
What could a shepherd do?
And to submit to sad despair,
Was not the way to woo.
At length I told the lovely maid,
I hop'd we'd no objection
To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,

A blush devoid of guile,

"And what from me can you expect:

"And what from me can you expect?"
She answer'd with a smile.

"How many nymphs have been betray'd,
"Through want of calm reflexion!

"Then don't my peace of mind invade "With love and fweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not, In wedlock's bands let's join; My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot, My soul itself is thine. To church I led the charming fair,

To church I led the charming fair, To Hymen's kind protection; And now life's dearest joys we share, With love and sweet affection.

FAREWEL,

FAREWEL, Ianthe, faithless maid, Source of my grief and pain; Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd, And fan'd love's kindling flame; Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn, To Corydon's rich heir, Who with gay veftments did adorn Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native foil; ve vales, High woods, and tufted hills: Adjen, ye groves and flow'ry dales, Clear streams and crystal rills: Adieu; ye bring into my mind Those past, those happy days, When Iphis found lanthe kind, And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend, Where diffant mountains rife, In hopes that reason there may send That aid she here denies; That time and absence may efface Her image from my breaft, Which, while the there maintains a place, Can never taft of reftr.

- 263 -Tthe mill, W HO has e're been at Baldock must needs know At the fign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill, Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the Without all distinction promiscuously go. [beau, Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair, With fo pleasing a shape, and so winning an air, That once on the ever-green bank as I flood, I'd twore the was Venus just sprung from the flood. That once, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake; For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake, While nothing but virtue and modesty fill The more beautiful looks of the maid of the mill. While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all fay, To enliven that mass which he model'd of clay: Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes Had fav'd him the trouble of robbing the fkies. Had Polly, &c.

Sinc first I beheld the dear lass of the mill. I can never be quiet; but do what I will, All day and all night I figh, and think ftill I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

NO more of my Harriet, of Polly no more, Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me before: Myself for a flave to gay Venus I've sold, And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold: I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks, And will fing of my lass with the golden locks. Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt treffes flow, Like the rays of the fun on a hillock of fnow; Such, painters of old, drew the queen of the fair, 'Tis the taffe of the antients, 'tis claffical hair; And tho' witlings may fcoff, and tho' raillery mocks, Yet I'll fing of my lafs with the golden locks. ffight, Than the fwain, in the brook, the's more dear to my Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white; Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above, Which are fit for the labour or language of love, At the Park in the Mall, at the play in the box, My lass bears the belle with her golden locks. Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow, Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe; She shall ease my fond heart, or shall sooth my fost While thousands of rivals are fighing in vain. [pain, Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the While I have the lass with the golden locks.

265 HAD I but the wings of a dove, Enraptur'd I'd haften away; And quickly repair to my love, Whose beauties enliven the day. Bring foon from the hamlets again, Ye gods, her I ask for my wife; Without her I'm ever in pain, And relish no pleasure in life.

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Ah! cruel decree of hard fate,

To keep me so long from my fair;

Come, pity my desolate state,

And banish all thoughts of despair.

With her, oh! what scenes I enjoy

Of mirth and good-humour all day:

Such blessings as never will cloy,

Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

AH! Chloe, thou treasure, thou joy of my breast Since I parted from thee I'm a stranger to rest: I sty to the grove, there to languish and mourn, There sigh for my charmer, and long to return: The fields all around me are smiling and gay; But they smile all in vain, for Chloe's away: The fields and the groves can afford me no ease, But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please, But bring me my Chloe, &c.

No virgin I fee that my bosom alarms, I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms; In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye, These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry: [thron'd, These looks, where bright love, like the sun, sits en-And smiling, distuses his influence round: 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer amaz'd; Thus view'd thee with wonder & lov'd while I gaz'd, Thus view'd thee, &c.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my fight, it was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night:
But, now my hard fortune, remov' from my fair, in secret I languish, a prey to dispair:
But absence and torment abate not my stame,
My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;
O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence would please me, for I should be blest,
Then absence would please me, Sc

O Would'st thou know what sacred charms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd heart, &c.
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me,
The maid that's made, &c.

Who joys to hear the figh fincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
Who melts, Sc.
From each ungentle passion free,
O be the maid tha's made for me,
O be the maid, Sc.

Who feels the bleffings she bestows,
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,

Are all the natives of her heart,

Are all, &c.

A centle train from fallhood free

A gentle train from falshood free,

Be such the maid that's made for me,

Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring, &c.
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I fee,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine, &c.

Spring renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey:
In each creature we may fee
The effect of love's decree.
Thus their flate, fuch the fate;
Do not, Polly, flay too late,
Do not, Polly, flay too late.

Look around, and fee them play;
All are wanton while they may:
Why should precious time be lost?
After summer comes a frost:
All pursue nature's due;
Let us, Polly, do so too,
Let us, Polly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing, Herbs on ev'ry meadow lowing:

Birds

Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing; Turtles all around are cooing: Hark! they coo; see, they woo; Let us, Polly, do so too, Let us, Polly, do so too.

Hark! how kind that swain and lais, Yonder sitting on the grass; See, how earnestly he sues, While she, blushing, can't resuse: See you two, how they woo; Let us, Polly, do so too, Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain; See, it feems to threaten rain: Herds and flocks do run together, Seeking shelter from the weather. Fear not you, I'll be true, Let us, therefore, do so too,

Let us, Gc.

FOR ever fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love?
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us figh on from day to day,
And wifh, and wifh, the foul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the pride of life is gone?
But bufy, bufy, fill art thou,

But bufy, bufy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow;
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to be rude.
For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

ATTEND, ye ever-tuneful fwains,
That in melodious, foothing strains,
Of Chloe fing, or Phillis;
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
Upbraid me not, while I rehearse
The charms of Polly Willis.

The languid I, and poor in thought,
No simile shall here be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies:
Some meaner beauties they may hit;
But sure no simile can sit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair,'
Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest skill is;
How then, ye gods! can be express'd
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Or as fhe once on Ida flood,
Nor mortal Amaryllis:
Frame all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
Of pleafing shape, and killing air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
(All beauty must in time decay)
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall her life endure;
I mean, the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

As May in all her youthful dress,
So gay my love did once appear;
A spring of charms adorn'd her face,
The rose and lily flourish'd there:
Thus, while th' enjoyment was but young,
Each night new pleasures did create;
Ambrosial words sropp'd from her tongue
And am'rous Cupids round her wait.

But, as the fun to west declines,
The eastern sky does colder grow,
And all his radiant looks resigns
To the pale moon that rules below;
So love, while in her blooming hour,
My Chloe was all kind and gay;
But when possession nipp'd that flow'r,
Her charms, like autumn, droop'd away.

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As on Tay's banks I wander'd in fearch of my fair, How smooth was the stream! and how soft was the To nothing but thee such a scene I compare; [air! And thee it resembles, dear Jenny.

The deep crystal wave was a type of thy face, (I thought it so clear it might serve for thy glass,)
And the curls, if there were, for thy dimples might
I vow 'twas the picture of 'Jenny. [pass:

Methought it took in all the charms of thy mind, To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd, The tender, foft passions that feel no rude wind; For calm is the bosom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the prospect, I wish'd the bright maid Cou'd have seen her dear self in this mirror display'd; Twas like her when last the dear girl I survey'd: Like none it cou'd be but my Jenny.

But sudden a tempest, I ne'er saw before,
Made the billows arise, and the sea foam and roar;
Ithought that I scarcely was safe on the shore:
Ah, me! even then it was Jenny.

The same dreadful fight, when to spleen you're in-When to me you are cross, and to others are kind: But never, dear girl, raise this storm in your mind 'Twill kill me, believe me deary Jenny.

BEFORE I faw Clarinda's face
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from fpray to fpray.

But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind, I fighing drop the filent tear, But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearle, When I the fair have found; On e'vry tree appears my verse That to her praise resounds.

But the ungrateful shuns my fight, My faithful love disdains; My vows and tears her fcorn excite, Another happy reigns.

Ah, Thyrfis, though my looks betray
I envy your faccess;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

BANISH'D by your fevere command,
I make an awful, fad retreat,
To fome more hospitable land;
But shall I then my fair forget?

No, there I'll charm the list'ning throng, With repetitions of your name; My passion tell in plaintive song, And sadly pensive soothe my slame.

With inbred fighs, the grateful swains My tale will beg me to renew; Sweetly appear'd, beguile their pains, Transported when I speak of you.

But should some curious youth demand, Why from my beauteous theme I stray? With what confusion should I stand! What wou'd my charmer have me say?

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he, The youth that fondly fits by thee; And fees, and hears thee, all the while, Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my foul of rest, And rais'd such tumults in my breast; For while I gaz'd, in transport tost, My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle slame Ran quick thro' all my vital frame; O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung, My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs where chill'd, My blood with gentle horrows thrill'd; My feeble pulse forgot to play, I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away. THY fatal shafts unerring move, I bow before thine altar love; I feel the soft refishers slame Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows, My blood to tides impetuous flows; Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll, And floods of transport whelm my soul,

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain In foothing numbers to complain; My tongue fome secret magic tries, My murmurs fink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the filent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I figh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power, Dear idol of my panting heart; Nature points this my fatal houer; And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no figh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed;
That nothing may disturb thy life
Content I nasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
Restect one moment on his truth,
Who dying thus persists to love thee.

IN vain you tell your parting lover You wish fair winds may wast him over, Alas! what winds can happy prove. That bear me far from what I love? Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold distain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was loss,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once mors in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold distain.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears, Aw'd by a thousand tender sears, I would approach, but dare not move; Tell me my heart if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear No other voice but her's can hear; No other wit but her's approve; Tell me my heart if this be love?

If she some othe swain commend, Tho' I was once his fondest friend, His instant enemy I prove; Tell me my heart if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more Delight in all that pleas'd before, The clearest spring, the shadiest grove; Tell me my heart if this be love;

When fond of power, of beauty vain, Her nets she spreads for every swain, I strove to hate, but vainly strove; Tell me my heart if this be love?

IF ever thou did'it joy to bind Two hearts in equal passion join'd, O son of Venus! hear me now, And bid Florella bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
Thou in the leaves of fate should see,
If any white propitious hour,
Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

In all Yield Her I And But, The If this She of

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May h And That Ma Now, now the mighty treasure give, In her for whom alone I live; In sterling love pay all the sum, And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms Yield her, relenting, to my arms; Her bosom touch with soft desires, And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain

The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my fighs;

O! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish, Think not time can heal my anguish, Pity the woes which I endure, But never, never grant a cure.

If truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant same.
Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,

Their fenfual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay, Your mind improves with years; As when the bloffoms fade away, The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my fuit, And blefs the future hour, That Damon, who can tafte the fruit, May gather ev'ry flow'r! WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewel rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair, Tho' hopeless of a warm return, Yet kill me not with cold despair, But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain Those gentle smiles did first create; And, tho' you cannot love again, In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new shorn sheep, equal and fair;
Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, & speak, & move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain The list'ning wietch forgot his pain; With art divine the lyre she strung, Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung. For while she struck the quiv'ring wire The eager breast was all on fire; And when she join'd the vocal lay The captive soul was charm'd away. But had she added still to these Thy softer, chaster, power to please; Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth, Thy native smiles of artless truth; She ne'er had pin'd beneath distain, She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain; Despair had ne'er her soul posses.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings, Each new air new passion brings; Now I resolve, and now I sear; Now I triumph, now despair; Froic now, now faint I grow; Now I freeze, and now I glow. The panting Zepbyrs round us play, And trembling on her lips would stay:

Now would liften, now would kifs, Trembling with divided blifs; Till, by her breaft repuls'd, they fly, And in low pleafing murmurs die. Nor do I ask that she would give By some new note, the pow'r to live; I would, expiring with the sound, Die on the lips that gave the wound.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me:
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

LET the ambitious favour find
In courts and empty noise,
Whilst greater love does fill my mind
With filent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
And the world think 'em wife,
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
And all that world despite.

Let conquering kings new trophies raife, And melt in court delights, Her eyes can give me brighter days, Her arms much fofter nights.

FROM all uneafy passions free, Revenge, ambition, jealousy, Contented, I had been too blest If love and you had let me rest: Yet that dull life I now despise;

Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,

Such are your charms,
Tis worth a life to die within your arms,

COME all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his forrows hide:

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But hand in hand around me move, Singing the faddest tales of love; And see, when your complaints ye join, If all your wrongs can equal mine. The happiest mortal once was I,

My heart no forrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,

But ask not whence it grew;
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

FAIR, and foft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah! why cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adorning, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one?
But growing bolder, in her ear

lin foft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And feem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess!
Ah! fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She funk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

WHEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the fky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fear,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluffles thro every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. [heart,

There's a passion and pride
In our sex she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

ON Be'widera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, fighing, dying;
The fold regardless maid to move
With unavailing prayers I sue;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.
But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,

T is not, Celia, in our power
To fay how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

You quickly would forget to love.

Then fince we mortal lovers are,

Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care

Fach minute be with pleasure past: Were it not madness to deny To live, because we're sure to die?

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?
S 2

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

YE little loves that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As Celia on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper—Strephon dies.
If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair discains to love,
Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That Chloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such cares'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?

Perhaps the fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?

You think the's falle, I'm fure the's kind,
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

CHLOE's the wonder of her fex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us.
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her sace, but hair,
Of smoother cheeks the winning grace

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes fet hearts on blaze, And am'rous warmth inspire; Thro' glass, who darts her painted rays, Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years, My peace or blifs destroy; Alive, she gives no jealous fears, And dead, she crowns my joy.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
And every bosom feels her power;
The Indians thus view Phæbus rise,
And gaze in rapture, and adore.
Quick to the soul the piercing splendors dart,
Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

Aspasia speaks; the listening croud
Drink in the found with greedy ears;
Mute are the giddy and the loud,
And self-admiring folly hears.
Her wit secures the conquests of her face;
Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aspasia moves; her well-tun'd limbs
Giide stately with harmonious ease;
Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
Like a tall bark o'er summer seas;
'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah! how cruel is my lot,
To doat on one so heavenly fair;
For in my humble state forgot,
Each charm but adds to my despair.

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The tuneful swain thus faintly warbling lies, Looks on his mate, and while he sings, he dies.

DELIA I lov'd, a winning fair.

Delia was all her Strephon's care,

Yet oft would the her doubts display,
Lest Strephon should her heart betray.

Long did I urge my fuit, and found My wishes likely to be crown'd, Sorrow and care were far away, I thought not Delia could betray.

But Poridel the maid had feen, Had danc'd with her upon the green, Alas! he stole her heart away, She fear'd not he cou'd e'er betray.

Adieu to peace, my joys are fled, A gloom o'er all my days is spread, Adieu ye nymphs, so fair and gay, I find you smile but to betray.

Farewell my crook, my pipe alone I keep to tell the woods my moan, Inceffant whilft I figh and fay, Alas! that Delia could betray!

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CAN a heart that is burfling with grief, find ease by relating its woe,
Can my bosom e'er hope for relief,
While my forrows continue to flow.
Alas! though no succour be near,
From sighing I cannot refrain,
And a tear still enforcing a tear,
My eye-lids incessantly strain.

Oh! could I these torments now quit,
Could I chase but her form from my mind,
But why should I wish to forget,
That once she was gentle and kind;
That fate in the play-day of youth,
To my nonage should be so severe,
To cause me to love her with truth,

To cause me, alas, to despair,

The

Oh! whence are the moments of blifs,
We spent where the eglantines grow,
Or where the sweet innocent kiss,
She then was so kind to bestow.
Gone, gone, I shall prove them no more,
With my blossoms of hope are they fled,
That hope I was fond to adore,
Now blasted, now wither'd, and dead.

WHILE you my fair one, sure to please, Smile with a grace and talk with ease, Each look has charms, each word has art, To fire my eyes, and melt my heart; That heart which now by turns must prove, The hopes and fears that wait on love.

In vain to check the flame I try,
Or flop a figh when you are by;
My booke, which once were all my joy.
I read no more, for now they cloy;
The pains, the griefs, which now I feel,
No herb can cure, no balm can heal.

From field to field, from grove to grove, To vent my fighs and griefs I rove, Thus lost in thought like birds I stray, Who knows not to their nests the way; So deep the wounds of love are made, No herb nor balm can give me aid.

No more the gay scenes of delight,
No more the soft transports of ease,
Give pleasure to Damon's fond sight,
Nor aught that is charming can please.
His flocks let them wander aftray,
And traverse the dangerous shores;
Nor Damon will drive them away,
He's absent from her he adores.

Dire absence how great are thy sears,
They pierce the soft bosoms that put;
Of him who's in love, and reveres
The nymph that has stolen his heart.

But hence all ye doubts now retire, Retreat to the darkest recess; Let me burn with love's hottest fire, And taste all the pleasures of blis.

Fair Phillis again once return,
My cottage as usual adorn;
Ah! how will my passion then burn,
When Damon is not left forlorn;
Then all the soft pleasures of love,
The pleasures most grateful to me,
Within my fond bosom will rove,
More blest can a mortal e'er be.

304

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew, A breast so good, so kind, so true, Reason and tase approv'd; Pleas'd to indulge so pure a stame, I call'd it by 100 soft a name, And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till Chloris came, with fad furprize

I felt the lightning of her eyes

'Thro' all my fenfes run;

All glowing with refiftless charms,

She fill'd my breast with new alarms,

I saw, and was undone.

O Celia! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to uphraid
Which ought your scorn to move:
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know she triumphs in my pain,
Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy sostest friendship ease
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft mall I curse my iron chain, And wish again thy milder reign With long and vain regret; All that I can, to thee I give, And could I ftill to reason live, I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea Hurries me far from peace and thee, 'Twere vain to struggle more:

Thus the poor failor flumbering lies, While swelling tides around him rife, And push his bark from shore.

In vain he fpreads his helples arms, His pitying friends with fond alarms In vain deplore his state; Still far and farther from the coast, On the high surge his bark is tost, And foundering yields to fate.

Ar Cynthia's feet I figh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid.
Scarce paid me with a fmile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to please,

Shey were too cold to warm. Refolv'd, I rose, and foftly prest

Refolv'd, I role, and foftly prest The lilies of her neck; With longing eager lips I kist The roles of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents, And burns with equal fire; To all my wishes she consents, And crowns my fierce desire.

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd His statue's icy charms; Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd, And melted to his arms.

As the Thames' filent fiream crept penfive along,
And the wind murmur'd folemn the willows among;
On a green turf complaining, a fwain lay reclin'd,
And wept to the river, and figh'd to the wind.

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Each glo To ma Imploy'd To ma Invain, he cry'd, nature has waken'd the spring, In vain blooms the vi'let, the nightingales sing: To an ear full of sorrow no beauties appear, Each zephyr's a sigh, and each dew-drop's a tear.

In vain my Selinda has graces to move The fairest to envy, the wisest to love; Her presence no more gives delight to the eye, Since without her to live, is more pain than to dies

Oh! that Somnus his pinions wou'd over me spread,
And paint but her image in dreams in her stead;
The beautiful vision wou'd soften my pain:
But sleep's a relief I solicit in vain. [care,

The wretch thus, like me, his heart loaden with Is deluded by hope, and undone by despair; His pain ever waking, denies him repose, And the moments but vary to vary his woes.

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AH! Chloris, could I now but fit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain!
When I this drawing did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
Ilittle thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay As metals in a mine ; Age from no face takes more away Than youth conceal'd in thine: But as your charms insensibly To their perfection preft, so love, as unperceiv'd, did fly, And enter'd in my breaft. My passion with your beauty grew, While Cupid, at my heart, Still as his mother favour'd you, Threw a new flaming dart: Each gloried in their wanton part; To make a beauty, she Employ'd the utmost of her art; To make a lover, he.

ong;

ALL my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;
How, then, can it be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

As Celia in her garden (tray'd, Secure, nor dream'd of harm, A bee approach'd the lovely maid, And rested on her arm.

The curious infect thither flew,
To tafte the tempting bloom;
But with a thousand sweets in view,
It found a sudden doom.

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd The darling little thing; But firth her snowy arm receiv'd, And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not so the darts of Celia's eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning smart
The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless love!

By the fide of a grove at the foot of a hill, 'd Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmurathe rill; I vow'd

I vow'd to the muses my time and my care,
Since nothing could win me the smiles of my sair.
Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
Solong to sum of the sair sum of the sair sum of the sum of

BRING, Phæbus, from Parnassian bow'rs, A chaplet of poetic flow'rs

That far out bloom the May;
Bring verse so smooth, and thought so free,
And all the muses heraldry,

To blazon Jenny Grey.

Observe you almond's rich persume, Preventing spring with early bloom, In ruddy tints how gay! Thus foremost of the blushing fair, With such a blithsome, buxom air, Blooms lovely Jenny Grey.

The merry, chirping, plumy throng,
The bushes and the twigs among,
That pipe the sylvan lay,
All hush'd at her delightful voice,
In silent extasy rejoice,
And study Jenny Grey.

Ye balmy odour-breathing gales,
That lightly sweep the green-rob'd vales,
And in each rose bush play;
know you all, you're errant cheats,
And steal your more than nat'ral sweets
i rom lovely Jenny Grey,

Pomona, and that goddess bright,
The florists and the maids delight,
In vain their charms display;
The luscious nectarine, juicy peach,
In richness nor in sweetness reach
The lips of Jenny Grey.

To the sweet knot of graces three, Th' immortal bonds of bards agree

A tuneful tax to pay;
There yet remains a matchless worth,
There yet remains a lovelier fourth,
And she is Jenny Grey,

CAN, then, a look create a thought
Which time can ne'er remove?
Yes, foclish heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for love.

She sees the conquest of her eyes,
Nor heals the wound she gave;
She smiles, whene're his blushes rife,
And, sighing, shuns her slave.

Then swain, be bold, and still adore her, Sill her slying charms pursue; Love and int'rest both implore her, Pleading night and day for you!

Come, Laura, and meet your fond swain,
Ere Phæbus declines to the west,
Nor let me still languish in pain;
Your presence alone makes me blest.
When absent no pleasure I feel,
My passions but sicken and die,
No power my tortures, my tortures can heal,
Unless my dear Laura is by.

Then haste to yon jessamine grove,
Enjoy what no language can tell,
'Tis the seat of contentment and love,
Where peace and tranquility dwell;
There Cupid our hearts shall unite,
There Hymen his altar shall raise,
The muses sweet songs shall indite,

And charm the whole grove with their lays,

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Othink with such pleasures as these,
How time will glide swiftly away,
Each striving the other to please,
Dull winter shall smile as the May;
No happiness either will taste,
But what we both jointly approve;
Then hither, dear charmer, O haste,
And bless a fond swain with your love.

COME, Clio, come, and with thee bring The little loves on downy wing! Hafte thee from the realms above; Hafte, and let us fing of love.

And lo! to join the am'rous theme,
Light tripping o'er the verdant clod,
Comes the laughter loving dame,
And the mischief making god;
And with them come the graces three,

And the muse of comic glee, While, behind, to close the rear, See Hymen, saffron-rob'd, appear.

Hail! fair Venus, beauty's queen; All-subduing Cupid, hail!

Hafte, and take thy arrows keen, And Chloe's flinty breaft affail.

For lo! of every charm posses.
To captivate the feeling breast,
Her youthful heart elate with pride,
She dares thy matchless power deride.

And while thy golden pointed dart Unnotic'd, unregarded flies, She bends the most obdurate heart, And scatters love from both her eyes.

Then haste and light thy tender fire, And all her soul with love inspire; Far off each stubborn passion drive: Yes, let her burn—but burn alive.

COME haste, my Phillis, haste away
To yonder verdant grove,
Where birds fing sweetly on each spray
The melodies of love.

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Where frisky lambkins sport and play Around the slow'ry green; Dress'd in dame nature's bright array, Which yields a lovely scene.

Where the clear murm'ring rivers run,
In foft and cooling streams,
Secluded from the scorching sun,
And Colin writes his themes.
O! there my fair-one, let us rove,
And taste the sweets of life;
Like turtle-doves let's alway love,
And banish care and strife.

CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miler's treasure;
Still the vain possessor,
What are riches without pleasure?
Endless pains the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money;
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,

Yet he fears to taste his honey.

Views with aching eyes his store,

Trembling, lest he change to lose it;

Pining still for want of more,

Tho' the wretch wants pow'r to use it.

Celia thus, with endless arts,

Spends her days, her charms improving, Lab'ring fill to conquer hearts,

Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving. Views with pride her shape and face, Fancying still she's under twenty;

Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find,

Time, their idol, from them fever; He must leave his gold behind, Lock'd within his grave for ever.

Celia's fate will fill be worfe,
When her fading charms deceive her;
Vain defire will be her curfe,
When no mortal will relieve her.

Celia,

Celia, hoard thy charms no more, Beauty's like the mifer's treasure, Tafte a little of thy flore; What is beauty without pleasure?

DEAR Nancy fir'd my artless breast,
I ne'er saw girl so clever;
I sometimes thought she'd make me bless,
And sometimes sancy'd never:
Whene'er I told my am'rous tale,
With sighs oft intervening,
Your suit, she'd cry, won't, here prevail,
I cannot tell your meaning.
The wife remark, a man in love
Looks wond'rous soft and filly:
The truth coy Nancy made me prove,
For, oh! her heart was chilly:
To balls and plays she us'd to range,

Her company fill feen in;
But fill 'twas strange, 'twas mighty strange,
She could not not tell my meaning.

I love you Nancy, oft I'o cry,
Without you, can't be eafy;
Oh! shall I live, or shall I die,
Pray tell me which will please you?
By all means live! the fair replies,
This passion wants a weaning;
Declare yourself without disguite,
I cannot tell your meaning.

Oh! now, I thought's the lucky time;
Although so long I've tarry'd,
I hope, I answer'd, 'tis no crime,
To say, I'd fain be marry'd.
She gave her hand, nor seem'd to slight
The love there was no screening;
And now we live in sweet delight,
Vers'd in each other's meaning.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kifs but in the cup, And I'll look not for wine: The thirst that from my soul doth rise

Doth ask a drink divine;

But might I of Fove's nectar sip,

I wou'd not change for thine.

I fent thee late a rofy wreathe,
Not so much hon'ring thee;
As giving it a hope that there
It would not wither'd be:
But hou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

FAIR Semira, lovely maid, Cease in pity to upbraid
My oppress'd but constant heart;
Full sufficient are the woes,
Which my cruel stars oppose;
Heav'n, alas! has done it's part.

Ev'RY nymph and shepherd, bring
Tribute to the queen of May;
Rise for her brows the spring,
Make her as the season gay;
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to use the fleeting hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows
With his sweetness now delights;
By his side the maiden rose
With her artless blush invites:
Such, so fragrant and so gay,
Is the blooming queen of May,
Soon the fair Narcissus dies,

Soon he drops his languid head; From the rose her purple slies, None inviting to her bed: Such, tho' now so sweet and gay, Soon shall be the queen of May.

Tho' thou art a rural queen,
By the suffrage of the swains,
Beauty, like the vernal green,
In thy shrine not long remains;

WHEN New pa

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When Mi From a Cogive h She giv When now 'Mongs'

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less, then, quickly bless the youth, who deserves thy love and truth.

WHEN madam, the her day is done,
New passions will imbibe,
n hopes to get a little fun,
She gives a little bribe.
When Missis kept by locks and keys
From all the lovesick tribe;
logive her swain a little ease,
She gives a little bribe.

When now and then my Lord thinks fit,
'Mongst friends to jest and gibe,
loraise the laugh at little wit,
He gives a little bribe.
When'er we plan our ways and means
Tomake the folks subscribe,
Veguess which way their virtue leans,
And give a little bribe.

EATEST of pretty feet, for dancing intended, cept of a partner who always was commended, lighting the finest dress attentive to merit, elikes only those who can jig about with spirit.

akeme madam, I so glad am, that I'll cut a caper; and first couple, make no scruple, strike up there gut scraper;

un about, turn about, that's right depend on't, ands across, back again, & now there's an end on't, it should be thought that we should encore it, simit me to offer you lemonade before it, sus will make you hot, and wine is unsteady, our fan now will cool us both, speak when you're ready.

Take me, &c.

70 high, go low, in ev'ry state,
The failor's heart is true,
adverse or in prosp'rous state,
He joins the crew.
Let toiling early, watching late,
Defends his king and country's cause,

In hopes to be when come from fea, Cheer'd with applaufe.

At home when sports his welcome crown,
His wife's the liveliest of the throng;
Or when care finks his spirits down,
Her endearing smile rewards his toil, and greets
So when the nuptial knot is tied [his fav'rite song.]
Our friendship closer will cement;
Each morn you'll hail my blooming bride,
And gladly share my heart's content.
I'll grasp the hand which made her mine,
To social scenes my hours resign,
While all the wonted strain shall join.

FOR me, my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft she kis'd this gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
Her breath &c.

A bee within a damask rose,
Had crept the nectar'd dew to sip,
But lesser sweets the chief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

There tasting all the bloom of spring, Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May, Th' ungrateful spoiler lest his sing, And with the honey fled away.

ALL you who would with to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll loose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and fighing, and vows, and all that As far as you please you may run; She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat, But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddes, is fine!
But, mark you the consequence, mum;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and flout,
And no opportunity shun:
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
But mum—she's as sure as a gun. [out;

If the heart of a man is deprefs'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;
Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,
Raises our spirits, and charms the ear;
Roses and lilies her cheeks disclose,
But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,
Press her,
Caress her,
With blisses,
And kisses,
Dissolves us in pleasure, and soft repose.

NEVER till now I knew love's smart, Guess who it was that fole my heart, 'Twas only you, if you'll believe me. 'Twas only you, &c.

Since that I've felt love's fatal pow'r, Heavy has pass'd each anxious hour, If not with you, if you'll believe me. If not with you, &c.

Honor and wealth no joys can bring, Nor I be happy, tho' a king, If not with you, if you'll believe me, If not with you, &c.

When from this world I'm call'd away, For you alone I'd wish to stay, For you alone, if you'll believe me, For you alone, &c.

Grave on my tomb, where'er I am laid, Here lies one who lov'd but one maid, That's only you, if you'll believe me. That's only you, &c.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring youth's defire:

Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire!
While each the other still improves;
The sairest face, the noblest mind;
Not with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

329

GRAVE fops my envy now beget, Who did my pity move; They, by the right of wanting wit, Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools; because they are
By their defect secure
From slavery and toil of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who fuffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly fet their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
These pass alone at night.

But Celia never breaks their rest; Such servants she distains: And so the tops are fully blest, While I endure the chains.

GREAT Love! I own thy pow'r supreme, My mind has felt the dart; No more the transitory slame Plays lambient round my heart.

Bright Nancy's charms the bosom fire, That erst was wont to rove; And sense and beauty now conspire To light an ardent love,

Then wonder not to hear me vow
That I can change no more;
Since she has all Heav'n can bestow,
Or sighing swains adore.

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Thus nature, foe to flatt'ry's strain, Instructs the busy bee To range the produce of the plain, And ev'ry shrub and tree;

Till lighting on the bloomy role,
Where each fweet effence joins,
(Like me) the warmest wish she shows,
To live where beauty shines.

331

How happy a lover's life passes, When beauty returns figh for figh! He looks upon all men as asses, Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather, He trips to the terras or parks; Where fwains croud impatient together, And maidens look out for their sparks.

What fweet palpitation arifes,
When Chloe appears full in view;
Her smiles at more value he prizes,
Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' (wift-winged time, as they're walking, Soon parts them, alas! by his flight; By reflection he still hears her talking, And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him, And Bachus calls out for his lass; His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him, Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes, Than those that from Chloe arise, She's first in his thoughts when he rises, And last when he closes his eyes.

Then let not ambition diffress us, Or fortune's fantastical chace; Love only with Chloe can bless us, And give all we want to embrace.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,

Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded, never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I try'd to sooth my am'rous slame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I ment not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful stees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May.
It's sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hears my firains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn dispair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonly wilds I'll wander.

333

HOW sweetly smells the simmer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry:
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits and slowers,
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms and reaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

T

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park, No nat'ral beauty wanting, How lightfome is't to hear the lark, And birds in confort chanting; But if my Christy tunes her voice, I'm rapt in admiration; My thoughts with extanes rejoice, And drap the hale creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance, I take the happy omen, And aften mint to make advance, Hoping she'll prove a woman; But, dubious of my ain defert, My fentiments I fmother; With fecret fighs I vex my heart, For fear she love another.

Thus fang blate Edie by a burn, His Christy did o'er-hear him; She daughtna let her lover mourn, But e'er he wist drew near him. She spake her favour with a look Which left nae room to doubt her: He wisely this white minute took, And flang his arms about her.

My Chrifty ! - witness, bonny ftream, Sic joys frae tears arifing, I wish this may na be a dream; O love the maift suprifing! Time was to precious now for tauk; This point of a' his wishes He wadna with fet speeches bauk, But war'd it a' on kiffes.

HOW happy was I, When Delia was by; Her presence rejoiced my heart; No trouble I knew, My cares were but few, Till the time I from Delia did part. When how fad the reverse ! With pain I rehearte

The disquiets my mind undergoes; Time moves flowly on, Content I have none; Oh! feel for, and pity my woes. My fair will be just,

I can't her miftruft, Her promise is binding I'm fure; Then why fo lament? For shame, be content For the present, her absence endure.

The time shortly will be, When I Delia shall see, And with her in wedlock be join'd; Then how happy my state, I'll not envy the great,

But enjoy, with my fair, peace of mind.

I covet not wealth, But a good share of health, For myfelf and the girl I adore: We'll live at our eafe, And do as we please; Ye gods! what can mortals wish more;

HOW fair is my love, As kind as the dove; Her temper both lively and gay: The lily, and rose, Upon her cheeks blows, To give her the splendor of May. Her shape, and her mien,

Proclaim her the queen Of beauty, of virtue, and truth; Her eyes are like jet, Her teeth neatly fet :

Ye gods! in the prime of her youth.

Her voice, like the thrush, That fings on the bush When meadows look blooming and gay; Each nymph and each fwain, That dance on the plain, Are charm'd with my Phillis's lay.

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his finger And tha She cries, don't repine,
I foon shall be thine,
And ease my fond bosom of strife;
In pleasure's sweet bow'r
We'll pass ev'ry hour,
While nature supplies us with life.

How sweet a torment 'tis to love!

And oh! how pleasent is the pain!
I would not, if I could, remove,

And now put off the amorous chain.
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,

And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cause,

And on my fair tormentor smile!

Pr'ythee fend me back my heart, Since I cannot have thine: For if from yours you will not part, Why then shou'dst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
for thou'ft a thief in ev'ry eye
Wou'd steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie, And yet not lodge together? Oh, love! where is thy sympathy, If thus our breasts thou sever?

It love is fuch a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
Or when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

hen farewel care, and farewel woe,
I will no longer pine;
I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as the as mine.

Lately faw what now I fing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
his finger grac'd a diamond ring,
And that a sparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything the carefs'd,
And firok'd his head and wings;
And while it neftled on her breatt,
She lifp'd the dearest things.

With chizzel bill a spark ill-set He loosen'd from the rest,

And fwallow'd down to grind his meat, The eafier to digeft.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright, Her di mond to descry:

Twis gone! she sickn'd at the sight, Moaning her bird wou'd die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none migh use, The curtains none might draw, The sootmen went without their shoes,

The streets were laid with straw.

The doctor us'd his oily art,

Of strong emetic kind;

Th' apothecary play'd his part,

And engineer'd behind.

When physic ceas'd to spend it's store
To bring away the stone,

To bring away the stone, Dicky, like people given o'er, Picks up, when let alone,

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,

He peck'd behind his wing:

Lucia recov'ring at the news,

Relapses for the ring.

Meanwhile, within her beauteous breaft,
Two diff'rent passions strove;
When averige ended the conject.

When av'rice ended the con eft, And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, flutt'ring thing, Thy pains the fex display! Who, only to repair a ring, Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breafts, ye fair, Monster of foulest mien; Ye would not let it harbour there, Could but it's form be seen.

T 2

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word;
A Lucia's face forbear to fmile,
A Venus kill her bird.

I Told my nymph, I told her true, My fields we'e small, My flocks were few; While faultering accents spoke my fear, That Flavia might not prove fincere. Of crops deftroy'd by vernal cold, And vagrant sheep that left my fold : Of these she heard, yet bore to hear; And is not Flavia then fincere; How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind, The friends I lov'd became unkind: She heard, and fed a gen'rous tear; And is not Flavia then fincere? How, if the deign'd my love to blefs, My Flavia must not hope for dress: This too she heard, and smil'd to hear; And Flavia fure must be fincere. Go thear your flocks, ye jovial swains, Go reap the plenty of your plains; Despoil'd of all which you revere I know my Flavig's love fincere.

IN vain you bid your captive live,
While you the means of life deny:
Give me your fmiles, your wishes give
To him who must without you die.

Shrunk from the fun's enliv'ning beam, Bid flow'rs retain their scent and hue; It's source dry'd up, bid flow the stream, Or me exist depriv'd of you.

I Rambled about for a twelvemonth, I vow, In fearch of a damfel for life? For roving perlex'd me, I could not tell how, So ventur'd at last on wife.

Imbitters the pleasures of life, For evils on evils will conftantly flow, And make us all wish for a wife. A mistress, 'tis true, who's youthful and gay, May sweeten the troubles of life, And while she is constant, drive forrow away; But what is all this to a wife ! In wedlock, alone, true pleasure we find To glide the rough passage thro' life, Then chuse out a lass with a delicate mind, And make the dear charmer a wife And you, O ye fair, be kind to the man Who offers to blefs you for life; Be constant and true, and as fond as you can; For these are the charms of a wife. LOVE never more shall give me pain, My fancy's fix'd on thee; Nor ever maid my heart shall gain, My Peggy, if thou die. Thy beauties did fuch pleasure give, Thy love so true to me: Without thee I shall never live, My deary, if thou die. If fate shall tear thee from my breast, How shall I lonly stray; In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste, In fighs the filent day. I ne'er can fo much virtue find, Nor fuch perfection fee; Then I'll renounce all woman-kind, My Peggy after thee. No new-blown beauty fires my breaft With Cupid's raving rage;

But thine, which can such sweets impart,

'T was this that, like the morning fun,

Must all the world engage.

Gave joy to life and me;

With Peggy let me die.

And when it's destin'd day is done,

The girls of the town, each rake must well know,

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Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love.

And in such pleasures share;
You, who it's faithful sames approve,
With pity view the fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,

Those charms so dear to me;

Oh! never rob them from these arms,

I'm lost if Peggy die.

LOVE founds the alarm,
And fear is a flying;
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

LET the grave, and the gay,
Enjoy life how they may,
My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
Go the world well or ill,
'Tis the same with me still,
If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may figh,
The courtier may lye,
And Cræsus his treasure amass;
All the joys are but vain,
That are blended with pain;
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires,
And creates new defires,
And oft wins the lover his lass.
Or his courage prepares
To distain the nymph's airs;
So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.
The earth sucks the fain,
The fun draws the main,
With the earth we are all in a class;
Then enliven the clay,

Let us live while we may,

And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,
Only, life can refine:
We care not whate'er comes to pass
With courtiers, or great men,
There's none of us statesmen:
Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

LONG at thy altar, god of love,
I paid a double duty;
A flave to Celia's voice and wit,
To Chloe's tafte and beauty:
Fain would I fix my reftless heart,
While they, with aukward feature,
Difguis'd, in affectation's mask,
The genuine gifts of nature.

My love was fickle once, and changing, Nor e'er would fettle in my heart, From beauty still to beauty ranging, In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit Corinna sav'd me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish

For Belvider a I endure;

Hourly I figh, and hourly languish,

Nor hope to find the wonted cure:

For here the falle, inconftant lover, After a thousand beauties shown, Does new suprising charms discover, And finds variety in one.

My goddess, Lydia, heavenly fair, As lilly sweet, as soft as air, Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms, And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes, Tho' facred lightning from them slies; Shew me that foft, that modest grace, Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrofia in a kifs, That I may rival Jove in blifs; That I may mix ny foul with thine, And make the pleafure all divine.

O hide thy bosom's killing white, (The milky way is not so bright) Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress With beauties pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple flood Of my kind heart the vital blood? Thou art all over endless charms; O take me dying to thy arms.

MAY the ambitious ever find Success in crowds and noise, While gentle love does fill my mind With filent, real joys.

May knaves and fools grow rich and great,
The world will think them wife,
While I lie at my Nanny's feet,
And all the world despite.

Let conquering kings new triumphs raife, And melt in court delights: Her eyes can give much brighter days, Her arms much lofter nights.

As Celia to the covert stray'd,
The blushing sun withdrew,
And hasted down as if afraid
To see thy brighter charms display'd,
And be outshone in you.

His fifter Pbabe at the fight,
With blushes spread the sphere;
As if to shine with double light,
And gild the star-bespangled night,
He'd borrow'd rays from her.

The glimm'ring stars which dar'd to peep, Were lost in gazing on; And look'd like stars that feem'd to weep, 'Twixt half awake and half afleep, Or twinkling at the fun.

The god of filence as she sung,
Stood list'ning at her feet:
The loit'ring streams attentive hung,
And mimic echo held her tongue,
Unable to repeat.

Says love, approach,—I fool obey'd
Too fure to be undone;
For 'twere as rash for me t'invade,
Those beauteous beams which round her play'd,
As Phaeton the son.

HITHER, Venus with your doves,
Hither all ye little loves;
Round me light, your wings display,
And bear a lover on his way.
Oh, could I but, like Jove of old,
Transform myself to show'ry gold;
Or in a swan my passion shroud,
Or wrap it in an orient cloud;
What locks, what bars should them impede,
Or keep me from my charming maid!

I Made love to Kate, long I figh'd for the,
Till I heard of lave, the'd a mind to me so I
I met her on the green, in her best array,
So pretty the did feem, the stole my heart away;
Oh then we kis'd & pres'd, were we much to blame
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

As I fonder grew, the began to prate,
Quoth the, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd, & twore I lov'd her more than to
For ty'd each to a rope's end, 'tis tugging to & fro;
Again we kis'd & press'd, were we much to blame.
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick; Long we toy'd and play'd, under yonder oak, Katy lost the game, tho' she play'd in joke; Tor there we did, alas! what I dare not name, Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same

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IN vain I ev'ry art effay, d bedaudted of a new To pluck the venom'd shaft away That rankles in my heart : and and it was and Deep in the centre fix'd, and bound, My efforts but enlarge the wound, And fiercer make the fmart.

, 1, 22 -- 353 I Love, I doat, I rave with pain, No comfort's in my mind; There ne'er could be a happier fwain, Were Sylvia less unkind. For when (as long her chains I've worn) I feek relief from smart, She only gives me looks of fcorn; Alas! 'twill break my heart.

My rival, rich in worldly ftore, May offer heaps of gold; But furely I a heaven adore, I was all your months Too precious to be fold. Can Sylvia fuch a coxcomb prize For wealth, and not defert, And my poor fighs and tears despise? Alas! 'twill break my heart.

When, like fome panting hov'ring dove, I for my blis contend, And plead the cause of eager love, She coldly calls me friend. Ah! Sylvia, thus in vain you firiye To act a healer's part; Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive, Alas !-- and break my heart.

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But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won, And I am dead and cold, Renounce the cruel deed you've done, Nor glory when 'tis told. For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid Will take my injur'd part, agent And blame thee, Sylvie, I'm afraid, for breaking my poor heart,

My blifs too long my bride denies; Apace the waffing summer flies; Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear; Nor storms, nor night, shall keep me here.

What may for strength, with steel compare Oh! love has fetters stronger far By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd, But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer, then, perplex thy breaft; When thoughts torment, the first are best: 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to fay; Away, my Jeffy, haste away.

355 to p tiste n es 10 How pleasingly glided the day, When Phillis vouchfaf'd to confefs. Whatever young Damon could fay, I see to the At once gave her pleasure and bliss; But now how revers'd is the scene, No more the sweet maiden complains, Your bosom by far's too serene, And ne'er to the lover attains, the self reside of

No more the foft transports are mine, When Phillis from Hymen was free. When the'd on my bolom recline, And vow that she lov'd only me; Those galloping moments of bliss, Diffraction! no more can be prov'd, No more can I steal a sweet kiss From her I fo ardently lov'd.

When Phillis a damsel so fair, Was all that I wish'd her to be, How void was my mind of all care, My bosom from tortures how free, But oh! how inconstant are they, Whom nature has form'd to be fair, How charming, how lovely and gay, More fafely to rivet the fnare, of and to head

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DEAR Sally, whilft poetic dreams,
To flowery vales and purling fireams,
Confine a happy mind;
While fome in their dear felves possess,
Of all that's good cry to be blest,
Reire and quit mankind.

May no fuch falle ideal blifs, No folitary joy like this, My fecial mind deceive; But may the world and I agree, In short let others live for me,

Let me for others live.

So shall I see, well pleas'd at last,
My life not wholly useless past,
Or to mankind or me;
Then shall such comforts crown my end,
As those, and those alone attend,
Who love society.

WHEN lovely Phillis tunes the lyre,

I fland with rapture and admire

The nymph, who can fuch joy impart,

To cheer the dull and gloomy heart.

Like Orpheus who invites our ears, And lulls to reft our anxious fears, She gently firikes the trembling wires, And ev'ry breaft with joy inspires.

A thousand joys my bosom feels, grandly and a A thousand raptures firait reveals, Melodious sounds invite my ears, And all a scene of muth appears.

And it comes, &c.

Tell not me of your roles and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheeks of your Phillis,
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,
For which filly Corydon dies.
Let all filly Lovers go hang,
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the wirty,
And beauty may ogle in vain,
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang,
We wits you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return 'em their darts with a twang, twang,
And return 'em, &c. [twang

BLYTHE, blythe, as re-ther'd fongsters are,
More free than kings, and happier far,
As fancy leads I rove,
As beauty strikes I beauties woo,
What more can mortal wish to do,
Than lead a life of love,
Than lead a life of love.

For each sweet nymph fresh tales I find, My heart as air still unconfin'd, From joy to joy I rove, The charms which daily me delight, Renew'd in p easing dreams by night, Makes life a life of love.

Should I be bleft a fair to find,
To love like me, for life inclin'd,
By all ye powers above,
With honour strictly I'll pursue,

With honour strictly l'll pursue,
And do what mortal man can do,
To make a life of love.

Affist me, all my pow'rs divine,
To forward this my grand design,
And grant, O, mighty Yove,
That I may wed some heav nly fair,
And shew the world (what's very rare)
A married life of love.

Could I each fault remember, role and Forgetting ev'ryicharm, and service of the Soon wou'd impartial reason,
The tyrant love difarm,

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But when enrag'd I number,
The failings of her mind,
Love still suggests her beauty,
And sees while reason's blind.

I COU'D never luftre fee,
In eyes that wou'd not look on me,
I ne'er faw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to fip,
Has the maid who feeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art,
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue,
When yielding blushes, &c.

Is her hand so soft and pure,
I must press it, to be sure,
Nor can I be certain then,
Till I grateful press again,
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh.
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

FRIENDSHIP is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason.
In the heart that's true re love.

The faith which to my friend I fwore,
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.
Friendship, &c.

Then if to one I false must be,

Can I doubt which to prefer,

A breach of social faith to thee,

Or facrilege to love and her.

Friendship, Sc.

THO' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love are too strong,
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
'And unworthy of blis if I'm wrong,

What heart breathing torments from jealous flows. Ah! none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When bleft with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prized them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the salger she seems, still the fonder I grow.

GENTLE maid, ah! why suspect me, Let me serve thee, then reject me, Gentle maid, Se. To the street of the Art thou fad and shall I grieve thee, and Canst thou, Se.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boat, But health and good humour to make her a reaft, If first I don't mind whether flender or fat, Or fix foot or four we'll ne'er quarrel for that, Whate'er her complection I gow I don't care, If brown it is lafting more pleating if fair. I And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples thou'd fee, Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

A dimple to me. Let her smile, Sec.

Let her locks be the reddeft that ever were seen, And her eyes may be—faith any colour but green; For in eyes tho' so various the lustre and hue, I swear T've no choice only let her have two, 'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back, And white teeth I own are genteeler than black, A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard, But I only desire—she may'nt have a beatd.

O HAD my love ne'er smil'd on me,

I ne'er had known sich anguish,
But think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to g ain,
Breathe on a stame half perish'd.
And then with cold and fix'd distain,
To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not

ang

Not worse his fate who on a wreck,

That drove as winds did blow it,

Silent had lest the shattered deck

To find a grave below it: won to wond!

Then land was cried, no more refigned, a soot I

He glow'd with joy to hear it; no a look

Not worse his fate his woe to find, and we not I

The wreck must bak e'er near it; to de to de worse

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AH! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd and
The temper of my mind, wish of the D

My heart by thee from mirth estrang's, fine D

Becomes like thee unkinds as belowed the
By fortune favour'd, clear in fame, fine D

I once ambitious was;
And friends I had that fann'd the slame, five D

And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse.

Yet vain their raunts on me:
Friends, fortune, lame itself I'd lose,

To gain one smile of thee.

Yet only thou should not despise,

My folly or my woe.

If I am mad in others eyes,

"Tis thou hast made me so.

But days like these with doubting curst,
I will not long endure,
Am I despis'd, I know the worst,
And also know my cure.
If false her vows, she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain,
For oh! that heart must break at once,

Which cannot hate again. For oh, &c.

THEN farewell my trim built wherry,
Oars and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.
Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battles heat I go,
Where expos'd to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then may hap as homeward fleering,
With the news my mess-mates come,
Even you the flory hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom.

To make the most of fleeting time,
Shou'd be our best endeavour,
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.
For love, &c.

A thousand charms around you play,

No girl more bright or clever,

Then let us both agree to day,

To-morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man,
I burn with love's high fever,
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you Chloe turn aside,
You frustrate my endeavour,
That face will fade, come down that pride,
Your time is now or never,

E're for yourself or me too late,
Say now you're mine for ever,
I may be snatch'd by care or fate,
My time is now or never.

WAFT to her ears, kind gentle breeze,
A haples lover's lay,
Tell her while she lays at ease,
I die, I die away.

This to her tender bosom hear, And tell her all my pain, And if a spark of pity's there, Oh! fan it to a slame.

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In a neighbourly way, with an honest man's fame Unoffending, I hope to succeed, I Attend if you please, if you're pleased with a name, Imprimis, let probity lead.

Becareful to keep on humility's fide, and and Nor ever lose gratitude's view;

Obey not the envy of pique nor of pride,

Nor piffer from merit its due.

Be affur'd that effeem is a noble effate,

Let not a fond smile make you proud;

Nor rail at men merely because they are great,

Be not dup'd by the roar of a croud.

Shun flattery's phrase, let not promise allure,
Nor dangle for dinners in taste;
Forget not old friends, tho' perhaps they are poor,
Nor make new acquaintance in haste.

Oh! fuffer not interest, friendship to wean, Accept not servility's treat, Nor filently witness iniquity's scene, But open at once on deceit.

Remember yourfelf, spare the shame of your friend Nor carry your wit to excess; With spirit the cause of the absent defend, And shrink not your arm from distress.

Oppress not the low, nor be high peoples slave, Nor ever despair or be vain: Howe'er inconsistent the world may behave, Mediocrity ever maintain

His views let ambition extend o'er the flate, Let avarice gluttonize wealth; No Nabobs I wish for, I wou'd not be great, I only ask humbly for Health.

low cheerful, in health, will my latter days pass, Unenvy'd, unenvying live; With the friends I have prov'd and my fav'rite lass And practife the precepts I give.

WHERE, where, dear maid, shouldst thou forcould unhappy Damon fly, [fake me,

To what other fair betake me,

Banish'd from thy love fraught eye;

In thy breast my bliss resides,

Woe in ev'ry place besides;

Where, where, dear maid, shouldst thou for sake

Could unhappy Damon fly;

Should I thence by scorn be driv'n,

For me remains no other Heav'n.

INITIALA, demanding the aid of my pen, all To tell what of her were the thoughts of the men, Insisted for once I would alter my tune, And write panegyricks as well as lampoon: With candour describing the woman I see, When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea. If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight, And beauty's an object engaging to sight; How kind is my fair-one, whose studies confess, Her aim is at nature's amendme t in dress! Tho' oft in the structure, mistaken the plan, She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man

When I hear her fweet voice in its natural key, Her good-humour'd prattle is mufick to me, Her kifs would foon make the dull hermit forego His cell and high views for that heaven below; But when for a trifle with anger grown bold, Her words are but discord, her kiffes are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind; Each fense's employment in woman we find, Unless affectation, that bane to the fair, Unsetters the heart they attempt to ensure; Let nature the science of pleasing direct; A charm ill display'd soon becomes a defect.

My fair has nature's charms alone, From ev'ry art she's free; Her dress bespeaks her inmost mind, 'Tis all simplicity.

Without disguise, she loves fincere, Nor will she change from me; She's constant, innocent, and true, And all simplicity.

10

Nor can I e'er ungrateful prove To one fo pure as fhe; For fure no charm can e'er compare With fweet fimplicity.

NEAR a meand'ring river's fide, A beautiful damsel I espied Her sparkling eyes and graceful mein, Made her appear like love's fair queen. Her sparkling eyes, Oc.

She fat beneath a rock juft by, No creature near the could deicry; To fcreen her from the fultry heat, She choie the fecret bleft retreat,

But, ah! what adamantine heart, Could then refuse love's pointed dart; I thought I heard the urchio fay, This is the time, make no delay.

Eager I flew, at his command, And took my charmer by the hand; The trembling fair was full of fear, And faid, " I hope no harm is near?"

I gently clasp'd her lovely waift, And I wore no mortal was more chafte; Her coral lips I foftly preft, And view'd her snowy throbbing breast.

The smiling god this scene survey'd, And pierc'd the kind, the blooming maid; With equal flame our hearts did burn, And love for love did each return.

Inot I.

NO scornful beauty e'er shall boast, She makes me love in vain; The man's a fool that once is cross'd, If e'er he loves again: To whine or pine I never can, Nor tell her I muft die; 'Tis fomething fo beneath a man. To do it, no, no; to do it, no, no; to do it no

The doating fwain with folding arms, May hope the live long day; A stranger I to love's alarms, Will laugh my time away : Of darts, of hearts if e'er he prate, Or heave a pensive figh; Must I bewail his woeful fate. Believe me no not I.

For me the fex their toils may fet, To catch the roving mind; I break through ev'ry cobweb net, Nor leave my heart behind: Their wiles and smiles at once may meet, And all their cunning try; Then must I languish at their feet? Excuse me, no not I.

A FEW Years in the days of my grannam, (A worthy good woman as ever broke bread) What lectures she gave, in the morning began 'em, Nor ceas'd till the laid herfelf down on her bed; She never declin'd what the once undertook,

But twifted, Perfifted. Now flatter'd, Now spatter'd,

And always succeeded, by Hook or by Crook.

Said she, Child, whatever your fate is hereafter, If married, if fingle, if old, or if yeang, In madness, in sadness, in tears, or in laughter,

But follow my maxims, you cannot do wrong; Each paffion, each temper I always could brook;

When scolded, I moulded, When heated. Retreated.

And manag'd my matters, by hook or by crook.

Ensnar'd by her councils, I ventur'd to marry, And fancy'd a wife, by my grandmother's rules, Might be taught like a spaniel to fetch and to carry, But foon I found out that we both had been fools Wiver

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Pray, a hat ere Some f In vain, I show'd madam the wonderful book; I coax'd her, I box'd her, But trulys Unruly. Wives cannot be govern'd by hook or by crook, 378 WOULD you a female heart inspire With tender passion, warm defire, Employ each foothing art: The god of love all force difdains He only leads, in pleasing chains, The kind confenting heart. - 379 -OF all the various states of life, at an all Sure wedlock if the beff, For in a faithful loving wife, to an A man is furely bleft. Of all the joys this world can give, All kinds of earthly blifs, There's none can equal, as I live, The matrimonial kifs, and ingers could How fweetly glides the time away, When fitting by his wife, The happy spouse with joy can say, Come kiss me my dear life, Tho' worldly eares perplex and gall, And threaten rude alarms, The married man forgets them all, When in his wife's dear arms. Not Hybla's fam'd poetic grove, With all it's fabl'd fweets, an equal those of wedded love, Betwixt the lawful sheets. low joyous is the happy dad, How fwells his heart with glee, then little Poll, or Sall, or Ned, He dandles on his knee! and now to pay me for my long,

ON Etrick banks, in a fummer's night; sale maws At glowming when the sheep drave hame, I met my lasse, braw and tight, Came wading, barefoot, a'her lane: My heart grew light, I ran, I flang My arms about het lily neck, And kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang; My words they were na mony feck. I faid my laffe, will ye go and auchout you amount To the highland hills, the Earle to learned ball 'Il baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe, so old dad isn't When ye come to the brig of Earn, 2 11 2000 11 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash, And herrings at the Broomy Law; Chear up your heart, my bony lass, There's gear to win we ne'er faw, All day when we have wrought enough, ? ? ..... When winter, frofts, and fnew begin; and I il Soon as the fun gaes well the lock best ont say but At night when you lit down to fpin, and mad w I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring : And thus the weary night we'll end, Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring Our pleasant fummer back again. Syne when the trees are in their bloom. And gowans glent o'er ilka field. I'll meet my lafs among the broom, And lead you to my summer shield. Then far frae a' their scornful din. That make the kindly heart their sport: W'll laugh and kiss, and dance and fing. And gar the langest day feem short OFT had I laugh'd at female pow'r, And flighted Venus' chain, Then chearful fped each fleeting hour, Unknown to eating pain: By stoic rules severely taught To fcorn bright beauty's charms, Sage wisdom sway'd each rising thought, And woo'd me to her arms. Till

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Pray, all your wishes join,

hat ere the time be very tong, Some sweet girl may be mines Till Sylvia, heavenly Sylvia, came, Sweet pleasure play'd around; Her lucid eyes that forth a flame. That hardest hearts would wound. O charmer, cease that ardent gaze, Nor rob me of my rest! Such lightning from those eyelids plays, It burns my tortur'd breast.

Deluded swains, who, vainly proud, Assume gay freedom's air,
And boastful scorn the prostrate crowd That sigh before the fair!

If once fair Sylvia you should meet, And view her heavinly mein;
To love converted, at her feet, You'll hug the pleasing chain.

Pious Selinda goes to pray'rs,
If I but alk the favour:
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When the believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint, Or else had hopes to win her; Wou'd she could make of me a saint, Or I of her a sinner.

PHILLIS, I pray, what did I fay?
That I did not adore you?
I durft not fue, as others do,
Or talk of love before you.

Should I make known my flame, you'd frown,
No tears could e'er appeale you;
'Tis better I should filent die,
Than talk for to displease you.

SINCE Emma caught my roving eye,
Since Emma fix'd my wav'ring heart,
I long to smile, I scorn to figh,
But nature triumphs over art.
If such the haples moments prove,
Ah! who would give his heart to love?

If frowns and fighs, and cold difdain,
Be meet return for love like mine;
If cruel Emma fcoffs my pain,
And archly wonders why I pine.
If fuch, &c.
But should the lovely girl relent;
Oh!—when I wish, and figh, and vow.

Should the with bluther smile consent,
And heart for heart, well pleas'd, bestow;
Should such the blissful moments prove,
Who would not give his heart to love?

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SHALL I, like an hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her treffes angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And, with a little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize As her hairs, or precious eyes; If she lay them out to take Kisses for good-manners sake; And let every lover skip From her hand unto her lip; If she seem not chaste to me, What care I how chaste be?

No; she must be perfect snow, In effect as well as show, Warming but as snow-balls do, Not like sire, by burning too: Neat i Full o Pro Happy In you Morni And

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Happy's Warn Never n Love'

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But when the by change hath got
To her heart a fecond lot;
Then, if others thare with me,
Farewel her, whate'er the be.

WHEN you meet a lovely creature,
Neat in limb and fair in feature,
Full of kindness and good-nature;
Prove as kind again to she.
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom warm and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be as fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
Should you act the whining coward,
"Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.
Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
Then agog when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

WHILST I gaze on Chloe, trembling,
Straight her eyes my fate declare;
When the smiles, I fear distembling,
When the frowns, I then despair.
Jealous of some rival lover,

It a wandering look the gives;
Fain I would refolve to leave her,
But can fooner ceafe to live.

Why should I conceal my passion, Or the torments I endure? "Il disclose my inclination; Aweful distance yields no cure.

Sure it is not in her nature,
To be cruel to her flave;
She is too divine a creature,
To destroy what what she can save.

Happy's he whose inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat;
Never mounts to raging passion:
Love's a torment, if too greats

When the storm is once blown over, a vanished Soon the ocean quiet grows;
But a constant, faithful lover,
Seldom meets with true repose.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
When sky-larks tun'd their carrols sweet,
To hail the god of light and heat;
Pbilander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.
Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
She artfully had clos'd again:
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Pbæbus into Thetis' lap,
And near forgot that his design
Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone; Pbilander, charming youth, be gone I For this time, to your vows sincere, Make virtue, not your love, appear: No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes; (Forgive the simple fond disguise;) To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline, And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden sled,
Fair honour govern'd in it's stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one;
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She bles'd the day of Valentine.

WHAT various colours deck the bow
That casual streaks the sky!
What various tints of beauty glow
Beneath my Chioc's eye!
U 2

The

The happy mixture forms the grace
Which beauty calls her own,
And in the sky, or in the face,
It's radiance must be known,

Heav'n's pictor'd arch awhile outspread, Attracts the wond ring fight; But soon the casual gloom is fled,

Thus, lovely Chlor, tis with thee, Thy beauties now are gay;

Yet, ere thou read'if there lines, may flee,
And vanish far away.

Then let one moral be imprest To last till time shall fade:

The tints that glow within the breaft Immortalize the maid!

LONG time my heart had rov'd,
Inconfrant as the wind;
Each girl I faw, I fwore I lov'd,
Till one my heart confin'd,
Till one my heart confin'd.
The maid was blithe was young and fair,
From affectation free,
The maid was blithe, &c.

No imperfection did appear, While she look'd kind on me, No imperfection. &c.

When her my pain I told,
And all my grief confess'd,
The insolence of semale pride,
Fer cool disdain express'd,
Her cool disdain express'd,
The beauty I esteem'd before,
Appear'd desormity;

The beauty, &c.

Each charm I thought a charm no more.

She was unkind to me. Each charm, &c.

Forbear, fond youth, no more, The fex's weakness fean; "Twas not inconfiancy or pride, But trial of the man,

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But trial, &c.

When time had proved my flame fincere,
She own'd the fame to me;
When time, &c.
Not love alone can win the fair,
But love and conflancy.

Not love, Ga

My passion, in vain, I attempt to diffemble,
T'endeavour to hide it but makes it appear,
Enraptur'd I gaze when I touch her I tremble fear
And speak to and hear her, with fault'ring and

By how many cruel ideas tormented?

My blo d's in a ferment, it freezes, it burns:

This moment I wish what the next is repented, While love, rage, and jealousy rack me by turns

NEAR the fide of a ftream there liv'd a young As beauteous as dam'el could be, main And when with the lasses she frolick'd and play'd No lambkin more blithsome than she, No lambkin more blithsome than she.

Her eyes were like sloes, and her bosom as white As snow-cover'd mountains are seen:

Each charm and each grove that could passion ex

Each charm and each grove that could passion ex Were found in fair Kate of the green, [cite Were found in fair Kate of the green.

Young Jockey, who pip'd on the neighb'ring plant
Oft tempted the fair one abroad,
And fill as he play'd her each ravishing strain,
A kifs was the shepherd's reward.

Then fighing he'd praise, in soft accents of love, Her delicate shape and her mien,

And swore that no power his passion could move,
His passion for Kate of the green.

The nymph oft had heard the deceits of the men, How cruel their love, and how base, And vow'd to her lover, again, and again.

No shepherd should work her disgrace:
She told him how Susan was left in the lurch,
How knavish young Colin had been,

Then talk'd of the wedding, the parson and church So prudent was Kate of the green.

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The fwain, who in filence, had heard all her vows, [ Well pleas'd with the prospect of bliss, In transport, protested he'd make her his spouse, And feal'd her confent with a kiss. To church with their neighbours together they hied So pleasing a fight scarce was teen, A bridegroom fo happy, so pleasing a bride, As Jockey and Kate of the green.

IN a vale, clos'd with woodbines, where grottoes Where rivulets murmur and echos refound, [abound, I vow'd to the muses, my time and my care, Since neither could win me the fmiles of my fair.

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As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I fung, And Dapbne's dear name never fell from my tongue; But if a smooth accent delighted my ear, I could wish, unawares, that my Dapone was near.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd, To drive from my heart the dear nymph I ador'd; But the more I with study my fancy refin'd, The deeper impression she made on my mind.

Ah! whilft I the beauties of nature pursue, Itill must my Daphne's fair image review; The graces have chosen with Dapbne to rove, And the muses are all in alliance with love.

LET rakes and libertines refign'd To fenfual pleasures range! Here all the fex's charms I find, And ne'er can cool or change. et vain coquets, and prindes conceal,

What most their bearts defire; With pride my passion I reveal. Oh! may it ne'er expire.

he fun shall cease to spread its light, The flars their orbits leave; nd fair creation fink in night, When I my dear deceive.

395 Y sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog, And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten,

Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case) Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath For fofter than filk and as fair as new milk [fmitten Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is; Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail, You'restrait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is, As black as the devil, as black as the devil, Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,

Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville. When dreft in your boddice, you trip like a goddefs, So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky;

A kisson your cheek 'tis so soft and so sleek [whisky. Would warm me like whilky, would warm me like

I grunt and I pine, and I fob like a swine, Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel, No rest I can take; and asleep or awake, I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your hate then give over; nor Dermot your lover So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle; Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,

Or fauff of a candle, or fauff of a candle.

My Dolly was the fairest thing, Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring; And if for fummer you would feek, 'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek; Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe, Of fruitful autumn was the type: But, when my tender tale I told, I found her heart was winter cold.

397 110W fweet in the woodland, with fleet houn dand To waken shrill echo, and taste the fresh morn horn But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue, For Dapbne, fair Dapbne is loft to my view.

Affift me, chafte Dian, the nymph to regain, More wild than the roebuck and wing'd with disdain In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as the flies, Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, tis Myrtillo who dies.

HASTE

HASTE, heav'nly nine! ye muses, haste!

At doating Strephon's call,

And bless him with your sweetest taste,

To sing of Nancy Wall.

Tho' in the faultless form you'll find The nameless graces all: Yet greater beauties deck the mind, Or lovely Nancy Wall.

How elegantly does fhe move
Along this my flic ball!
And all is grace, and all is love,
In blooming Nancy Wall.

Sublimely fweet, when'er the fings,
The melting accents fall,
And lift'ning Cupids clap their wings,
Applauding Nancy Wall.

A foul fo bright, a form fo fair, For adoration call;

And reason bids us worship there, And points to Nancy Wall.

Whilft thus divine, my fears how great,
My hope how very small!
If he alone is bleft by fate,
Who merits Nancy Wall.

HE, who a virgin's heart would win,
By fost approaches must begin;
Must gently sigh, must gently sigh,
And each endeav'ring are must try:
If Cupid's favour'd golden dart,
Should then transfix her yielding heart,
Each gentle look, each sympathy,
Shall echo back with sympathy.
Shall echo, &c.

But what avails a heart to gain, Unless the conquest we maintain; Implore we then the heavinly powers, How but to keep the conquest ours: Intil ! lift! what murmus here incline; "Tis Hymen! Mark the voice divineKnow, mortals, I alone can prove, The firong attractive charms to love.

FOR Phillis I figh, and hourly die,
Bu: not for a lip, or I languishing eye;
She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
For I am as false and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say,
And neither believing, we neither betray;
'Tis civil to swear and to say things of course,
We mean not the taking for better for worse;
When present we love, when absent agree,
I think not of Phillis, nor Phillis of me:
The legend of love no couple can find.
So easy to part, and so easily join'd.

F AIR Kate I lov'd but she unkind,
My humble suit would never mind
But treat me with severity;
Tho' oft my cry,
For you I die,
O love again for charity.

Dear Kate, I cry'd, your taunts forbear, A faithful paffion I declare, With honest truth and verity, Then with a figh,

Then with a figh,
Begg'd she'd comply,
Doing so much for charity.

But I to flock or flone might preach,
And liften full as well would each,
So great was the disparity:
Nor e'er wou'd she,
Once grant to me,
The smallest grain of charity.

Then fay ye fair, was this not hard,
That fate should play so smart a card, sit and
Where was such great disparity?
Enrag'd, says I,
I will not die,
I'll on myself have charity.

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Trust me, methinks I hear you say,
Much better die another day,
To die for love's a rarity!
Let this prevail,
You've heard my tale.
Then ladies judge with charity.

- 402 ---LY fwift ye minutes, hafte away; Ye minutes, each a tedious day, Glide on and waft me to my love, And when the's prefent, never move. Soon to my fair one's arms I'd fly. In that retreat all care defy, Save what to please her I employ, And fure that's far the sweetest joy. With her o'er flow'ry hills I'd ftray, With her chace down the fummer's day, And till night's shadows bid adieu, In dreams the former fun renew. The longest life, thus fpent, would feem, When'er 'twas past, so short a dream. Her image only could recall A fenfe that I had liv'd at all.

FOLLOW a shadow, still it slies you, Seem to fly, it will pursue,
So court a mistress, she denies you,
Let her alone, and she'll court you;
Let her alone, and she'll court you;
Let her alone, and she'll court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Stil'd but shadows of us men?
Say, Sc.

At morn; and ev'ning shades are longest,
At noon they're short, or none;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're unknown.
Say, Se.

COME hope, thou queen of endless smiles, whose aid the woes of life begulles;

Th

With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll reft, Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest. I feel! I feel thy gladsome ray!

I feel! I feel thy gladsome ray!

Dawn on my soul like rising day;

My heart no more shall feel its care,

For joyful hope inhabits there.

CAN lovely Delia fill perfift
To fly purfuing love,
To fly purfuing love?
Can fhe my paffion fill refift,
And always fcornful prove?
And always fcornful prove?

With fighs and tears I told my tale, And did it oft repeat; But fighs and tears will not avail, She all my hopes defeat.

Pity my fate, ye pow'rs above, Relax the fair one's heart, And grant that Delia may in love With Corydon bear a part.

No more, ye swains, no more upbraid, A youth, by love unhappy made; Your rural sports are all in vain, To soothe my care, or ease my pain. Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs, Can e'er redeem my happy hours; When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind, What pleasure can a lover find?

Yet, if again you wish to see
Your Damon still restor'd and free,
Go try to move the cruel fair,
And gain the scornful Celia's ear.
But, oh! forbear with too much art.
To touch that dear resentless heart,
Less rivals to my fears ye prove,
And jealousy succeed to love.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre;

Chloe feems inclin'd to rest;

Fill her soul with sond desire;

Sostest notes will sooth her breast.

Pleasing dreams assist in love;

Let them all propitious prove!

On the mossy bank she lies;
Nature's verdant, velvet bed;
Beauteous slowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyts wast their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

To ease his heart, and own his slame, Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came, But tho' she lik'd him passing weel, She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol, And prais'd her fingers, long and small, Unusual joy her heart did feel; But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd, To kiss her hand he down did kneel: But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise; He bies'd her neck, her lips, and eyes: Her fondness he could scarce conceal; Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

"Till bolder grown, so close he press'd, His wanton thought she quickly guess'd, Then push'd him from her rock and reel, And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last when she began to chide, He swore he meant her for his bride: "Twas then her love she did reveal, And stong away her spinning-wheel.

AT St. Offibe by the mill, There lives a lovely lass; Oh! had I her good will,
How gaily life would pass!
No bold intruding care
My bliss should e'er destroy.
Her smiles would gild despair,
And brighten ev'ry joy.

Like nature's rural scene,
Her artless beauties charm:
Likethem with joy screne,
Our wishing hearts they warm:
Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,
Steals every sense away;
The list ning swains around
Forget the short ning day.

Health, freedom, wealth and ease,
Without her tasteless are.
She gives them power to please,
And makes them worth our care;
Is there, ye fates, a bliss
Reserv'd my future share,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

THE patriot in the senate burns,
Harangues on ev'ry thing by turns;
Religion, liberty, and laws,
His much lov'd country's sacred cause laws

By place or pension well apply'd, The premier gains him on his side, His country's ardent love is o'er? The secred cause inflames no more.

Long did my heart secure defy
The shafts of many a brilliant eye;
And shill it's liberty could boast
At ease, while toast reign'd after toass.

Now, Hymen, if you wish to gain This heart, defended long in vain; My pension be Eliza's charms! My place, for life, her faithful arms! Fill A

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THE pleasures of a lady's smiles

How salse, and yet how sair!

In ev'ry charm there lies a dart,

In ev'ry glance a snare,

How they recal the youthful mind

From ev'ry glorious aim,

Fill the fost breast with racks and fears,

And blast the buds of fame!

Bound in the fetters of the fair, In vain we fire to move; Invain we form the great refole, When all the foul is love.

Yet, O bright angel, smile on me, Your beauties I adore; No other blifs I ask be ow; Nor can the skies give more.

TIS a maxim I hold, whilft I five to purfue, Not a thing to defer, which ro-day I can do: This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray, For while the fun thines is the time to make hay. Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove, In her ear gently pour the foft poison of love: With kiffes and preffes your rapture convey, For while the fun thines is the time to make hay. If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your plaint, Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint. Enforce your petition, and make no delay, for while the fun shines is the time to make hay. But should you the present occasion let pass, The world may with juffice proclaim you an afs: Then brickly arrack her, if longer you flay, The fun may not thine, and you cannot make hay.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour,
Which f te decrees our lives should know,
Else we should flight th' almighty power,
Wrap'd in the joys we find below:
Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let frowns be gone,
A long, long pennance I have done
For crimes, alas! to me unknows:

THE

In each foft hour of filent night
Your image in my dream appears;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithless, charming saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am, by you
Lov'd less for being true.

TELL me not I my time mispend,
Tis time lost to reprove me;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tell me not other's flocks are full,
Mine poor, let them despise thee
Who more abound in milk and wool,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others' easier ears with these Unappertaining stories; He never feels the world's disease, Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wifer art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine,

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit,
That feeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
And sing of Chloris' eyes.

VENUS, beauteous queen of love,
In whom the charms and graces blend;
Listen from th' Idalian grove;
O listen, and my suit befriend!

For, lo! the maid upon whose cheek
Thou deign'st the matchless charms to show'r,
The vermeil bloom, and dimple sleek,
Now desies thy am'rous pow'r.

Then bid the god of fost desires
Aim at her cruel breast a dart;
Bid him light there his tender fires,
Such fires as play found Strepbon's heart.

Yes,

Yes, let the nymph devoted burn,
Let her confess thy boundless reign,
That dares thy dove-like pow'r to spurn,
Thy pleasing yoke and flow'ry chain.

WHEN I awake with painful brow,
Ere the cock begins to crow;
Toffing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart and aching head;
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, taylors bills;
Flush and pam thrown up at loo:
When these forrows strike my view,

And to flop the gushing tear,
Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive evining comes, Rout:, ridottos, balls, and drums, Casinos here, festinos there, Mirth and pastime eviry where; Seated by a sprightly lass, Smiling with the smiling glass: When these pleasures are my lot, Taylors, bailiss, all forgot,

Careless then, what may befal, Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news,
Dismai tales of plunder'd houses,
Wanton wives and cuckoid spouses;
When I read of money lent
At fixteen and half per cent,

But if e're the mussin's gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
Waiting in a chaise and four,"
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper down the stairs,

 Never more cry oh ! oh ! la ! But join with me in ha ! ha ! ha !

HER hair is like a golden clew,
Drawn from Minerwa's loom;
Her lips carnations drooping dew,
Her breath is a perfume.

Her brow is like the mountain snow, Gilt by the morning beam; Her cheeks like living roses glow, Her eyes like azure stream.

Adieu! my friend, be me forgot, And from thy mind defac'd; But may that happiness be thine, Which I can never taste.

CONSIDER, fair Sylvia, ere wedlock you choose That nothing but death can the bondage unloose; As fancy directs you may now sport and play, And class a new lover with ev'ry new day; But then one alone all your beauty obtains, And who'd give their freedom to rattle in chains?

And who'd give, &c.

Six months I have lov'd 'tis too foon to believe In man, so precarious and prone to deceive; First judge well my temper, my humour, and parts. For joining of hands often separates hearts; And would you so soon be the joke of the plains? 'Tis madmen alone can be happy in chains, 'Tis madmen, &c.

All Colin is worth, shall, sweet Sylvia, be thine, My lambkins, my cottage, my kids, and my kine, But if you reject a proposal so kind, In troth we must wait till we're both of a mind, And when I perceive no objection remains, I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my chains.

I'll marry, &c.

TELL me when, inconftant rover,
When my nightly plaints shall cease;
When shall I, your follies over,
Welcome love, and joy, and peace?

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Longest nights of dark December, Still return of morning bring; Leafeiels boughs exclaim-remember. We shall bloom again in spring. Tell me when, &c. Tho' the feaman's weeping dear the to flot and H Views eaft winds waft him o'er the main; Hope shall brighten in the tear, 110 th and hand The west may waft him back again. add dos ad Tell me when, Sahnet ake to hisq bal My Jeany and I have toil'd made and Julia The live-long fummer's day, if the anticer of the Till we were almost spoil'd, work as a sell and At making of the hay, and all the seasons Her kerchy was of Holland clear, il Tied to her bonny brow; a music grise total ? hoose whisper'd something in her ear; damed cared area But what is that to you? Her stockings were of kersey green, man and and And tight as ony filk ; al to the days and be ains? O, fic a leg was never feen! Her ikin was white as milks Her hair was black as ane could with. And fweet, fweet was her mou! Ah! Jeany daintily can kis; parti. But what is that to you? ains? he rofy and lily baith combine To make my Feany fair: There is nae benison like mine, I have amaift nae care. ut when another fwain, my fair, kine, Shall fay, you're fair to view: et Jeany whisper in his ear, " Pray what is that to you?" WAS not Belinda's face, tho' fair, ler arched brow, or auburn hair, Her fweetly graceful mien; or yet her cheeks eternal glow, hat first disturb'd my rest-ah I no, 'Twas fomething that's unfeen. Longe

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The sweets her fairy form that deck, The grace that moulds her taper neck, Her bosom foft and theen, ass I ged yen iset ! That proudly mocks December's fnow, and the Not all my heart could win ah! no ; I dahad do I die for what's unfeem show acob t man ned !! You tell me, and you tell me true, Her scarlet lip, her eyes of blue, The velvet of the fkin : 13de dest out togro The force of thefe full well know and affair hood But thefe difturb not messalle ino sagran a laim al I figh for what's unfeerent li vor side not hi ha A What tho' her charms are heavenly bright, The endless fource of sweet delight, The envy of a queen ; w bas so YH VV The vulgar fee them and adore, My bosom bleeds for something more, The fomething that's unfeen. 'Tis that, whose peerless mystick charms Give me a thousand fond alarms, And pleases all mankind; Whose beams divine would gild a court, Give folendour to a crown-in fhort That something is -her mind, --- 422 -WITH Phillis I fought out the woodbine alcove, And press'd the dear maid to my breaft; I spoke in her ear half the tale of my love, And I bid her imagine the reft. Lord, Sir! (faid the damfel, and blufhing the spoke,) I know not what 'tis you would fay: I am told that you men with us virgins will joke; Are you now, or in earnest, or play? In earnest, my dear, (I with rapture replied;) Your blifs shall I feek throughout life : Permit me to-morrow to call you my bride, And you'll fee, how I'll boaft of my wife, The damfel confented, the bargain was made! Our life is the picture of love; And I fill blefs the moment I got the dear maid To confent in the woodbine alcove, WHEN

WHEN Molly imites beneath her cow, I feel my hear I can't tell how; When Molly is on Sunday dreft, On Sunday I can take no reft.
What can I do on working-days? I leave my work on her to gaze.
What shall I say? at sermons I Forget the text, when Molly's by.

Good master curate, teach me how To mind your preaching and my plough; And if for this you'll raise a spell, A good fat goose shall thank you well.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know?
Rand m chance, or wilful fare,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

'Tis madness all in me to grieve; Since her will is not her own, in Why should I uncasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,

Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,

Ask not me the reason why,

Seek the ridd'e in the skes.

With Phæbus I often arole,
To feast on the charms of the spring,
The fragrance to smell of the rose,
Or listen to hear the birds sing :
When linnets exalted their strains,
The music enchanted my ear;
My eyes too were blesed on the plains,
With various sweet blooms of the year.

When Chloe shone smiling so gay,

I there fix'd the scene of delight;

My thoughts the engross'd all the day,

I saw her in dreams all the night:

Still musing on Chibe I walk'd,

My harvest no more in my thought:

No longer the warblers could please;
No longer the warblers could please;
No longer the roses look'd gay;
For music, and sweetness; and ease,
Were lost, if my love was away;
I tun'd to her beauties my lays,
I shudy'd each art that could move;
She took the kind tribute of praise,
And paid it with fondaess and love.

W HILE her charms my thoughts employ.
All is rapture, all is joy;
When the speaks, how sweet to hear;
Modest, graceful, and sincere;
In her lovely shape and face,
Center ev'ry charm and grace;
Sure never nymph was half so fair.
Not the idle, giddy, vain,
Nor the wanton flirting train,
Did my cautious heart ensare?
Not their artful subtile wiles.

With Phabe, wherever I go;
The gay ones thus fing of my love:
On her cheek what a delicate glow!
Hark! she speaks like a feraph above.

Nor their foft deluding fmiles.

See her eyes how delightful they feem!

Brighter far than the brightest of spars!

When they deign on poor mortals to beam;

Fore heaven they rival the stars!

The red coral imported from far,
The rich balfam the honey-bee fips,
It were folly for us to compare
To the colour and tafte of her lips!

That she merits these praises, I own;
That her form is compleatly design'd,
Will, I think, be resuted by none;
But she wants the rare gifts of the mind. Wha

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What are eyes, lips, or cheeks, or a mien!
What is all that the schools can impart!
What's the finest complexion e'er seen!
If the graces are not in the heart!

Lovely Pbæbe, henceforward be wife,
Ah! pr'ythee coquette it no more,
Or your shepherd will surely despise,
Tho' the fops of the town may adore.

I Have rambled, I own it, whole years up & down, And figh'd o'er each beautiful nymph of the town; Such fancies have plagu'd me, that oft in my life I've been ready to ftart at the name of a wife.

But asham'd of my fears that have oft broke my rest, And wearied with roving, both cloy'd and unblest; I'll try to be happy the rest of my life, And venture, tho' late, yet at last on a wife.

Then farewel the jilt, and the foolish, and bold, I quit you with pleasure before I grow old; One girl of my heart I will take to for life, And enough, of all conscience, I hold, is one wise.

I'll fearch the town over this fair-one to find, Nor fickle, nor jealous, nor vain, nor unkind; Whose wit and good humour may hold out for life; And then, if she'll have me, I'll make her my wise.

'Tis time that the follies of life had an end, And foon, nay this instant, I'm ready to mend: What wonder there'll be at so alter'd a life! If you're wise, you, like me, will resolve on a wise.

If pure the fprings of the fountain,
As purely the river will flow,
If noxious the stream from the mountain,
It poisons the valley below:
So of vice, or of virtue possess,
The throne makes the nation,
Thro' ev'ry gradation,
Or wretched, or bleft.

IN vain I feek to calm to rest
What The heart that flutters in my breast!

I feel my foul with fears oppress'd,
Yet know not whence they flow:
How anxious is the lover's fate!
Ten thousand doubts perplex his state:
Fond hopes of future bliss create
But certain present woe.

IN tuneful numbers let me tell
The inward joys I find,
Now, freed from care, I know full well
My lov'd Prudentia's kind!

Her charms, nor less her virtue, shew Each beauty of the mind; And few among the sex I know, possess a heart so kind.

Bate adulation's fawning fons,

The drofs of all mankind,

While in her thoughts differement runs,

Will never find her kind.

Once, happy, in a bleft abode,
With her, and fuch, confign'd,
On fancy's pleafing wings I rode,
And found my charmer kind.

Can fordid wealth or grandeur bring
Those pleasures of the mind,
Which flow from that delightful spring,
A fair-one true and kind?

In friendship's social band, 'tis true,
A fund of joys I find;
But what are such, when plac'd in view,
To those of pobler kind!

IF wine and music have the pow'r
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phabus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my Chloe's absence light,
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.
X

But the to-morrow will return;

Venus, be thou to-morrow great,

Thy myrtles firew, thy odours burn,

And meet thy fav'rite nymph in flate.

Kind goddefs, to no other pow'rs

Let us to-morrow's bleffings own;

The darling loves shall guide the hours,

And all the day be thine alone.

In Lincoln Fields there lives a lass,
Who for a beauty fain would pass,
And once I thought her so, alas!
But now the case is alter'd;
For she to me has prov'd unkind,
Her vows were nothing more than wind
And now, ye gods! no charms I find
In pretty Betsy Norton.

A lady's maid, oh! she would be,
To make her lady's slops and tea,
Or else to dress her rough toupee,
With all the skill she can, Sir:
Now John the footman, is her swain,
And him she never will give pain;
Yet me she treats with cold distain;
Ah! cruel Betsy Norton.

Though oft together we have firay'd, And many times have toy'd and play'd; But, oh! thou false, deceiving maid,

To love, and then to flight me! Was ever such a trick as this,
To rob me of such heavinly bliss,
That I experienced from each kiss
Of the sweet Betsy Norton.

But now, my dearest girl, farewel, No more my tender tale l'Il tell, But where you go I wish you well, My little dainty doxey.

May you enjoy content of mind, And ev'ry other bleffing find; But fince you are to me unkind, Adieu, sweet Betsy Norton. I See it, Mira, know it well,
That love has reach'd your heart;
For what your tongue denies to tell,
Your willing eyes impart.
When Damon wrestles on the green,
Your looks your passion prove,
For in your eyes is plainly seen

The partial joy of love.

When Sukey gave her lily band
To Damon of the vale,
Say, could you then your fears command?
Did not your cneeks turn pale?
Cease then, dear maid, to teize the youth,
But plainly own your flame;
For love confifts of honest truth,
And will itself proclaim.

LOVELY maid, now cease to languish, Yield not thus thy mind to woe; Look behind the clouds of anguish, Chearing beams of comfort glow.

Let enliv'ning Hope elate thee,
Hope that points to fairer skies;
Think the transent ills that wait thee,
Are but bleffings in disguise

Be not by diffress dejected; Shrink not from affliction's hand: Falsehood is from truth detected By the kind enchantress wand.

Sage instructress, she shall train thee; Steady virtue teach thy heart; Sharp, but short-liv'd pains, await thee; Endless blessings to impart

LOVE's a pleasing noble passion, Kindly sent us from above, And tho' growing out of fashion, What can equal arties love? What I lik Diffice Nou When

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What the moderns difregard it,
I like them will never prove:
Difficulation!—I difcard it;
Nought can please like artless love.

When a lover fues for favour,
And with oaths would pity move,
Iruft not, Delia, fuch behaviour,
'Tis devoid of artless love.

Tis defign'd but to deceive you,
When he fwears to pow'rs above;
If your peace he would bereave you,
Think not, then, 'tis artlefs love.

When a lover mildly proffers
You his hand—h.s truth to prove,
Then, you may accept his offers,
For they come from artless love.

What on earth can give fuch pleafure!
What so foon our cares remove!
What can be so great a treasure
As sincere and arriess love!

OVELY nymph! oh, cease to grieve me; Cease to wound my tender heart; ryour frowns—you may believe me— Prove the cause of all my smart.

ign! O Sylvia, to reward me; With compaffion view your fwain; not cruelly difcard me; Quickly eafe me of my pain.

old you, Sylvia, would you render Your adorer greatly bleft; his heart accept the tender, Then you'll fee his tortur'd breaft.

ET coxcombs boaft of painted belles, Whose cheeks with roses vie; eir pleasing bloom will soon be o'er, Will wither, pine, and die.

, ere that roly feafon's gone, or we time's patience try; Ye powers divine, a lover hear, He sues for Betsey Guy.

To win this fair, this fav'rice maid,
I'll each endearment try:
Say, will a faithful heart enchant
My lovely Betsey Guy.

As oft with her I cross the mead, See, see! (the virgins cry) How happy youthful Collin seems, Since best with Betsey Guy.

The shepherds all admire the maid,
The nymphs to please her try;
Ask for the pride of Chelmer's banks,
They point to Betsey Guy.

Matilda's Polydore was bleft;
Yet not so bleft as I,
When walking round you flow'ry mead
With pretty Betsey Guy.

Let kings enjoy that pomp and flate For which vain mortals figh; Content I'd in a defert live

With charming Betsey Guy. No other blise on earth 1 ask,

With her I'd live and die; Ye gods! take all your favours back, Or give me Betsey Guy.

WHEN first Vanessa's blooming face Supriz'd my dazzled fight; I wish'd, I figh'd, view'd ev'ry grace With wonder and delight.

In fuch an heav'nly form, I cry'd,
Sure all perfections meet!

I thought her constant, free from pride,
Fair, virtuous, and discreet.

But foon my judgment false I find,
Pride swell'd her scornful breast;
Say, was she constant?—as the wind:
But was she not the rest?

X. 2

Can godlike virtue be her guide,
Who turns with every wind?
Or can discretion reign, where pride
Unbounded sways the mind?

Can she lay claim to beauty's pow'r,
Whose face is all her boast?
Alas! Vanessa is no more:
As soon as found she's lost.

Ixion thus his arms had cast Around his seeting fair; His fancy'd June prov'd, at last, Delusive, empty air.

WHEN the dear cause of all my pain
Is absent from my sight,
Music, and books, and friends, in vain
Attempt to give delight.

So, tho' a thousand stars by night Heav'n's canopy adorn, If the fair moon's superior light Be wanting, still we mourn.

WHY fleeps my foul! My love, arife!
Heav'n now wakes with all its eyes;
All nature's up to gaze on you,
Her fole delight and glory too:
Awake to hear thy lover's lay;
Arife, my fair, and come away.

The filent moon full-orb'd now reigns, And filver shews the hills and plains, That tragrant yield their rich perfume; Conspiring, all invite to come; Then why, my love, is this delay! Arise, my fair, and come away.

The flowers fend forth their choicest sweets, No sun disturbs with sultry heats; These, alone, are hours to prove All the joys of peace and love. No longer, then, my bliss delay; But rise, my fair, and come away. For, Nancy, when thou are not near, In vain do all these sweets appear;

No powerful charms can they impart, To please the sense, or ease my heart: In pity, then, no longer stay; But rise, my fair, and come away.

THE happy moments now are near, When Delia promis'd to be here; Calm stilness rules, no zephyrs move, The hour is soft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's music, 'tis her voice,
'Tis Delia sings—ye birds rejoice:
Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest Delia sings of love.

Come, let the fost enchanting scene, These many walks for ever green; Let this light excluding grove Incline my fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r;
O come then, this is Hymen's hour:
If Delia does my claim approve,
This is the hour for joy and love.

THO', Flavia, to my warm defire
You mean no kind return;
Yet still with undiminish'd fire,
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my anguish to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever slight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,
So, gentle nymph, adieu;
Since you no pleasure have for me.
I'll have no pain for you.

F Arewell all the joys which of late I poffest [blest When with Sylvia's bright presence and fight I was How swift fled the hours, undisturbed with care, No fears durst intrude, when along with my fair.

Her cheeks were like roses, her shape like the pin Her person and action were surely divine; T To h Tho How Ab,

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On G Before The n To her person alone were not graces confin'd, Tho' lovely her body, more charming her mind. How short-liv'd is beauty! how frail is our state! Ah, who can foresee the intentions of fate! The roses are wither'd, insipid they lie! Ah, who can be safe, when such beauty must die! Possessing her, life would have been worth my care, But now 'tis a burden 4 scarcely can bear: A dungeon would please me, possessing my fair; In a palace unhappy, if absent from her.

By her looks I was chear'd, and with eager delight Could gaze at her beauty, from morning til night, But since fate was cruel enough to deprive

My life of its comfort, why should I survive? I HE last time I came o'er the moore to and I left my love behind me; Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure, AMMI OO When fost ideas mind me! Soon as the ruddy morn display'd on new set The beaming day enfuing, it is displayed I met betimes my lovely maid In fit retreat for wooling, and reduced I want Beneath the cooling shade we lay stoom Gazing and chaftly sporting, and land We kifs'd and promis'd time away, 'Till night spread her black curtain. I pitied all beneath the kies, Ev'n kings when the was nigh me, In raptures I beheld her eyes, Which could but ill deny me. In all my foul there's not one place To let a fival enter ; Since the excels in every grace, In her my Tove shall center; Sooner the feas shall cease to flow, Their waves the A'ps shall cover, On Greenland ice shall roses grow, Before I ceafe to lover her. The next time I go o'er the moor,

She shall a lover find me,

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And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me;
Then Hymen's facred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THINK, my faireft, how delay,
Danger every moment brings,
Time flies swift, and will away,
Time that's ever on the wing;
Doubting and suspence at best,
Lovers late repentance cost,
Let us, eager to be blest,
Scize occasion ere 'tis lost.

TIS woman that seduces all mankind,

By her we first were taught the wheedling arts,
Her very eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts.
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
For suits of love, like law are won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

BEHOLD my love the rofy morn With ruffet mantle fpread,
Again the infant tendrils shoot
On ev'ry lawn and mead.

In ev'ry thrub wife nature view, Her various laws display'd, See daifies, cowflips, violets too In diff'rent fuits array'd.

What hoary winter once had cropp'd,
And chill'd with nipping cold,
Sol's influence revives again
With rays of burnish'd gold.
The early lark that hails the morn,
See lofty tow'ring flies,
Hark how he tunes his throat to love,
And rends the vaulted skies,

Th:

The shepherd with his sleecy care, With wanton kidlings play, Then froaks his dog-poor fellow cries, And pars the head of Tray; Poor Tray is pleas'd and wags his tail He knows no other pride, Then watch his master while he sleeps, Or taddle by his fide.

And imitate the riblis ; To prove my vows and truth fincere, I'll feal them with a kifs. Then bles'd with Silvia shall I prove. Each wish, each ardent figh, And fpring will twenty times appear, More fweet, if the comply.

Let us embrace thefe fulvan fcenes

BEHOLD, from many a hoffile shore, And all the dangers of the main, Where billows mount, and tempefts roar, Your faithful Tom's return'd again; Returns, and with him brings a heart, That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles paft, How fweet to tread our native foil, With conquest to return at last, And deck our sweethearts with the spoil! No one to beauty should pretend, But fuch as dare its rights defend.

-- 450 -AND has the then fail'd in her faith.? The beautiful maid I adore! Shall I never again hear her voice, Nor fee her lov'd form any more. Ah Selima, c'uel you prove, Yet fure my hard fate you'll bewail; I could not prefume you would love, Yet pity I hop'd might prevail.

A moment my forrows fubfide, Revenge fialks along in my fight; Drezd spectre! how couldit thou intrude, Begone to the realms of black night.

Since hatred alone I inspire, Life henceforth is not worth my care; 19.101 Death now is my only defire, I give myfelf up to despair. at b vil troth wall CHLORIS, yourfelf you fo excel, w on a serion When you wouchfafe to breathe my thought, That, like a spirit, with this spell Of my own teaching, I am caught. The eagle's fate and mine are one, and answer Which on the shaft that made him die, sign and Efpy'd a feather of his own. y her looks I was Wherewith he us'd to foar fo high. Had echo, with fo fweet a grace, was stated Narciffus loud complaints return'd ; Not for reflection of his face, -

an Acadami you not I CORINNA coff me many a pray twee wood at Ere I her heart could gain, sabi not nad W But the ten thousand more thould hear it as noce To take that heart again, and galassed shi?"

But of his voice, the boy had buen'd.

Despair I thought the greatest curse, But to my cost I find Corinna's constancy fill worse, allow and in sange Most cruel when too kind, dedo one gries?

How blindly then does Cupid carve, and a slid aW How ill divide the joy; Who does at first his lovers starve, and to va And then with pleaty clay! n raptures I behe

Which could be \$54cm m UPID, inftruct an amorous fwain Some way to tell the nymph his pain, To common youths unknown; To talk of fighs, and flames, and darte, Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts, Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'ft thou tell ! (the god reply'd) That love the shepherd cannot hide and I stolest The nymph will quickly find;

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When Phaebus does his beams display. To tell men gravely that 'tis day, Is to suppose them blind,

454 CHLOE brifk and gay appears, On purpole to invite; adr. diagnas & Land des Yet, when I press her, she, in tears, Denies her sole delight.

Whilft Celia, feeming thy and coy, To all her favours grants; And fecretly receives that joy, Which others think the wants.

I would, but fear I never shall, With either fair agree; and bald war and aver For Celia will be kind to all, But Chloe won't to me.

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And Data ere tong in 1855 CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her, Yet she's vex'd if I give over; Much the fears I thould undo her, But much more to lofe her lover. Thus in doubting the refutes, And not winning, thus the lofes:

Prythee, Cynthia, look behind you, Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you, had book Then, too late, defire will find you. When the power does forfake you. Think, oh ! think, the fad condition, To be pall, yet wish fruition, lines . And the MO

446 -----BURST clouds and tempefts roar, Ye rains in torrents pour, To quench this raging flame, Let awful thunder roll. And dreadful Boreas howl, When I repeat her name.

May Sol forget to rife. Nor visit more the skies. Till I Lucinda find: In vain shall I implore Kind heav'n to restore. My love her peaceful mind.

14 che who the world !!A Y OUNG Arabella, mam i's care, And ripe to be a bride it or soin on svall Had charms a monarch might enfnate. 113 But beauty mixt with pride. And ftill to blaft that happinels, Her pride each lover cool'd; The number of her flaves was lefs, And less the tyrant rul'd. Her fifter Charlotte, tho' not blefs'dyn der UO X With beauty's potent feell, beautioned and I The virtues of the mind posses d. And bore away the belle : and and some to t Knighte, Earls, and Dukes, like fummer-flies, word Around the maiden flew and bas out of shall W They press'd to tell ten thousand lies, most so As men are apt to do a secretar admin no I Fond Celadon address d the fair, the of the Refolved no time to lofe go a wall and ground A youth with fuch a shape and air, a second of What female could refufes ! ad af a woods bo A. Like all the roft, he own'd his flame, good !! ! His artless flame alone; The bluffing maid confest the fame, The priest foon made them one. Poor Arabella vex'd to find Her fifter made a wife. Pretends to rail at all mankind, And praise a fingle life. Ye virgins, Charlotte's plan pursue, Shun Arabella's fate, Accept the man that's worthy you, Before it is too late. To the lyrift's call repair,

PHOEBUS, meaner themes disdaining, And the strings to rapture straining, Come and praise the British fair.

Chiefs throughout the land victorious, Born to conquer and to spare, Were not gallant, were not glorious, Till commanded by the fair.

All the works of worth or merit, Which the fons of art prepare, Have no pleasure, life, or spirit, But as borrow'd from the fair.

Reason is as weak as passion,

But if you for truth declare,

Worth and manhood are the fashion,

Favour'd by the British fair.

I remember the time when my Chloe was known, Superior to most, and infesior to none. Beauty like flowers on a hot summer's day, No sooner in bloom but it falls to decay: And though she be false, while to me its unknown, I'll keep, kiss, and love her, for what she has done.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you feen my Anna?

Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home fortook,
Near you missy mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain,

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown;
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me, perhaps the's gone,
For ever, and for ever.

WHAT is Chloe to me, or Lydia the fair?
Their beauties with thine, I cannot compare;

What's Lydia's clear Ikin, or Chloe's bright eyes? When Delia is near, their charms I despise. You fay I'm inconflant, and fain would perswade, I profess the fame passion to ey'ry maid; The fault is your own, would you leave your referre Each fair I'd relinguish, thy love to deserve. T'other day, now for instance, you vow'd in the grove You'd meet your fond shepherd, and lift to his love; My passions wound high, your promise you fail'd, Chance brought the young Chine, & Chiloe prevail'd. Last Thursday at wake, you declar don the green, You'd dance with your shepherd, as soon as 'twas But before I arriv'd, you chose to depart, a fe'en; I gave Lydia my hand, but thou hadit my heart. But Delia is haughry, and Delia is coy, And Delia ere long, my flame will deffroy; Then confider ye fair, while love ye deride, The flaves you enfoare, may be freed by your pride W HO upon the oozy beach, Can count the num rous fands that lie Or diffinctly reckon each of and and die Transparent orb that that fluds the fky? As their multitude betray, And frustrate all attempts to tell; wo be and So 'tis impossible to fay, How much I love, I love fo well.

ON thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the fold To Chloe's sweet accents attentive fat mute; [fluts, I o her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow Or return'd dying measures in echoes again; [flrain, Little Cupid beat time, and the graces around Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.]

From my Chloe remov'd, when I bid it complain.
Or warble smooth numbers to sooth love-fick pain,
How much alter'd it seems, as the rising notes flow.
Or the soft falling strains, how inspidly stow!
I will play them no more—for 'tis her her voice alone
Must enrapture my soul to enliven its sone,

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- 464 -WAS ever poor fellow fo plagu'd with a vixen? lawns Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I fay ou've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks So pack up your alls and be trudging away : [on, You'd better be quiet, And not breed a riot ; blood must I stand prating with you here all day? I've got other matters to mind; May hap you may think me an als; But to the contrary you'll find:

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-- 465 -WHILST other men fing of their goddeffes bright, Who darken the day, and enliven the night: fing of a woman, but fuch flesh and blood!

A fine piece of wook by the mass!

One touch of her finger would do your heart good. full ten times a day to her chamber I come loteil her my paffion, but can't, I'm ftruck domb; h, faith, I'm struck dumb with love and surprize, andmy tongue falls affeep at the fight of her eyes.

ler little dog Pompey's my rival I fee, he smiles upon him though the frowns upon me; In! then my dear Charlotte abufe not your charms, lut instead of your lap-dog, take me to your arms.

- 466 -WHILE the bee flies from bloffom to bloffom, and And my Jeffy looks buxom and gay; et me hang on her neck, and tafte from her lips, All the sweets of an April day.

he shepherd his flock, the rustic his plough, The farmer with joy views his hay, and feffy, my charmer, when milking her cow, Sings the sweets of an April day.

ike fnow-drops with innocent sweetness array'd, As blithsome and chearful as May. My Jeffy, the pride of all the gay mead, Sing the fweet of an April day.

emember, dear Jeffy, and use well your pow'r, Your rose-buds then pluck while you may; nd guiltless enjoy all the sweets of this hour, For youth's but an April day.

WHAT exquisite pleasure! This fweet treasure From me they shall never Sever; In thee, in thee, My charmer I fee: I'll figh, and carefs thee, I'll kiss thee, and press thee, down and a lit Thus, thus, to my bofom, for ever and ever-

WHEN Placinda's beauties appear, How enchanting then is her air ! Such a fine shape and fize, Such lips, teeth, and eyes! So many pointed darts who can bear! Then her temper, so good, and so sweet; Such her carriage and elegant wit; Whate'er she does or fays We all in transports gaze,

But to cut off all hopes of retreat, There's Eliza to captivate; The mighty Hercules With two fuch foes as these

Like young fquires in the opera pit.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair First caught my ravish'd fight, Pleas'd with her shape and air, I felt a strange delight; Whilst eagerly I gaz'd, and a said a said Admiring ev'ry part,

And ev'ry feature prais'd, 19 She ftole into my heart. for it is dome addited.

In her bewitching eyes bei aligned beirel all about Ten thousand loves appear y land and hest and ad T There Cupid basking her, dred cost want tel an A His thafts are hoarded there, the box souds at aid?

age to Saver hatte away.

Must have look'd for a total defeat.

Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love;
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breaft
Of that too-charming maid
Rife, fuing to be prest?

Venus round Fanny's waift,
Has her own Ceffus bound,
There guardian Cupids grace,
And dance the circle round.
How happy must be be
Who shall her zone unlose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heaven and she refuse!

OME thou rofy dimpled boy, Source of every heart-felt joy; Leave the blifsful bow'rs awhile, Paphos, and the Cyprian ille; Visit Britain's rocky shore, Britons, too, thy pow'r adore; Britons, hardy, bold and free, Own thy laws, and yield to thee \$ Source of every heart-felt joy, Come, thau rofy dimpled boy. Hafte to Sylvia, hafte away, This is thine and Hymen's day; Bid her thy foft bandage wear, Bid her for love's rites grepare; Let the nymphs, with many a flow'r, Deck the facred nuptial bow'r, Thither lead the lovely fair, And let Hymen, too, be there: This is thine and Hymen's day; Hafte to Sylvia, hafte away.

Only while we love we live,
Love alone can pleafure give;
Pow'r, and pomp, and tinfel flate,
Idle pageants of the great;
Crowns and fcepters, env'd things,
And the pride of eaftern kings,
Are but child fh, emity toys,
When compar'd to love's fweet joys.
Love alone can pleafure give;
Only while we love we live.

CUPID, thou waggish, artful boy,
What have I done to excite thy hate?
Oh! ever arm'd with cruelty,
Thus to precipitate my fate.

I faw, I lov'd, I am undone,
She at each vifit feems more coy,
You urchin! fneering at my moan,
Half promife blifs, and half deay.

The wound you give, admits no cure,
Till time has thaw'd her frozen heart,
Jenny can life or death enfure,
Jenny! my foul's far dearer part.

With equal force once twang the bow,
Transfix the chaimer. let her bleed;
The feeds of love fecurely fow,
And clear the foil of every weed.

Were I, thro' some sierce tyrant's hate, Condemn'd to racks, the smiling fair Could blunt the keenest datt of sate, And from the dying chace despair.

If pray'rs and tears are still in vain,
Think not (proud chit) I dread your pow'r;
Know, that to truckle I distain,
Or shrink, tho' all thy thunders roar.
If I must die, the stroke begin,

For I'm a man unus'd to fear;
By Jenny's hand wreck all thy fpleen,
I die content, to die by her,

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SEE! she wakes! Sabina wakes!

And now the sun begins to rise;

Less glorious is the mosn, that breaks

From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united day they give,

But different fates e'er night fulfil:

How many by his warmih will live!

How many will her coldness kill!

SLEEP thou balm of human woe, Quit, O quit my charming maid; To fome wretched mortal go, Who may want thy lenient aid.

See where anguish and despair For thy kind affistance cries; Thither, sleep, with speed repair, And relieve their weary'd eyes.

Thus, kind god of fost repose, Praised shall thou ever be; When they wake, by songs of those, While they sleep, with voice of me.

DWEET are the charms of her I love, More fragrant than the damaik role, oft as the down of turtle dove, Gentle as winds when Zepbyr blows, Refreshing as descending rains To fun-burnt climes and thirsty plains. True as the needle to the pole, Or as the dial to the lun, Constant as gliding waters roll, Whose swelling tides obey the moon; from every other charmer free, ly life and love shall follow thee. he lamb the flow'ry thyme devours, The dam the tender kid purfues, weet Philomel, in shady bowers Of verdant fpring, her notes renews; I follow what they most admire,

I pursue my soul's defire.

SEE

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' appoach of autumn slies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.
Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes losty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and walls of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bleft above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
de finds a lafting test from pain.

Love, and his fifter fair, the foul,
Twin-born, together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

SWEET bud! to Laura's bosom go, And live beneath her eye; There, in the sun of beauty blow, Or taste of heaven and die.

Sweet carnest of the blooming year!
Whose dawning beauties speak
The budding blush of summer near,
The summer on her cheek!

Best emblem of the nymph I love, Resembling beauty's morn, To Laura's bosom haste, and prove One rose without a thorn.

THE fluggish morn, as yet undrest, My Phillis broke from out her east, As if she'd made her choice to run With Venus, usher to the sun:

The

The trees like yeomen of her guard, And serving more for pomp than ward, Bank'd on each fide with loyal duty, Wave branches to inclose her beauty.

The waken'd earth in odours rife,
To be her morning facrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raife up their drowfy heads;
And he that for their colour feeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where rofes mix no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.

These miracles had crampt the sun,
Who thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzl'd locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks:
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
Like lattice windows give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye.

But what religious palfy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss,
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shiv'ring awe.
Phillis perceives (and lest her stay
Would wed December unto May)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But lest the sun her curate light.

THE fummer was o'er, my flocks were all shorn,
My meadows were mow'd, & I'd hous'd all my corn;
Fair Pbillida's cottage was just in my view,
A wooing I went—I had nought else to do.
On Flora's soft soft sogether we fat,
And spent some long hours in amorous chat;
I told her I lov'd her, and hop'd she lov'd too,
Then kis'd her sweet lips—I had nought else to do.
She hung down her head, and with blushes reply'd,
I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride;
Without hesitation, I made her a vow
To make her my wise—I had nought else to do.

To the village in quest of a priest did we roam, By fortune's decree the grave don was at home; I gave him a fee to make one of us two, He marry'd us then—he had nought else to do.

E'er fince we've been happy, with peace & content, Nor tafted the forrows of those who repent; Our neighbours all round us we love, and 'tis true, Each other beside—when we've nought else to do.

With Phæbus the toil of the day we begin, I shepherd my flock, while she sits down to spin; Our cares thus domestick, we'll eager pursue, And ever will love—when we've nought else to do

TWAS in that feason of the year, When all things gay and sweet appear, That Colin with the morning ray, Arose and sung his rural lay, Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung, The hills and dales wish Nanny rung, While Roslin Castle heard the swain, And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring With rapture warms, awake and fing; Awake and join the vocal throng, Who hail the morning with a song! To Nanny raise the chearful lay; Oh! bid her taste and come away, In sweetest smiles herself adorn, And add new graces to the morn.

O hark! my love, on ev'ry fpray,
Each feather'd warbler tenes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song,
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come while the mose this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine;
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O! hither hafte, and with thee bring That beauty blooming like the fpring; Those graces that divinely shine, And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

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ODDS my life, fearch England over, And you match her in her station; I'll be bound to fly the nation: And be fure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating, Still her pretty name repeating, Here's the work 'tis always ar, Pitty, pa ty, pat, pit, pat.

When the makes the mutic tinkle, What on yearth can tweeter be? Then her little eyes to twinkle 'Tis a feast to hear and fee.

OH! where shall I wander? how shall I reveal?
How conquer my shame, or my passion conceal?
Tho' she's not to blame, yet unhappy, I prove
All the jealousies, fears, and the tortures of love:
Myproud heart to subdue, in vain has each maid
The various allurements of beauty display'd;
Still blythesome and free, have I travers'd the plain
Nor found in their smiles ei her pleasure or pain.

But now all the charms of indiff'rence are o'er,
Quite vanquish'd by love, I can triumph no more;
But pensive and sad I steal for h to the grove,
While my slocks on the mountains neglectfully rove:
But why this delay to unbosom my grief,
Where only my anguish can hope for relief?
And ah! would my Florida smile, I foresee
Such sweets in her bondage, 'twere pain to be free.

Now the fnow-drops lifts their heads, Cowflips rife from golden beds, Silver lilies paint the grove, Welcome May, and love.

Now the bee, on filver wings, Flow'ry fpoils unweary'd brings, Spoils that nymphs and swains approve, Soft as May and sweet as love.

Whilst a-down the slopy hill, Trickles soft the purling rill, Balmy scents perfume the grove, May unbends the soul to love.

Long the clay-cold maid denies, Nor regards her shepherd's sighs; Now your fond petitions move, May's the season form'd for love,

On the fair that deck our isle, Let each grace and virtue smile, And our happy shepherds prove Days of ease and nights of love.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or truer then the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were it my interest.

But I am fix'd alone to thee
By every thought I have
That should you now my heart set free,
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear felf I find;
For the whole fex can but afford.
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This conftancy is due,
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

My muse inspire me to impart
In humble ardent strain,
To tell the anguish of my heart
To her that gives me pain.

'Tis Delia is the lovely maid;
Alas! thou charming fair,
Behold thy Damon feeks thy aid,
To eafe his pain and care,

For

For thou alone can give relief,
Or anguish most severe;
Thy matchless charms are all my grief,
Uutil you prove sincere.

I Tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve, And could again begin to love and live, To you I should my earliest off'ring give; I know my eyes would lead my heart to you, And I should all my oaths and vows renew; But, to be plain, I never would be true. For by our weak and weary truth, I find, Love heats to centre in a point assign'd, But runs with joy the circle of the mind: Then let us never chain what should be free, But for the relief of either sex agree; Since women love to change, and so do we.

IF the quick spirit of your eye, Now languish, and anon must die; It every sweet and every grace Must sly from that forsaken face; Then, Celia, let us reap our joys, Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, Celia, fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow,

Thus either time his fickle brings. In vain, or else in vain his wings.

LET the declining damask rose,
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely grows
In Fanny of the dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale,
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the dale?

The painted bells, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the dale.

The willow binds Paffora's brows,
Her fond advances fail:
For Damon pours his warmest vows
To Fanny of the dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed, And artless love prevail; Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed With Fanny of the dale!

LET poets tell of shape and air,
Of faces, beauteous, lovely, fair,
There's nought on earth that can compare
With half the charms of Nelly.
The lily, nor the rose so sweet,
So fair, so fragrant, nor so neat;
Nought in creation's so compleat

How happy will that mortal be,
His days will pass from mis'ry free,
Whom gracious heaven shall bless with thee,
My ever blooming Nelly.
Then, whilst those charms adorn your face,
With ev'ry blooming, youthful grace,

As is my lovely Nelly.

Remember beauty never flays,
When old-age comes, my Nelly.
Then take a lover to your arms,
Whom vigorous, you hful fpirit warms,
Who's worthy to poffes those charms
Which now adorn my Nelly.

If fuch a fwain you e'er can find,
Poffes'd of fuch a form and mind,
He is by heaven itself defign'd
To bless my charming Nelly.
That fearch was vain you foon would prove;
For should you tho' the whole world rove,
You'd find none worthy of the love
Of charming, beauteous Nelly.

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LATE when love I feem'd to flight,

Phillis smil'd, as well she might;

Now, faid she, our throne may tremble,

Men our province now invade,

Men take up our royal trade;

Men, e'en men, do now dissemble,

In the dust our empire's laid.

Tutor'd by the wife and grave,
Loth I was to be a flave;
Miftress sounded arbitary?
So I chose to hide my flame,
Friendship, a discreeter name;
But she scorns one jot to vary;
She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover; or pretend,
Rather than the warmest friend;
Friendship of another kind is
Sweedish coin of gross allay,
A cart-load will scarce defray;
Love, one grain is worth the Indies,
Only love is current pay.

My Sylvia is the blithest lass
That ever trod the downy grass,
Or grac'd the rural plain;
Her modest air, and gentle mien,
More sweet, more fair, than beauty's queen,
Are prais'd by ev'ry swain.

Her sparkling eyes, like diamonds bright;
Each winning charm does there unite
With features fair and gay;
Her voice is softer than the thrush,
That sweetly warbles on the bush,
And hails return of day.

Her breath exceeds the balmy gales,
Whose fragrance sweetens all the vales,
Where sweets with sweets combine;
Her cheeks the roses far excel,
Such virtues in her bosom dwell,
As makes her all divine.

Each rifing morn I press'd the fair
To listen to my fervent prayer,
A pray'r devoid of art:
With pleasing smiles she sooth'd my pains;
And Sylvia, now, in triumph reigns
The goddess of my heart.

My Nancy quits the rural plain, And kindly seeks her faithful swain; Who, 'midst the din of war's alarms. His much-lov'd country calls to arms.

Of old, when heroes fally'd forth, To rescue innocence and worth, The fair-one's image in the heart, Could vigour to their nerves impart a

Then what fuperior laurels, now, Must grace the happy soldier's brow; Blest with her presence in the field, To whom alone his heart can yield!

My roving heart has oft, with pride, Diffolv'd love's filken chains; The wanton deity defy'd, And scorn'd his sharpest pains.

But from thy form, refiftless, stream
Such charms as must controul;
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day, Life's sand unheeded runs; With thee I'd hail the rising ray, And talk down summer's suns.

Our loves congenial fill the same, With equal force shall shine, No cloy'd desires shall damp the slame Which friendship will refine.

W HEN Chloe we ply, We swear we shall die,

Her

Her eyes do our hearts so inthrall;
But 'tis for her pelf,
And not for her self;
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The maidens are coy,
They'll pish! and they'll fie!
And swear if you're rude, they will call;
But whisper so low,
You may easily know,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

My dear, the wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er shall;
But in less than a year,
Will make it appear,
'Tis all artifice, artifice all.

In maters of state,
And party debate,
For church and for justice we bawl;
But If you'll attend,
You'll find in the end,
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The non-cons will rant
In their pulpits, and cant,
And the honest conformists will maul;
In holy disguise
They left up their eyes;
Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The lawyers, you know, To Westminster go.

And plead for their fees in the hall;
For their clients they'll wrangle,
And make such a jangle!
\*Tis all artifice, artifice all.

The wretch that attends,
And on courtiers depends,
His fortune he'll find to be small;
For their actions declare,
Their words are but air;
Tis all astifice, artifice all.

Y E gods that round fair Celia wait,
From her bright eyes to bring our fate,
Bear to the nymph my softest fighs,
And tell her, her adorer dies;
But if that won't her pity move,
And she, proud thing, disdains to love,
Then let her know, 'tis all a l) e,
For haughty Strepton scorns to die,

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the shady grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain and endless love.

When at the fultry heat of day
She'll feek fome shady cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

And when she sees their colours fade, And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets not gather'd timely die.

And when she lays her down to rest, Let some auspicious virgin shew Who 'tis that love's Camilla best, And what for her I'd undergo.

YES, Fulvia is like Venus fair,
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore, And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore, A helmet mark'd Minerwa's rrien; But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves, Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves, And from her zone the nymph may find Tis beauty's province to be kind. Yo

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Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame, Or bid her breathe in living stone, Shall take their forms from you alone.

Young Polly was the blithest maid.
That tript it o'er the plain;
But now to cruel grief's betray'd,
By Damon's cold disdain.
And till of late, was always free.
To sing the charms of liberty.

Each love-taught shepherd strove to tell
His passion in the glade,
And vow'd her beauty did excel
Bright Venus, fairest maid.
But Polly still continu'd free
To sing the charms of liberty:

Till Damon, with with his fleecy care, By chance pass'd by that way; She saw—she lov'd—Ah! haples fair, No longer is she gay;

No longer is the gay; Nor can the boast of being free To fing the charms of liberty.

For now, dejected and forlorn,
The nymph is left to rove;
With Pbilomel, at eve and morn,
To moan her hopeless love.
And Polly, now, no longer free,
Laments the loss of liberty.

YOU fay she's fair; 'tis no such matter,
'Tis not her glass, but you that flatter;
And few that beauty e'er can spy,
Which strikes the partial lover's eye.

Phabe, my council pray approve; Thank heav'n for a good man's love: All markets will not pay your price, So strike the bargain in a trice.

YE nymphs, who to the throne of love
With hearts submissive bow;

Who hope the mutual blis to prove,
That crowns the nuptial vows:
Thro' caution's glass, by reasons lent,
Oh! view your lovers clearly,
Nor think to wed, till that present
The man that loves you dearly.

Still blind to wisdom's ray, the rake
No social bliss allows;
And he who long has rov'd, must make
A good-for-nothing spouse;
Nor trust the sop, tho' piteous sighs
Proclaim you've touch'd him nearly;
His own sweet charms too much he'll prize,
Nor can he love you dearly.

But when with ev'ry manly grace,
A youth of foul refin'd,
Who, doating on your form and face,
Think brighter ftill your mind:
When such shall for the favour sue,
Oh! yield your hand sincerely;
And you'll love him, and he'll love you,
To life's last moment, dearly.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent To vex a tender heart? To gold and title you relent, Love throws in vain his dart. Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,

Let glitt'ring fools in courts be grea For pay let armies move; Reauty shou'd have no other bait, But gentle wows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice, Without disguise or art, Ah, Celia! if true love's your price, Behold it in my heart.

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WAS love a fweet passion, how bless should I be;
No mortal could e'er be so happy as me!
But O it torments me, it tortures my breast;
It rifles my senses, It robs me of rest!
Long sime l've been captive to Chloe's bright eves;
Her bloom and her beauty first gave the surprize:
But soon as I sound, by the pride of her heart.
That her bloom and her beauty were govern'd by art,
I then took my leave of this prodigal dame,
And strove all I could to extinguish the same;
But still on my the ughts her sweet converse remains:
So love is a burden, and heavy the chains.
Then hear, O ye youths, and this maxim pursue;

WHEN Fanny I faw, as I tripp'd o'er the green, Fair, blooming, artless, and kind, Fond love in her eves, wit and sense in her mien, And warmness with modelty joyn'd.

Let beauty ne'er fway you, not pride e'er subdue :

But place your affections where vi tue remains;

Then love will be pleasing, and easy the chains.

With sudden amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion I view'd,
And wand'red o'er every grace,

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty! I cry:
What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die.
O. Farmy how fures are the charms!

O! Fanny how sweet are thy charms!

Whilst thus in idea my passion I sed,

Soft transports my senses invade;

Young Danon sepp'dup, with the substance he sled,

And left me to kiss the dear shade.

WHAT fate attends the blushing rose, How swift it's beauty slies! Sweet scents at morn it does disclose, Ere eve it fades and dies. O think dear Julia, on thy charms, They, like the role, will fade; Then haste, enchantress, to my arms, Thou sweet and lovely maid.

Thy beauty, like a fragrant flow'r, just emblem of the rose; Whose long it space is but an hour, Ere all it's splendors close.

Then hafte, dear Julia, hafte away
Unto that happy land,
Where joy and mirth reign all the day,
And Cupid bears command:

WOULD you obtain the gentle fair, Assume a French, fantastic air; Ost, when the gen'rous Briton fails, A soppish foreigner prevails.

You must teach her to dance,
As the mode is in France,
And make the best use of your feet;
Cock your hat with a grace,
All be brazen your face,
And dress most affectedly neat.

Then bow down like a beau,
Hop and turn out your toe,
Lead Miss by the hand, and leer at her;
Draw your glove with an air,
At your, white flockings stare,
And simper, and ogle, and stater.

Walk the figure of eight,
With your rump fliff and flraight,
Then turn her with delicate eafe;
Bow again v 19 low,
Your good-breeding to shew,
And Miffy you'll perfectly please.

If these steps you pursue, You will soon bring her too, And rifle the child of her charms; Her poor heart will heave high, And she'll languish and sigh, And caper quite into your arms. WE It's But I Tha Now I

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WE all to conquering beauty bow, It's pleafing power admire;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire:
Now I may fay I've met with one
Amazes all mankind;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much ligh; am blind.

Soft as the tender myoing fighs,
When longing lovers meet;
Like the divining prophets wife,
Like new blown rofes fweet;
Modest, yet gay; referv'd, yet free;
Each happy night a bride;
A mien like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but sour hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

GO gentle breeze, that fans the grove,
And waft in fighs a lover's woes;
Or through the blooming garden rove,
And lodge within the damask rose;
To ev'ry blushing fold made known,
That Colin's fighs exceed thy own.
Beneath her crimson soliage lie,
Till on my Del a's bosom blest;
Then from thy silken covert fly,
And plead my cause within her breast,
But never leave that frozen part,

How blithe, within my native wild, I trod each passing day!

Unless to bring me Delia's heart.

When Sylviana fondly smil'd, And lov'd her shepherd's lay.

The furze, the brake, the rugged hill, The wild heath's yellow broom, With her wou'd all my wishes fill; My heart ne'er felt a gloom.

But now, remote from her I love, The fairest pastures fade; I feek the solitary grove, And turn it's winding shade.

Where gay imagination toys,
To chear my pensive mind;
With pleasing hopes my bosom joys,
And paints the maiden kind.

HUSH, ye birds, your amorous tales, Purling rills in filence move! Softly breathe, ye gent'e gales, Left ye wake my flumb'ring love.

O the joy beyond expression,

That enchanting form to own!

Then to hear the soft confession,

That her heart is mine alone.

DEAR Sylvia, hear thy faithful swain, And ease his tortur'd breast; Ah, hear an artless youth complain, And set his heart to rest!

That virtue which illumes thy mind, That fense devoid of art; That innocence with sweetness joyn'd, Does captivate his heart.

Thou dear invader of my breaft,
How long must I repine!
How long with grief be sore oppress'd,
Ere I can call thee mine!

O deign to hear the vows I swear, And all my fears remove; Relieve me, then, from sad despair, And bless me with thy love.

The

The northern winds shall cease to blow, And dark shall be the skies; The purling streams shall cease to flow, And Sol forget to rise;

No more the meads shall gay appear, Nor shepherds grace the grove; If e'er my vows prove infancere, Or I forsake my love.

DID ever swain or nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so fore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she

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If Nanny call'd, did e'er I ftay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to fay,
And all she wish'd was quickly done.
I alway think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

Has never wet a cheek for me.

To let her cows my clover taffe,
Have I not rose by break of day!
Did ever Nanny's heisers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay!
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny loft a sheep,
I chearfully did give her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home,
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the fack, but the
Will never bear a figh of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm fure they always had the beft;
Within this week her pidgeons have
Eat up a peck of peafe at leaft;
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown;
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me foon!
If no elect to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron-string.

DOES the languid foul complain, Virtuous love shall chase the pain; Or if love wou'd truth attend, Honour shou'd be virtue's friend.

Glory is not half so fair
As bright virtue's rising star;
Female truth, with sense combin'd,
Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

SAYS my uncle, I pray now discover
What has been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?
I've seen Molly Mogg of the rose?

O nephew! your grief is but folly,
To town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you Molly,
A Molly much better than Mogg.

The school-boy's delight is a play,
The school-master's joy is to slog;
A sop's the delight of a lady,
But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will o'Wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;
But no light can e'er set me a-madding.
But the eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.
For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will paum and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches.

So I paum my Iweet Molly Mogg.

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The heart that's half wounded is ranging, It here and there leaps like a frog; But my heart can never be changing.
'Tis so fixed on sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,

That women, at best, are a clog;
But I'm not so easily trighted

From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A letter when I am inditing, Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog, And I fil all my paper with writing Of nothing but fweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses are lost in a sog;
And in nothing can find satisfaction,
But in thoughts of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing room faces,
For a glance at my sweet Molly Mogg.

For those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Palias's merrit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another Ecloque,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give for my sweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the liquor,
Then jealoufy fets me a-gog;
To be fure the's a bit for the vicar,
And fo I shall lose Molly Moge.

512

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee
Traccept of a faithful heart which now I resign thee;
Storning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.
Take me, Fonny,

Let me win you,
Whilst I'm in the humour;

I implore you,

What can mortal do more; Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly, Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never will beguile thee.

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting, Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting; Oft at the milk-white churn with rapture I've seen But oh! how I sigh'd, & wish'd my own arms [them, Take me Jenny. &c. [between them!

I've ftore of sheep my love, and goats on the mountain And water to brew good ale, from you chrystal foun-I've, too, a pretty cot. with garden and land to't, tain But all will be doubly weet, if you put a hand to't.

Take me Jenny,
Le' me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you,
I adore you,

What can mortal do more; Kiss upon't, kiss upon't, turn not so shyly, Ther's my hand, and ther's my heart, which never will beguile thee.

SAY not, Olinda, I despite
The faded glories of your face,
The languid vigour of your eyes,
And that once-lov'd embrace.

In vain, in vain, my conflant heart
On aged wings attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,
It faints, and flutters at your feet,

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties kill
Tho'me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On vouthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish with your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,

To me, benighted, when you fet.

SWAIN,

SWAIN, thy hopeless passion smother, Perjur'd Celia loves another; In his arms I saw her lying, Panting, kissing trembling, dying; There the fair deceiver swore, All she did to you before.

Oh! faid you, when she deceives me, When that constant creature leaves me, Isis' waters back shall fly, And leave their oozy channels dry; Turn, ye waters, leave your shore, Perjur'd Celia loves no more.

TIS not my Patty's sparkling eyes,
Her air, her easy grace,
Her thrilling accents, that I prize,
Or yet her blooming face.

Such charms as these in others shine, Whose beauty's all they boast; But when that beauty does decline, Their greatest power is lost.

But lovely Patty's wit refin'd, Her fense, good-nature, ease, Divine perfections of the mind, And firm defire to please:

Tis these that raise the maiden's same,
That pomp defire and love,
And kindle in my breast a slame
That time can ne'er remove.

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were for sworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do missead the morn.
But my kisses give again,
Seals of love, tho teal'd in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow, Which thy frezen bosom bears; On whose tops the pinks that grow, Are like those that April wears.

But from my tender bleeding heart,
Withdraw the arrow, ease the smart;
Offend no more great angry Jove,
But pity, since you cannot love!

THE noblest heart, like purest gold,
Resists impressions whilst 'tis cold;
But melted down in love's bright slame,
Soft and complying to the test,
It takes the image first impress,
And bears it in the faithful breast,
Through circling years the same.

Throughout the nation, Sir, find me a lass, That's loving, engaging, and pretty; She freely into my affection shall pass, As sure as there's fools in the city.

And if she proves kind, Sir, why I shall prove true!

And justly esteem her my treasure;

But should she be scornful, what then shall I do?

Why, faith, I'll dismiss her with pleasure.

THE trav'llers, that through deferts ride
By conduct of some friendly star;
When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
Out of their course must wander far;

So I, with pensive care and pain,
In absence still must stray;
Till you, my star, shine out again,
And light me on my way,

TIS done, I've rais'd a rural bow'r Deep in the twilight shade:
There blooms full many a lovely flow'r;
Ah! wou'd they never fade.

Come, then, my Lucy, haste away,
And nature's mansion view;
Screen'd from the sun's too piercing ray,
Each slower blooms for you,

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At your command, thy shepherd strove To deck the shady green: You said the spot was form'd for love; I heard, and blest the scene.

Ah! let it not be bleft in vain;
But there reward my truth:
Repay thy conftant Harry's pain
With innocence and tuth.

52I

TIS now, fince I fat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand Unto her lip did rife, And did already understand The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art, My tongue was engineer; I thought to undermine the heart, By whisp's ling in the ear.

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When this did nothing, I brought down Great cannon oaths and shot A thousand thousand in the town, And still it yielded not,

then resolv'd to starve the place, By custing off all kisses, Praising and gazing on her face, And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength, I drew all batteries in; And brought myself to lie, at length, As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do, Aud thought the place my own, The enemy lay quiet too, And fmil'd at all was done.

fent to know from whence and where These hopes, and this relief? A fpy inform'd, honour was there, And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word ftraight give, Let's lose no time, but leave her; That giant upon air will live, And hold it out for ever.

To fuch a place or camp remove
As will no fiege abide:
I hate a fool that starves her love
Oaly to feed her pride.

T Houghtless of all, but love and you,
From place to place I range,
But still no happiness I know,
No pleasure by the change.

The murm'ring, stream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the shady grove,
Alike to me, no pleasure yield,
When absent from my love,

Yet if my Delia but appears,
How chang'd is all the scene!
Nature a gayer livery wears;
And I forgot my pain.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field, The plain, the shady grove, Alike to me, all pleasure yield, When blest with her I love.

COME my faireft, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the blifs;
Come, my love, here's none but we;
I'll inftruct thee how to kifs.

Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush, and downcast eve?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And whilst I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:

Then

Then when fost ideas rife,
And the gay defires grow strong;
Let them spark e in thy eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on my face;
Kiss me, press mc, ev'ry thing
To endear the fond embrace.

Ev'ry tender name of love, In foft whifpers let me hear; And let fpeaking nature prove Ev'ry extacy fincere.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent:
The offering all your store,
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd, And grant the blifs too late, You hinder me of one I lov'd, To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair, When first my court I made; But when falshoods plain appear, My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of these favours shown, Whose worth you first deface, Is melting valu'd medals down, And giving us the brass.

O! fince the thing we beg's a toy, That's priz'd by love alone,

Why cannot women grant the joy, Before the love is gone?

COME, dearest Nancy! bless my eyes,
And stop the flowing tear;
In you alone the magic lies,
To animate and chear.

Not half so sweet the flow'rs display Their variegated hue; Not all the bloom of smiling May Can charm so much as you.

Where'er you tread, the warblers fweet Melodious fill the grove; And smiling nature seems to greet The presence of my love.

But blafted ev'ry flow'r appears, When you forsake these plains; No grove the feather'd stongster chears, In sweet mellissuous strains.

Come, dearest Nancy! come and stay!
From you my joys arise;
Your face gives brightness to the day,
And lustre to the skies.

For you I figh, and waste my prime;
Then haste, and let us prove,
That rolling years, and sketting time,
Are far too short for love.

CYPRIAN goddess, take the lyre,
Attune yourself each trembling string;
My judgment guide, my fancy fire,
With lovely Rachel's charms I fing.

Let others boast a beauteous face,
A shape, a neck, a graceful air;
Good-sense and prudence give her grace,
These make her more than blooming fair,

Benevolence, that heav'n born pow'r,
Her words and all her actions guide;
'Tis this that claims each leifure nour,
This constitutes her only price.

Ye fair-ones hence a truth confess,
No charms with virtue can compare;
Be cautious when the beaux agress.
When misery sues, his forrows share.

Then, like my Rachel, you will be Beyond the reach of flat ery's lore; Inconstancy will bend the knee, And wond'ring insidels adore. This In all

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Come, my Sylvia! come and bless
This spot, which I have toil'd to dress
In all that charms the gazer's eye,
In ev'ry tint that wears a dye.

In peace we'll dwell, and placid eale, We'll do whatever each fhall please; Free as the seas our senses roll, And speak's boundless, fluent soul.

Nor time shall wast our love away, Swift as the threads of life decay; E ch gale that flirts the hours along, Shall bring fresh wreathes to deck our song.

From virtue's sweets, that never cloy; From rural scenes, extatic joy! Or turn the mind-instructing page, and learn to live a good old age.

COME Phæbus, and tune thy fost lyre;
Ye muses, come join in the song;
While Celia the theme shall inspire,
The fairest of all the gay throng;
The goddess of virtue and grace,
The queen of all beauty and charms;
'Tis transport to gaze on her face,
'Tis heaven to rest in her arms.

O could I charm Pluto's dull ears,
Like Orpheus of old, with my lay,
Or with Milton foar up to the spheres,
I then might her merits display:
While her charms I attempt to rehearse,
A field so unbounded doth rife,
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Urania, my bosom inspire,
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Whose plaudits I only can prize.
Could I but her favor obtain,
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NANNY blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says I shall undo her,
Faintly, O forbear, she cries;
But her breasts when I am pressing,
When to her's my lips I join,
Warm'd, she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

LOVELY maid! fair beauty's pride,
Do not thus my blifs deny;
Ceafe, my tender love, to chide;
Why fo cruel, Dapbne, why?
Kindly to my wish incline,
Why will Dapbne faithless prove?
Know my foul is wholly thine,

Why, thus flight a faithful fwain,
Who to love was ever true;
Why thus give that bosom pain,
Which so long hath figh'd for you?

And my heart is form'd for love.

WHERE the blithe bee her honey fips,
In cowflip dale, in vi'let shade;
Dear Chloe there I've kis'd thy lips,
While no rude eye my blis survey'd.

Kifs, love! (you cry'd;) more kiffes give;
Thy Ebloe's pleasure still increase:
O could our bloom for ever live,
I'd never bid my Damon cease.
The tongue that spoke your shepherd bless'd:
What mortal could resist such charms!
Thy bosom to my heart I press'd,
And, panting, dy'd in Cbloe's arms.

WITH Phillis how oft have I stray'd,
O'er hill, dale, and in the green grove!
How pleas'd to attend the sweet maid!
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O'er hill, dale, and in the green grove !
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To tell her how fondly I love.

z

My Phillis such charms does impart,
Such beauties display to the view!
From me she has stolen a heart;
A heart that will ever prove true.

She lends a kind ear to my tale;
With smile she my toil does reward;
And when I my passion reveal,
Her looks fully speak her regard.

What mortal more happy can be!
What cares can my bosom alarm!
Whilst Phillis, dear girl, is so free;
Possessing each power to charm.

But should she e'er slight her fond swain, And leave me her loss to deplore, Then, Letbe, relieve me from pain, And let me not think of her more.

Not think of her more—did I say?

How vain such an effort would prove!

For, long as I live, I each day

Must think of her charms, and still love.

WHILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,
And look my heart away,
Behold my flar of Venus blaze,
And rife upon the day:
Fair as the purple-blufhing hours,
That paint the morning eye;
Or cheek of evening after-show'rs,
That flush the western sky.

I fend a figh with ev'ry glance,
And drop a fofter tear;
Hard fate, no farther to advance,
And yet to be so near:
So Moses, from fair Pysga's height,
The land of Canaan ey'd;
Survey'd the region of delight,
He saw; came down and dy'd.

WHEN bright Roxana treads the green, In all the pride of dress and mein; As blithe as summer's morning gay, Averse to freedom, love and play, None other beauties strike mine eye, The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair Assumes a soft engaging air; Mild as the op'ning morn of May, Familiar, friendly, free and gay: The scene improves, where'er she goes, More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear, Nor deem thy shepherd infincere; Pity a wild illusive stame, That varies objects still the same s And let heir very changes prove The never-vary'd force of love.

535

WHEN gentle Harriot first I saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
I felt my bosom mov'd:
Her easy shape, her charming face:
She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace;
I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

Up to the busy town I flew,
And wander'd all it's pleasures thro',
In hopes to ease my care:
The busy town but mocks my pain,
It's gayest pleasures all are vain,
For Harriot haunts me there.

The labours of the learned fage,
The comic elamour of the stage,
By turns my time employ;
I relish not the fage's lore,
The stage's humours please no more,
For Harrior's all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng, Sometimes the female train among, To chace her form away: The jovial throng, is noify, rude, Nor other females dare intrude,

Where Harriot bears the fway.

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Since, then, nor art nor learning can,
Nor company of maid or man,
For want of thee atone;
O come, with all thy conqu'ring charms,
O come, and take me to thy arms,
For thou art all in one.

THE lily, and the blushing rose,
To many give delight;
Sut not a flow'r on earth that grows,
Is half so bright a fight,
As lovely women,
Charming women,
Pleasing, teizing,
Heav'nly women.

or what makes cowards brave and bold,
Or what gave poets birth;
what makes people fond of gold,
Or pleasure dwell on earth?
But lovely women, &c.

Then men are fore oppress'd with grief, And roam in search of peace; here's nought can give such sure relief, And make their torments cease.

Such pow'r have women, &c.

Aloud refound their praife; who can view the glorious fight, And not their voices raife,

To lovely women, &c.

O speak my muse, sweet Charlotte's praise, And all her charms explore; ow far beyond thy seeble lays, On themes like these so soar! her is ev'ry grace combin'd, Divested of all art; hangel's form, with sense refin'd,

temper open, mild and free, A heart replete with truth;

To captivate the heart !

In her we ev'ry virtue fee,
Resplendent with her youth.
Thrice happy he who gains the maid,
For wedlock to incline;

But happier I, could it be faid.

That heav'n had stamp'd her mine!

THOU fetting fun, that calls my fair
To take the cool and evining air,
With joy 1 hail thy latest rays,
That shew me where my Chloe strays.

O, let no clouds obscure the skies, Or noxious exhalations rise! But may sweet flow'rs uprear their heads, And roses blossom, where she treads,

Let ev'ry tenant of the grove, Remind her youthful heart of love; And ev'ry breeze convey a figh, And whifper 'tis for her I die.

O! sweet, tormenting love, I feel
Thy wound, which reason cannot heal:
Thy fire, conceal'd within my breast,
Deprives my flutt'ring heart of rest,

At ev'ry glance of Chloe's eyes, My boafted resolution flies: And still I'm distident to name My inward racks, and secret slames

While Philomela fad complains,
And pours out all her plaintive ftrains;
I likewise mourn, in lays fincere
As ever reach'd a female ear.

Thou fon of Venus, hear my pray'ra
And with thy dart transfix my fair 3
With her fond swain, O! make her prove
The lasting bliss of ardent love.

How happy should I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away; But while you thus teize me together,

To neither a word will I fay: Tol de rol, &c. Z 2

When the nymphs were contending for beauty & Bright Sylvia flood foremost in right of her claim; At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's; At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's. But now shall I whisper the fair-one's sad case; A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face; Her vermillion is chang'd to a dull settled red, And all her gay graces of beauty are fled; And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain; For Sylvia, the altered from pre ty to plain, Is now more engaging, since reason took place, Than when she possess'd the perfections of face; Than when, &c.

Convinc'd, she no more can coquette it, and teaze, Instead of tormenting, she studies to please; Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life; Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife. Tho' spoil'd, &c.

WHEN Jeffy smil'd, her lovely look My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took, And bound it with so strong a chain, I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jeffy, treat a captive true
With gentle usage—'tis its due:

It pants for thee alone:
Then take it kindly to thy breaft,

And give the weary wand'rer rest, And keep it near thy own.

W HEN I beheld you all divine,
And fondly thought your passion true
I, Cbloe, call'd you only mine,
And lov'd no other nymph but you.
How could I think a face so fair,
Cou'd now so false and fickle prove;
That you who did so often swear,
Would ever break the bonds of love?

But I no longer feel your chain, Nor you policis your wonted pow'r; No longer I a flave remain,

A Chloe's captive as before:

But go, and other hearts beguile,

Go, and some other conquest find!

'Tis you that show a flatt'ring smile,

'Tis you can kill while yet you're kind.

WHEN first thy soft lips I but civilly prest, Eliza, how great was my bliss! The fatal contagion ran quick to my breast; I lost my poor heart with a kiss.

And now, when supremely thus blest with your sight,
I scarce can my transports restrain;
I wish, and I pant, to repeat the delight;
And kiss you again and again.

In raptures I wish to enjoy all those charms;
Still sealing from favour to favour—
Now, now, O ye gods! let me fly to your arms,
And kis you for ever and ever.

When Calia chants the rural lay,
What transports fire my breast,
Whene'er she strikes the trembling string,
Methinks I'm more than blest,
Methinks, &c.

Where Calia is, no fordid gloom, Or flow pac'd tear can dwell; Calia can charm all these away, And care itself expel.

As once the grove the fair one trod, And tun'd the Sylvan frain. A lark to imitate her strove, But strove, alas! in vain.

Her mattin fong the ceas'd to fing, Or hail the rifing down; But bid adieu, in plaintive notes, To ev'ry mead and lawn.

To rage (poor bird) a victim fell,
To think in vain the try'd;
Then firetch'd a wing, and dropp'd the spray,
Forsook the skies and died.

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O Beffy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonny laffes;
They bigg'd a bower on yon burn bray,
And thick'd it over wi' rafhes.
Fair Beffy Bell I loo'd yes treen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa panky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Beffy's hair's like a lint tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Pbæbus starts frae Tbetis' lap.
The hill with rays adorning;
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waist and feet fri' genty;
With ilk a grace she can command,
Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

fight,

ray,

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like di'monds glances;
She's a' sae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances;
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracesu' still;
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beffy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppress us;
Out fancies jee between ye twa,
Ye are fic bonny lasses;
Wae's me, for baith I cannot get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

OH! could the various pow'r of found
Point out a lover's anguish;
Then wou'd the notes with life rebound,
Then would they sprightly languish;
Well may the sprightly fife declare
Hope, and the softer lute despair,
Now let notes with life rebound,
Now let them sweetly languish.

Thus with my heart, when Delia smiles,
Soon it exults with pleasure,
But when she frowns obedient still,
I seek a softer measure:
Oh! would you with me sympathize,
Watch but the motions of her eyes,

OF thy fex the faireft,

Daphne come my dearest!

See the opening spring invites!

Earthly sweets abounding,

Leafy woods surrounding,

Call us forth to new delight,

Hark, how softly cooing,

You male turtle wooing,
Strives to charm the female dove!
She no coyness feigning,
Human arts disdaining,

Whispers thus I love love.
Warn'd by her example,

Warn'd by her example,
Give my dear, a fample,
Of my heavenly joys in view!
That lov'd form refigning,
Show a heart inclining,
To be kind and true.

DELINDA, fure's the brightest thing That decks the earth, or breathes out air ; Mild are her looks like opening fpring, And like the blooming fummer fair. But then her wit's fo very small, That all her charms appear to lie. Like glaring colours on a wall, And firike no farther than the eye. Our eyes luxurioully the treats, Our ears are absent from the feaft. One fense is surfeited with sweets, Starv'd or difgusted are the rest. So have I feen, with afpect bright. And taudry pride, a tulip fwell. Blooming and beauteous to the fight. Dull and infipid to the fmells

3

A COL.

## A COLLECTION of PASTORAL SONGS.



## SONG I.

PORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,
Why will you folicit my lay?
No longer I fit by the brook,
And carol my forrows away:
Say, Laura, what theme shall I chuse?
Your praises I must not proclaim;
And friendship's too cold for my muse,
And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple swain,
Whose slocks and whose herds are but small,
And my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,
Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all:
And Laura is blooming and young,
Ah! would that I too were the same;
My heart then might hint to my tongue

What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,
My wishes from you shall not swerve,
That the shepherd who sues for your heart,
By his own may your virtues deserve:
With the charms which no time can destroy,
With the worth which no breath can defame,
May you taste of that permanent joy,
Which now I'm forbidden to name.

You faid that you'd furely be here;
You care not, and yet you should know
The first of the May is now near.
The cuckow has utter'd her strain,
The thrush is now heard on each spray,
And the nightingale seems to complain,
As tho' you, my dear swain, were away.
What's the sp ing if you keep from my sight,
What the sweets of the field and the grove!

No music can give me delight,
But the music of Colin and love:
Let winter return when it will,
Let snow and let stoft too prevail,
If Colin must keep from me still,
Why should April persume thus the gale,
But vows you have said are not wind,
Come and make the fond season more gay;
You know how it is to be kind,
Who's heart you have stolen away:
On wings, love this message conveys,
The season now hastes to its prime;
I can hear, and take no delays,

Feich up what you've loft of the time.

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SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his neft,
And fings a falute to the dawn;
The fun with his splendor embroiders the east,
And brightens the dew on the lawn:
While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flow'rs.
The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk.

How flaunting the gloss of its vest; How proud, and haw stately it stands on its stalk. In beauty's diversity drest: From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the close

What odours incessantly spring!

The south wasts a richer persume to the grove,
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets:

So humble, that (though with unparallel'd grace She might e'en a palace adorn)

the oft' in the hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd, When modesty heightens her charms;

When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind, We long to be lock'd in her arms.

Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
And the graces await at her call—

To thee the gay world would with preference bend, And hail thee the vi'let of all.

WHEN Strephon the rover first Phillis address'd He took her to wake and to fair; He bought her gay ribbons to wear at her breast, And thus whisper'd the nymph in the ear.

Tomy passion be kind, gentle pity bestow, But the maiden's reply to young Strepbon was no, Lud don't you, lud don't you keep teazing me so.

The youth, who fuch coyness had oftentimes seen,
Ne'er heeded the maiden's reply;
But returning one eve from the dance on the green,
Heresolv'd t'other effort to try.

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So he kis'd and he press'd, crying pity bestow, But the maiden reply'd pray have done Strephon do Lud don't you keep teazing me so.

Opposition like this so his passion enhanc'd, That without her he swore he should die, Then an offer of marriage he fairly advanc'd, And she said in a month she'd comply:

But he begg'd her to church the next morning to go,
She blushing affented, the reason I trow
Was to keep him from teazing her so.

Now fummer approaches, dull winter recedes,
Primrofes and vi'lets adorn ev'ry hill,
The lads and the lasses trip o'er the green meads,
Or fit by meanders flow murmuring rill. [grove,
Whilst the up-land, the low-land, the wood-land the
And valley re-echoes sweet carols of love.

While Colin with Phillis repairs to the bow'r
To exchange a sweet kis, or to plight a fond vow
Gay Florimel gathers each odorous flow'r
To deck with a chaplet her swain's youthful brow.
Whilst the up-land, &c.

Fair Daphne at morn bids adieu to her cot,
And teeks the cool grot, or feeluded alcove;
Her Damon she greets at the critical spot,
His heart that leaps for joy at the fight of his love.
Whilst the up-land, &c.

When Phabus forsakes this low region of clay, And sinks in soft rapture on Thetis' fair breast; For the wearisome labour of rigorous day Balmy sleep has an adequate portion of rest. Whilst the up-land, &c.

WHEN winter o'ershadows the scene,
And no longer the hyaciaths blow;
Chill frost nips the leaf on the green,
And the rivulet ceases to flow.

'Till reviv'd by the breathings of spring,
All nature looks smiling and gay;
The warblers in extasy sing,
And own the soft impulse of May.

The lambkins now sport in the vale,
By the stream that meanders along;
The wood-pidgeon tells its soft tale,
While melody echoes the song.

What pain from thy coldness I've known,
When your frowns did my passion reprove;
Now you smile, May's soft raptures I'll own,
And bless the sweet season of love.

How blithly all the live long day;
The feather'd warblers fing;
On ev'ry bush they chaunt their lay,
Or trill on foaring wing.

'Tis joy that fills the vocal race,
All unconfin'd and free;
We'll bless the roof from place to place,
How sweet is liberty!
NYMPHS

NYMPHS and fhepherds, come away, Wanton in the fweets of May;
Trip it o'er the flow'ry lawns,
Wanton as the bounding fawns t
Frolic, buxom, blithe, and gay,
Nymphs and fhepherds come away.

HITHER, Phaebus, turn thine eyes,
Nor longer hide the day;
Give light and glery to the fun,
And blooming youth to May.

Spring implores thy gentle aid,
To rife in liv'ry gay;
While no rude blaft shall pierce the glade,

Flora too, invokes the pow'r
Of thy reviving ray,
To featter rofes ev'ry hour,
And feent the breath of May.

Or cool the warmth of May.

Come and give to nature grace,
To beauty quick convey
That lovely excellence of face,
That blufh, which charms the May.

IN spring my dear shepherds, your flow rets are gay,
They breat be all their sweets in the sun-shine of May
But hang down their heads when December is near,
The winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chant o'er the plains, All, all are in love while the fummer remains; Their sweethearts in autumn no longer are dear, The winter or life is like that of the year.

The feafon for love, is when youth's in its prime, Ye lads and ye lasses, make use of your time; The frost of old age will too quickly appear, The winter of life is like that of the year.

In rofy bloom of ripen'd years,
To each fond shepherd known,

Young Prifty, wanton as the air,
The hamlet rul'd alone;
This Kitty faw, but yet dear truth.
Each rifing paffion fway'd;
And virtue—prudence' chaplet wove,
To crown the brilliant maid.

Ah! happy more than happy fair,
Difcretion (way'd alone;
But warring love confum'd her care,
And pluck'd off wifdom's crown:
What Prifcy was, fee Kitty is,
The role of each must fade;
When virtue once deferts her feat.

Undone's the unhappy maid.

If those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately bed;
The new mown hay and breathing flow'r,
A softer couch beneath them spreads

If those who fit at shepherd's board,
Sooth not their taste with wanton art:
They take what nature's gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful heart.

If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
No high and sparkling wines can boast;
With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
And crown them with the village toast.

If those who join in shepherd's sport, Dancing on the daify'd ground, Have not the splendor of a court, Yet love adorns the merry round.

HAIL Windser! crown'd with lofty towers,
Where nature wantons at her will;
Decks ev'ry vale with fruits and flow'rs,
With waving trees adorn the hill:
Like Mars with Venus in his arms,
Like his thy strength, like her's thy charme.
Like his thy strength, &c.

When o'er thy plains I firetch mine eyes, Pleas'd with thy prospects unconfin'd; A th A Tho'

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A thousand scenes before me rise,
A thousand beauties charm my mind:
Tho' different each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon views his lovely fair,
From charm to charm in raptures loft;
Yet not her face, her shape, nor air,
Nor yet her eyes transport him most:
But 'tis the heavenly finish'd whole,
With matchless grace delights his soul.

HA!L Greenwich! crown'd with sweet delight,
Throughout thy parks display'd;
There nature's lavish charms invite
Each youth and blooming maid;
To tatle the joys of rural shade,
Where nought but love and mirth invade.
Where nought, &c.

Thyranging groves of lofty trees,
With spreading shades repel
The heat of Phæbus sultry rays.
There feather'd fongsters dwell,
In peasing emblems of true love,
Melodious warbling through the grove.

Each rifing hill new prospects yields,
And captivates the mind;
The grazing flocks, the pleasant fields,
Yield raptures unconfin'd;
Fair Flora paints the verdant scene,
And decks with fragrant sweets the green.

The filver Thames glides gently by,
With peace and plenty crown'd;
Its glitt'ing furface chear the eye,
Green ofiers mantling round;
With wanton wavings as it goes,
Invarious forms new beauty shews.

From hill to dale, from dale to grove,
Thy splendors shine around;
And, viewing each, we fully prove,
Transporting joys abound:
While extacy inspires the soul,
And praising one, we praise the whole.

How chearful along the gay mead
The daify and cowflip appear,
The flocks as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,
The herbage that springs from the sod,
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet slow'rs,
All rise to the praise of my god.

Shall man, the great master of all, The only insensible prove, Forbid it, fair gratitude's call, Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise,
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

TIS the birth-day of Phillit, hark how the birds
Their notes are remarkably fweet; [fing,
The villagers brought all the honours of fpring,
And scatter their pride at her feet.
With ribbons and roses her lambkins are crown'd,

A while they respectfully stand, Then o'er the green lawn with a frolic they bound, But first rake a kiss from her hand.

'Mongst shepherds in all the gay round of the year, This—this is their principal day;

It gave Phillis birth—and pray what can appear More lovely, more pleafingly gay:

Hark—hark! how the tabor enliv'ns the scene.
Ye lads with your lasses advance;

Tis charming to sport on a daify-drest green, And Pbillis shall lead up the dance.

The fun-(and he shines in his brightest array As if on this festival proud)

In order to give us a beautiful day
Has banish'd each travelling cloud:

The priest pass'd 'long, and my shepherdes sigh'd, Sweet Phillis!—I knew what she meant—

We stole from the pastimes—I made her my bride, Her sigh was the sigh of content. DECREPID DECREPID winter limps away!
Now youthful spring, all trim and gay,
Comes tripping o'er the sunny plain,
With health and pleasure in her train:
She comes, and lo! where'er she treads,
Soft cowflips lift their velvet heads,
With faow-drops white, and vi'lets blue,
And flow'rs of every leaf and hue.

Hail! fmiling feafon, woo'd by thee,
Town has no longer charms for me;
Sated with folly, smoak, and noise,
I pant for calmer, purer joys,
Lead me, some rural genius, where,
The wanton, cool, and balmy air,
Fresh breathing from hill, mead and grove,
Inspires sessivity and love.

Thrice happy man, whose friendly fate, Affords a pleasant country seat; Secure retirement, and defence, From bus'ness, and impertinence, There, he may stretch beneath the shade, For ease and contemplation made, And, neither spy nor whisp'rer near, Enjoy the beauties of the year.

Ev'Ry nymph and shepherd, bring
Tributes to the queen of May;
Rise for her brows the spring;
Make her as the season gay,
Make her as the season gay.
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to use the seeting hour;
Teach her then, from ev'ry flow'r,
How to use the fleeting hour.

Now the fair Narcissus blows,
With his sweetness now delights;
By his side, the maiden rose
With her artless blush invites,
With her, &c.
Such, so fragrant, and so gay,
Is the blooming queen of May;
Such, so fragrant, &c.

Soon the fair Narciffus dies, Soon he droops his languid head: From the rose her purple flies, None inviting to her bed, None, &c. Such, tho' now fo fweet and gay. Soon shall be the queen of May; Such, tho' now, &c. Tho' thou art a rural queen, By the fuffrage of the fwains. Beauty, like the vernal green, In thy fhrine not long remains, In thy, &c. Blefs, then, quickly blefs the youth, Who deferves thy love and truth; Blefs, then, quickly blefs the youth, Who deferves, &e.

HAPPY hours all hours excelling, When retir'd from crowds and noise. Happy is that filent dwelling, Fill'd with felf-poffeffing joys. Happy is that contented creature, Who with fewest things is pleas'd, And confults the voice of nature, When of roving fancy's eas'd. Every passion wisely moving, Just as reason turns the scale, Every state of life improving. That no anxious thoughts prevail. Happy man who thus possesses, Life with some companion dear; loy imparted fill increases, Griefs when told foon disappear.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground;

Whose herds with milk, whose field with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

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He what he had been he had bee

His pai nto a lift And fto B'es'd, who can unconcern'dly find Hours, days, and years, flide fost away, In health of body, peace of mind, Quiet by day.

Sound fleep by night, fludy and eafe
Together mix'd, fweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unfeen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie,

AWAKE my charmer, my Rofalind wake,
Thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here;
Come shake off thy slumber, thou queen of my heart,
And let me thy beauties severe:
Thy dearest companions of mirth are all up,
Lo! yonder they trip o'er the plain;
Oh! come, or they'll chide the neglect of thy vow,
And never believe thee again.

And never believe thee again.

Oh! come, while the birds are all whiftling around, And teaching foft echo to fing:

While morning profuse of unparallel'd sweets, Drops spice on the zephyr's wing:

Oh! now, while the sun at thy window peeps in, And shoots his bold rays at thine eyes;

Oh! now, while thy shepherd, thy Paridel's here, Arise, my dear Rosalind, rise.

As Amoret and Phillis fat
One evening on the plain,
And faw the charming Strephon wait
To tell the nymph his pain;
The threat ning danger to remove,
He whisper'd in her ear,
Ah! Phillis, if you would not love
The shepherd, do not hear.

None ever had fo strange an art, His passion to convey nto a list'ning virgin' heart, And steal her foul away: Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give Occasion for your fate, In vain, said she, in vain I strive. Alas! 'tis now too late.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly, And shun the noon-tide heat; My shrubs a cooling shade supply, My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray, Or weave the mossy nest; Here cove and sing the live long day, At night here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,

That trickle down the glade,

Here bathe your p umes, here drink your fill,

And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone, E'er shews his ruddy face, Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone, In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
Secure the linnet sings.
The goldsinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philome! ah quit thy haunt,
You distant woods among,
And round my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly-plantive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And feek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe, Shall store of fruit preserve; Oh, let me thus your friendship bribe! Come feed without reserve. 264

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plumbs belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have pick'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made, Our mutual interests guard; Mine be the gift of fruit and shades, Your songs be my reward.

AWAKE, my fair, the morning springs, The dew-drops glance around, The heifer lows, the black bird sings, The echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Stella taste, That breathing morning yields, The fragrance of the flow'ry waste, And freshness of the fields!

By uplands, and the green wood fide, We'll take our early way, And view the vally spreading wide, And op'ning with the day.

Nor uninstructive shall the scene Unfold it's charms in vain, The follow brown, the meadow green, The mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
And trembling to it's fall,
Each blush that paint the cheek of morn,
In fancy's ear shall call:

O ye in youth and beauty's pride, Who lightly dance along; While laughter frolics at your fide, And rapture tunes your long;

What though each grace around you play,
Each beauty bloom for you,
Warm as the blush of rising day,
And sparkling as the dew;

The blush that glows so gaily now,
But glows to disappear,
And quiv'ring from the bending bough,
Soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pass the beauties of your prime, That e'en in blooming die; So, shrinking at the blast of time, The treach'rous graces fly.

Let those, my Stella, slight the frain, Who fear to find it true! Each fair of transient beauty vain, And youth as transient too! Re-e

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With charms that win beyond the fight, And hold the willing heart, My Stella shall await their slight, Nor figh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
And heauties still controul;
The graces of the polish'd mind,
And beauties of the soul.

AH! whither, alas! shall I sty?
What clime shall I seek for relies?
Since Phillis no longer is nigh,
O! how shall I smother my gries?
The sweetest, the fairest was she,
So sweetly she tript o'er the plain;
But now she ne'er smiles upon me,
She's saithless—and false th her swain.

With Strephon she's gone far away,
With him is contented and bleft;
While I am distracted all day,
And ruin'd for want of my rest.
No heed can I take of my sheep,
They ramble and roam as they please,
For I can do nothing but weep,
Till Phillis my forrows appease.

Dear nymph, hear thy shepherd complain,
Return and subdue all my care;
No longer torment me with pain,
Nor drive me thus into despair:
Thy charms ever shall be my pride,
Thy smiles I will ever admire,
Thea deign for to be but my bride,
And satisfy all my desire,

26

ALL nature loks gay,
While birds on each fpray
Reecho fweet harmony round;
The lily and rose
Their beauties disclose,

And daifies enamel the ground.

The meadows look green,
No forrows are feen,
Each garden's enraptur's with joy;
Bright murmuring rills,
That circle the hills,
Yield pleafures that never can cloy.

The fnowy-fleec'd lambs,
Beside of their dams,
Pals merrily all the glad day;
While husbandmen sweat,
By the wonderful heat
Of Phæbus's powerful ray.

And tho' the spring's fled,
We've summer instead,
With charms that enliven the foul:
So nothing but mirth
Inhabits our earth,
From latitude—nought, to the pole.

As Jamie gay, gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed,
A bonny lais, as ever was,
Came ripping o'er the mead:
The hearty is wain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph furvey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Bespake the pretty maid.

Dear lassy, tell, why by thine sel
Thou hastily wand'rest here?
My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide;
Canst tell me, laddy, where?
To town ise hie, he made reply,
Some muckle sport to see;
But thou're so sweet, so trim and neat,
Ise seek the ewes with thee.

She gin her hand, nor made a fland,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went:
The birds fang fweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r)
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad raw'd in his plaid
The lass who scorn'd to frown;

She foon fo got the ewes the faught, And he to gang to town.

As Damon late, within the grove,
Bemoan'd his too fuccessless love,
And eas'd (retir'd) his fecret pain,
The god of love, who wander'd near,
Chanc'd his complaint to overhear,
And thus address'd the swain:

Rife, filly shepherd, rife, (he cry'd;)
It seems you're easily deny'd,
Because the charming nymph is coy:
The tongue may learn to speak with art;
But would you know the sair-one's heart,
Consult it in her eye!

'Tis in that mirror of her foul,
The fecrets of her bosom roll,
Reveal'd, without disguise, to view;
For, Damon, take it for a tru h,
You only are the favour'd youth,
And Lydia loves but you!

No more my altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my need ess aid!
Since faithful I have done my part:
Thy own perform with like address,
She foon shall yield, thy arms to bless,
And give thee all her heart!

So fpoke, fincere, the friendly god,
When streight along the flow'ry road,
The nymph with larguid beauty mov'd;
The swain with joy the moment seiz'd,
She heard his tender vows well pleas'd,
And all his wish approv'd.

With grateful pride, and gladsome air,
To Hymen's shrine he led the fair!
And made the lasting bliss secure.
Let maids no more false coldness feign,
Let faithful swains no more complain,
But boldly ask a cure!

29

As passing by a shady grove,

I heard a linnet sing,

Whose sweetly plaintive voice of love
Proclaim'd the chearful spring.

His pretty accents feem'd to flow
As if he knew no pain;
His downy throat he tun'd fo fweet,
It echo'd o'er the plain.

Ah! happy warbler, (I reply'd,)
Contented thus to be;
'Tis only harmony and love
Can be compar'd to thee:

Thus perch'd upon the spray ye stand, The monarch of the shade; And even sip ambrofial sweets, That glow from ev'ry g'ade.

Did man posses but half thy blis, How joyful might he be! But man was never form'd for this, 'Tis only joy for thee.

Then farewel, pretty bird, (I faid,)
Purfue thy plaintive tale,
And let thy tuneful accents foread
All o'er the fragrant vale.

AT noon, on a fultry fummer's day, The brighter lady of the May, Young Chloris, innocent and gay, Sat knotting in a shade.

Each flender finger play'd it's part
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by, He saw no anger in her eye; Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh, She would have seem'd asraid.

She let her ivory needle fall, And hurl'd away the twisted ball: But straight gave Strephon such a call, As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee With innocence I dare be free:
By fo much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap, While thy fweet cheeks I stroke and clap, Thou may'st securely take a nap: When he, poor fool! obey'd.

She faw him yawn, and heard him fnore; And found him fast asleep all o'er: She figh'd, and could endure no more, But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my slocks, not me:
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep, And watch all night thy flocks to keep; Thou shalt no more be lull d asleep By me, mistaken maid.

As on a fummer's day,
In the green-wood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

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A<sub>RISE</sub>

or long as

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!
And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan, our god, has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away

To the sweetest shepherd's reed?
There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears,
Now busily prepares

Now bufily prepares The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear defert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world befide?

It me thou art more gay,

In this homely ruffet grey,

Than the nymph of our green,

So trim and so theen,

If the brightest queen of May,

What tho' my fortune frown,
and deny thee a filken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
and a shepherd all thy own.

ARISE sweet messenger of morn, with thy mild beams our skies adorn; or long as shepherds pipe and play, his, this, shall be a holiday.

See! morn appears; a rofy hue Steales foft o'er yonder orient blue; Soon let us meet in trim array, And frolic out this holiday.

As the plowman homeward goes, Plodding to the hamlet bound, Giant-like his shadow grows, Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

The steer along the meadow strays
Now the furrow'd task is done;
And village windows blaze,
Glist'ning to the setting sun.

Mark him from behind the hill, Streak the purple painted fky: Can the pencil's mimic fkill Copy the refulgent dye?

Where the rising forest spreads
Round the time decaying dome;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune, Carols to the ev'ning loud, Mark the mild, resplendent moon, Breaking through a parted cloud!

Tripping through the filken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
See the rose-complection'd lass
With the well pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes, And the cuckow bird with two, Tuning sweet their mellow throats, Bids the fitting sun adieu.

BENEATH a cooling shade Young Strephon sought relief: The slow'rs around his head Pin'd, conscious of his grief.

Aa 2

Fond,

Fond, foolish wretch, (he cry'd)
I love and yet despair;
Pursue, tho' still deny'd
By the cool, cruel fair.

The failor tempts the fea;
The failor tempts the fea;
The mifer begs increase;
Love only governs me.

Not honour, wealth, or fame,
Can like fost transports move:
On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And he v'n is but to love.

BENEATH a bower of bloom' g May, Young Damon all complaining lay,
Of Chloe's cold distain;
In vain the flowers adorn'd the mead,
Neglected lay his crook and reed;
His flocks forsake the plain.

Whither, he cries, ye happy hours,
That gaily frolic'd round these bowers,
Ah! whither take your flight?
Will Chloe deign no more to hear
The ardent vows, the sighs sincere?
That gave so much delight.

Ye rapt'rous joys, that fir'd my breast,
When by no jealous fear oppress'd,
Of happier rival's claim;
Where are ye fled! for ever gone,
Tho' ardours in my bosom burn;
My passion still the same.

The modest blush, the down cast look,
Whene'er I of my passion spoke,
Did ev'ry fear annoy;
Chearful I tun'd my pipe all day,
My flocks delighted, sought their play;
All nature smil d with joy.

Despair now only racks my mind, My Chloe now no more is kind, But slights my ardent vows: The smiles she once bestow'd on me, The vows, that constant she would be, On Colin now bestows.

Careful I'll shun my fellow swains;
Their youthful sports, their rural games,
Can yield delight no more:
Retired to the shady grove,
That has my artless tales of love,
So often echo'd o'er;

(But now the fad reverse must know, And only echo to my woe, Since Cbloe's prov'd untrue;) lone I'll seek the once-bles's shade, Where arm in arm we oft have stray'd, Till death my pains subdue.

BLOW, ye bleak winds, around my head, And footh my heart-corroding care, Flash round my brows, ye lightnings red, And blast the laurels planted there! But may the maid, where'er she be, Think not of my diffress nor me.

May all the traces of our love

Be ever blotted from her mind;

May from her breast my vows remove,

And no remembrance leave behind!

But may the maid, Sc.

Oh! may I ne'er behold her more,
For she has robb'd my soul of rest,
Wisdom's affistance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my breast!
But may the maid, &c.

Come, death! Q come, thou friendly fleep,
And with my forrows lay me low;
And fhould the gentle virgin weep,
Nor fharp, nor lafting be her woe:
But may she think, where er she be,
No more of my distress nor me.

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COME, thou queen of penfive air, In thy fable footed car, By two mournful turtles drawn; Let me meet thee on you lawn, With decent vestments wrapt around, And thy brows with cypress bound ! Ouickly come, thou fober dame, And thy musing poet claim. Bear me where thou lov'ft to rove, In the deep, dark, folemn grove; Where on banks of velvet green, Peace with filence still is feen; And leifure at the fultry noon On flow'ry carpet flings him down, There, fweet queen! I'll fing thy pleafures In enthufiaftic meafures, And found thy praifes thro' the vale. Responsive to the hollow gale; The murm'ring rills shall spread it round, And grottos the wild notes rebound.

COME hafte thee, my Phillis, I pray, And let us repair to the grove; Where nightingales, chearful and gay, Attune their fweet accents of love : so foft is the found of their fong, 'Twill furely delight you, my fair; Then hafte thee, dear charmer, along, And ftraight to the grove let's repair. for fomething I have to impart, That labours quite hard in my breaft; o ardent and fierce is the fmart, It robs me of peace and of reft: Is love, that fond passion, I sware, By all that is honest and true; and thou art the fource of my care, I figh and I languish for you. Then come, dearest Phillis, I pray, And ease all your Doriland's pain; Ah! let him be chearful and gay, Nor longer implore you in vain,

COM

But let honest freedom invite,
For virtue's the path I pursue;
And may happiness ever unite
With those that are constant and true.

FILL, O goddefs! fill my breaft; Rife on brightest colours dreft, And with thy image make me bleft; Fairest of celestial birth. Enliv'ner of the fons of earth, Source of flowing joy and mirth. Enraptur'd let me hear the fong, Warbl'd from thy fyren tongue; Painting pleafure ever young. Soul of blifs! O deign to smile; Thou can'ft fable cares beguile, And vanquish mifery and toil. When disappointment hovers round, When malice vents the poison'd found, Erect thy creft, and heal my wound. Tis thine, to chear the face of woe. To bid the tears forget to flow. And, bluft'ring adverse blafts to blow. When ill-requited lovers pour Their wailing to the midnight hour. Thy balm is prevalent to cure. Tho' Chloe fairer than the fkies, With angry frowns should meet our fighs, Thou canft infure us half our prize. O come, bright Hope! possess my foul; For every reign without controul. And animate and warm the whole. Devoid of thee, all teems with gloom; Tis thou that giv'ft to bear each doom, In hoary age, and youth's gay bloom, With thee on wings sublime we foar, To feek th' irremeable shore; And dare futurity explore,

YE shepherds To chearful and gay, Whose flocks never carelessly roam ; Should Corydon's happen to fliay, Oh! call the poor wanderers home. Allow me to muse and to figh, Nor talk of the change that ve find: None once was fo watchful as 1: I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove With the torture of doubt and defire; What it is, to admire and to love,

And to leave her we love and admire. Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn, And the damps of each ev'ning repel; Alas! I am faint and forlorn: I have bade my dear Phillis farewel.

Since Phillis vouchfaf'd me a look, I never once dreamt of my vine; May I lose both my pipe and my crook, If I knew of a kid that was mine. I priz'd every hour that went by. Beyond all that had pleas'd me before: But now they are past, and I figh; And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.

But why do I langnish in vain; Why wander thus pensively here? Oh! why did I come from the plain, Where I fed on the imiles of my dear? They tell me, my favourite maid, The pride of that valley, is flown; Alas! where with her I have ftray'd,

I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego, What anguish I felt at my heart! Yet I thought, but it might not be fo, 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart. She gaz'd as I flowly withdrew; The path Icould hardly discern; So fweetly the bade me adieu, I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day, To visit some far-diftant shine, If he bear but a relique away, Is happy, nor heard to repine. Thus widely remov'd from the fair, Where my vows, my devotion, I owe, Soft hope is the relick I bear, And my folace wherever I go.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees, Whose murmur invites one to sleep? My grottos are shaded with trees, And my hills are white over with facep. I feldom have met with with a lofs, Such a health do my fountains bestow; My fountains all border'd with mois, Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there feen, But with tendrils of woodbine is bound: Not a beech's more beautiful green, But a sweet-briar entwines it around. Not my fields, in the prime of the year, More charms than my cattle unfold ! Not a brook that is limpid and clear, But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear; Not a shrub that I heard her admire, But I hafted and planted it there. Oh how sudden the jessamine strove With the lilack to render it gay! Already it calls for my love, To prupe the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves What strains of wild melody flow? How the nightingales warble their loves From thickets of roles that blow! And when her bright form shall appear, Each bird shall harmoniously join In a concert fo foft and fo clear, As may not be fond to jefign,

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I have found out a gift for my fair;

I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear.

She will fay 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,

Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard

Such tenderness falls from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the fister of love;
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much her sweet accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
"Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If ought, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?

And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,

And the face of the valleys as fine;

The swains may in manners compare,

But their love is not equal to mine.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the brave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will fing but a song in her praise.
When he fings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not P billida frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets she dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his in mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
O Phillis, he whispers, more fair,
More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the fost numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do, but to stray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair and my passion begun;
She smil'd, and I could not but love;
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foretee,
That a nymph fo compleat would be fought,
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;

And the lip of the nymph we admire Seems for ever adorn'd with a fmile. She is faithless, and I am undone;

Ye that witness the woes I endure, Let reason instruct you to shun What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how you loiter in vain Amid nymphs of a higher degree:

It is not for me to explain How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of adew-sprinled role,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.
O ye woods, spread your branches apace:

To your deepest recesses I sty;
I would hide with the beasts of the chace;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint the begun;
How he smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And slocks reviving selt no more
The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower

Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Les fops with fickle falshood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

But endless bleffings crown the day
I saw fair Espam's dale:
And every bleffing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid Diffus'd her lovely beams; And every thining glance display'd The Naiad of the freams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water lily forung
And glittering near its fide.

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Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her sh ape was like the reed, so sleek, So taper, strait, and fair; Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek, How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd.

This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd.

To sence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone dell
Should form a nymph so sweet!
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride, But she would ne'er incline; Prove to your equals true, she cry'd, As I will prove to mine.

Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow Has won my right good will; To him I gave my plighted vow, With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
I classe'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And yow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove, Or I these charms forego, The size in that faw our tender love, That stream shall cease to slow.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid;
Tho' forrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In truth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

Fresh

On purpose he planted you trees,

That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.
No verdure shall cover the vale.

No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liften'd, and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's stute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

THE virgin when sosten'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows,
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs,
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shepherds who dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zepbyr caresses the pine.
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet's side,
That borders the vernal alcove;
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide,
For May is the mother of love.

May

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
If the lark and the linnet now fing,
Their music is taught them by May:
The flock-dove recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond blis in the grove;
And murmuring feems to repeat,
That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
For music must welcome the day:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove;
Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
That May is the mother of love.

FOR fafety, my flocks, feek the plain,
Shun the woods, left the wolf should pursue,
I think of nought but Celemene,
I cannot give one thought to you.

Ah me! so extreme's my despair, My charge I no longer can keep; Of myself I cannot take care, How can I take care of my sheep?

Secure, though you range o'er the green,
No refuge I find from my pain;
The cruel, unkind Celemene
Pursues me throughout with disdain.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and As wilder'd and wearied I roam, [bare, A gentle young fhepherdess fees my despair, And leads me o'er lawns to my home: [crown'd, Yellow sheaves from rich Geres her cottage had Green rushes were strew'd on the floor; Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We fat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
Whilst thrown off my guard by some glances she cast,
Love sli y stole into my breast.

I told my fost wishes, she sweetly reply'd,

(Ye virgins, her choice was divine)

I'verich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,

Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kis'd theripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,

And if on the banks, by the fiream.

Reclin'd on her before I fink into fleep,

Her image still fostens my dream.

Together werange o'er the flow rifing hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet dissils,
And mark out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;

The cottager Peace is well known for her fire, And shepherds have nam'd her—Content.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head:
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! filly swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
She talk d, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe

She could doat on fo lowly a clown;

Or that her fond heart would not grieve

To forsake the fine folks of the town!

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To think that a beauty fo gay
So kind and fo conflant would prove,
To be clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!
What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the muses my temples have crown'd?
What tho' when they hear my fost strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who forrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

ls.

If, whilft my hard fate I fustain,
In her breast and pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on the grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love set her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at e'ery fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
Whilst Colin, torgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.

DaPHNIS stood pensive in the shade, With arms across, and head reclin'd; Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid, And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind: I stuneful pipe all broken lay, Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say, My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song sorbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
I feel the sound; my heart-strings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue,
Hark, hark, what says my love!
How soolish is the nymph, she cries,
Who tristes with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful sips were made to seign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride.

'Twas not my neart thy love deny'd, Come back, dear youth, again. As t'other day my hand he seiz'd, My blood with thrilling motion flew; Sudden I put on looks displeas'd.

And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
Then had'st thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and tofy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other ple stures seek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love, by such trifles first comes on.
Nwo now, dear shepherd, come away,
Mytongue would now my heart obey,
An Chloe, thou art won!

That

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace, And found where wishing Cbloe lay; Shame sudden lighten'd in her face, Confus'd, she knew not what to say. At last in broken words, she cry'd, To-morrow you in vain had try'd, But I am lost to-day!

ALEXIS hunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he lest his slocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came, His grief some pity, others blame, The fatal cause all kindly seek;

He mingled his concern with theirs, He gave them back their friendly tears, He tigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest,

And she too kind concern exprest

And ask'd the reason of his woe;

She ask'd, but with an air and mien

That made it easily foreseen

She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
White I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dange s dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my hears,
I love and I despair.

Too much Alexis have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain;
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

I Said on the banks by the fiream
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long:
Oh grant me ye muses, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my song!
But Pan bids me flick to my strain,
Nor lessons too losty rehearse;
Ambition besits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Pbillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a seeble persume:
The dew drop so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Pbæbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride
Its fairness with her's to compare;
And foolishly thought (till I cry'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you m fake?
Your fault be with forrow confest;
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She smil'd—a reward for my song!
I find the god Pan's in the right,
No same's like the sair one's applause!
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

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Adieu.

AREWEL, ye love-enchanting shades, And ev'ry vernal grove; Adien, ye moss, woods and glades, Your paths no more I rove!

No orient blushes now arise, To tinge the spangled dawn; No soaring pinions reach the skies, To hail the insant dawn.

The shepherd now his crook forsakes, His pipes and sleecy care; No mattins warble from the brakes, Or rend the gloomy air.

Fair Phillis, hear the direful truth, To natures laws attend; Triumph not o'er thy gen'rous youth, Or mourn the fatal end.

Depend not on thy fading charms,
Or their united pow'r;
Refign them to Amintor's arms,
And blefs the happy hour.

Then shall life's spring glide on serene, Nor rustling tempests reign; So shall you prove love's happy queen, And bless a faithful swain.

FLOW, murm'ring river, flow;
Whilft on thy borders grow
Gay Flora's richeft pride:
And fince thy bounty feeds
The neighb'ring verdant meads,
In ceafelefs trinklings glide.

Upon the whifp'ring ffream,
May faithful lovers dream,
Whilft fings the humming-bee:
Or let th' impaffion'd fwain
Most fweetly there complain,
Or pipe in tuneful glee.

Upon thy banks I'll fray, To lull my cares away, There shun the noontide beam ?

WEB

Fair quiet here I find, This toothes my thoughtful mind; I thank thee, gentle stream.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,

Among the sweet violets lay:
A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from it's
('Twix: Cupid and Hymen a plot) [dam.

That Cerydon night, as he fearch'd for his lamb, Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps He faw the fair nymph with furprize;

Ye gods, if so killing, he cry d, while she sleeps, I'm lost if she opens her eyes;

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I'll homeward my lambkin to trace.

But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,

For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, rease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,
I think you too loud on the spray;

Don't you fee, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep, You ll wake her as fure as 'tis day.

How dare that fond butterfly touch the fweet maid ! Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose:

I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile, Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;

I laid myself down for to rest me awhile, But trust me I've long been awake.

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow, He plac'd himself down by her side;

And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,... But yesterday made her his bride.

HAIL, young spring, the earth adorning,
Drive old winter far away;
Call the rosy-singer'd morning,
Deck the sun in radiance gay.

Bb

Floras

Flora, bring thy sweetest treasure; Zephyrs, wast thy sofrest gale; Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure; Echo, tell it thro' the vale.

Leafless, tuneless, unendearing, Mourn'd the long-deserted grove; But, sweet spring, at thy appearing, All is harmony and love.

How sweet the freshing gales of spring!

Each blushing morn how gay!

The tuneful lark begins to sing,

As soon as dawn of day.

Then next Aurora's golden ray
Comes glancing o'er the plains;
To hail the warblers plaintive lay,
And rouze the flurdy swains;

Who from their cors to toil repair, Regardless of all strife; Unknowing, and unknown to care, Is sure the shepherds life.

He toils, he carols, all the day;
At eve, then home he bends;
Charm'd with the birds on every fpray,
As to his cottage tends.

His cottage teems with infants dear, That's who'esome, clean, and neat; His wife—his bed—his all is there, To make his joys compleat.

With these he sits a welcome guest, So happy and so gay; Till twilight points the hour of rest, They then it's call obey.

HAIL, then fource of thought divine!
Aweful folitude be mine:
Let me, from the world feeluded,
By no glitt'ring joys deluded,
Earthly pleafures all despite,
Hoping for eternal joys.

Let me wander o'er the plains,
Where perpetual Alence reigns;
Whilft I, at the close of even,
View the blue bespangl'd heav'n;
Let me then my God adore,
Mark his works, and own his pow'r.
When the blushing morn has spread
Dewy fragrance o'er the mead;
When the newly-risen sun
Has his daily task begun,
Teach me then, in tuneful lays,
To chant my great Creator's praise.

When my peaceful life is spent,
Free from care and discontent,
Let me, O my God! when thou
Call'st me from this world below,
With hope of heav'nly pleasures blest,
In gentle slumbers tink to rest.

HAVE ye feen the morning fky, When the dawn prevails on high, When, anon, some purple ray, Gives a sample of the day; When, anon, the lark on wing, Strives to foar, and strains to fing? Have ye feen th' ethereal blue, Gently shedding filver dew, Spangling o'er the filent green, While the nightingale, unfeen, To the moon and stars full bright, Lonesome chants the hymn of night? Have ye feen the broider'd May, All her fcented blooms display, Breezes opening every hour, This and that expecting flower, While the mingling birds prolong. From each bush, the vernal long? Have ye feen the damask rose Her unfully'd blufh difclofe; Or the lily's dewy bell, In her gloffy white excel;

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Or a garden vary'd o'er
With a thousand glories more?
By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day;
By the pleasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight!
Judge by them the joys I find,
Since my Rosalind was kind;
Since she did herself resign
To my vows, for ever mine.

HARK! the birds begin their lay, Flowrets deck the robe of May:
See the little lambkins bound,
Playfol, o'er the clover-ground;
While the heifers sportive low
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs and fwains advance O'er the lawn in perfect dance; Garlands from the hawthorn bough Grace the happy thepherd's brow; While the laffes, in array, Wait upon the queen of May.

Innecence, content and love,
Fill the meadows and the grove;
Minth that never webrs a frown,
Health with sweetness all her own;
Labour puts on pleasure's smile,
And pale care forgets his toil.

Ah! what pleasures shepherds know! Monarchs cannot such bestow; Love improves each happy hour, Grandeur has not such in store. Learn, ambition, learn from hence, Happiness is innocence.

ANTHE the lovely, the joy of the plain,

By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;

She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair;

Their pleasure was equal, and equal their care;

No time or enjoyment their dotage withdrew,

But the longer they liv'd fill the fonder they grew.

A passion so happy alarm'd all the plain:
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the swain.
Some swore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade;
That the lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all consented that none ever knew
A nymph yet so kind, or a shepherd so true.
Love saw them with pleasure, and vow'd to take care.
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair:
What either did want he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing but ever to love: [do,
Said 'twas all that to please them his god-head could
That they still might be kind, and still might be true.

IMMORTAL powers, convey me where No tumultuous throngs appear; Far from flatt'ry, far from care, Let me breathe the rural air.

Bear me to some shady grove, Blest retreat of peace and love; Where, secure, the warbling choir From the busy world retire.

Where nature's beauties deck the ground, Thousand beauteous flowers abound: Still, to make the seene more fair, Let lovely Delia meet me there.

Delia's presence will improve The vernal beauty of the grove; Give each flower a pleasing dye, Brighter azure to the sky.

Venus, to complete my joy, Hither fend thy sportive boy; And, in this propitious hour, Let my Delia own his power.

Roseate health, fair peace, gay pleasure, Happiness, and balmy leisure; When my Delia's heart possessing, Ever b'est, and ever blessing.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perch'd on high,
B b 2

Brifkly

Brisk'y crows the shepherd's clock!

And proclaims the morning nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow, Shadows nurs'd by night retire; And the peeping fun-beem, now, Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where the prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's fight.

From the clay-built cottage ridge, See the chatt'ring swallow spring; Darting through the one arch'd bridge, Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock, See the filver fiream diffit Sweet refreshment for the flock, When 'tis fun-drove from the hill.

Plowmen for the promis'd corn,
Ripening o'er the banks of Tweed,
Anxious hear the huntiman's horn,
Soften'd by the shepherd's reed.

Sweet, oh! fweet, the warbling throng, On the white emblossom'd spray! All in music, mirth and song, At the jocund dawn of day.

Of Pindus' mount, of Latian plains;
I most delight, at rising day,
Along the Kentish lawns to stray;
There, whilst the birds are wrapt in tune,
To breathe the sweets of roly June.

Or far about the hills to trace, And fing my country's fertile face; Her p ppin-trees in filver bloom, Her curling hops, her golden broom; Of shelter, where at sultry noon The rustic shuns the heat of June, Of ample orchards, halesome streams, Where fishes sport in sunny beams; Of distant meads, where slocks are seen, Like argent spots on purest green, Where (while he crops the vernal boon) The mower sings of rosy June.

To fing of clover's purple dye, Grateful to the wond'ring eye; Of pea-blown vallies, wheat-clad fields, Brighter scenes than Tempe yields. Ah! how gay, by midnight moon, Are scenes like these in rosy June.

And still to fing, in Doric strains,
Of low-roof'd cots, where quiet reigns;
Of rustic lads, by honour fram'd,
Of sylvan maids, for beauty fam'd,
Whose loves will never cloy so soon,
But ever last as fresh as June.

And (more than many a realm can boaft)
To fing our fea girt happy coaft,
Where, big with commerce, ev'ry tide
The fleets of distant nations glide.
To themes like these my flute I tune,
Whilst roses deck the month of June.

Young Dolly I met by the way;
I told her, her charms had subdu'd me with love,
And caus'd her awhile for to stay.

Silly Damon, she cry'd, what would you be at?
Your fooling give over, I pray;
For all your fond wooing, your cooing and chat,

No longer shall make me delay.

Then I press'd her hand close, saying, can you deny
A favour so trifling as this?
But still she rejected, and cry'd out, O sye!

when I eagerly stole a sweet kiss.

With rapture I gaz'd on her delicate charms, (For I could not refift it, I vow)

Then clasping her lovingly in my fond arms,
Said she, I must go to my cow. Then a Ti Where Fo

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Then away o'er the plain together we went,

Till come to a cool river's fide,

Where we tarry'd awhile, till I gain'd her confent For ever to be my true bride.

Adieu, then ye troubles and plagues of this life,

With Dolly I fure shall be blest;
For when that kind Providence makes her my wife
We'll lull all our cares into rest.

Ushers in the rising day;

Phæbus, from the west returning,

Dimly gleams a trembling ray.

Now no more the lark, high-foaring, Chaunts her fweetly-thrilling strain; Far away she hastes, exploring Some more hospitable plain.

Flocks of sparrows, pertly hopping, Here and there collect a grain; While the sweet domestic robin, For the city quits the plain.

Birds of ev'ry fong and pinion, Own ftern winter's rigid reign; And for fummer's foft dominion Silent figh, but figh in vain.

Some in pensive notes repining, On the snow-embossed spray, For their absent partners pining, Sigh their little lives away.

Now no more is heard refounding, Up you cliff, the bufy mill; Winter's frigid arms furrounding, Lock the fweetly-tinkling rill.

at,

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Lo! how all our scenes of pleasure, Cloth'd in spotless liveries lie, Where nymphs and swains, in frolick measure, Tript and sung so merrily.

Ah! how oft, at eve, refounding
Mufick flole from yonder hill,
Which (fickly fogs and mitts furrounding).
Now breeds damps and vapours chill.

But hark! in yonder vale, gay moving, Breathes the far-refounding horn; Whilft the jovial sportsmen toving, Hail, with shouts, the rising morn.

No more the festive train I'll join:
Adieu! ye rural sports, adieu!
For what, alas! have griefs like mine
With pastimes or delights to do!
Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well a day! how chang'd am I!
When late 1 feiz'd the rural reed,
So foft my firains, the herds hard by
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;
But now my firains no longer move,
They're difcord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
The fairest once upon the les;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unshorn'd they stray, nor mark'd by me:
The shepherds mours to see them rove;
They ask the cause, I answer love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
With tears of anguish to o'erstow;
'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,

And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe; Love has occasion'd all my smart, Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

Now gilded groves, with verdure ctal, Reflect bright Phæbus' golden beams, While his ce estial glories slame Down the translucent sliver streams, Lo! as Aurora onward moves,

His fleecy flocks the thepherd fwain Drives from their folds in jovial glee, And whitens all the verdant plain.

In yonder gay, enamed mead,
The fireling plumes his golden wings,
Then towering up the azure height,
He mounts sublime, and soaring sings.

Nymph

Nymph of the wave, sweet Naiad hear, While thy clear water's bank along, With careless steps I pleasing stray, And warble forth my youthful song.

Here could I ever, ever rove,
And quit the world's contentious scene;
What joy, with innocence and truth,
To wrap me in your charming green!
But fate and fortune, adverse, call,
And snatch me to the busy throng;
Adieu, then! rural sweets adieu!
And cease, thou dear, deluding song.

Now the woodland choirs fing,
Beauty takes her radient sphere,
Love adorns the smiling spring,
Love and beauty gild the year:
Seize the minutes as they fly,
Jocund hours and sestive round;
Innocence, with virgin eye,
Comes with rural chaplets crown'd.

Awful virtue keeps her state
In the cot, or on the throne;
Liberty enjoys her mate,
As fair honour holds the zone:
Love and heauty, on the wing,
Sweep the globe, and conquer all;
Poet, hero, fage, and king,
At their shrine submissive fall.

Where should honour love to dwell,
But in freedom's happy afte?
Virtue here enjoys a cell
More than in a tyrant's smile:
Where should beauty fix her reign,
But on love that pow'r defies?
Innocence shall crown the scene
Where ambition droops and dies.

SEE Neriga, the young and the fair,
Far away from her Corylas flies,
Though the Zephyrs float foft on the sir,
And mild leatons illumine the ikies:

To the haunts of the great ones she strays;
She despises our meads and our flow'rs;
She will listen no more to our lays;
She has left the sweet shade of our bow'rs.

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Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
Oft join'd our gay dances among,
And the Dryads, in murmuring strains,
Through the woodlands have echo'd our fongi
E'en Pan must have own'd that our verse
Had exceeded the chief of the grove;
E'en with Pan might we dare to rehearse,
When the theme was Nerissa and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,

No fost music shall glad the dull scene;
The nymphs and the Dryads shall mourn,
For their goddess hat quitted the green.
But sad Corylas chief shall complain,
By the lark, by the thrush on the spray,
Shall invoke the dear goddess again,
Whose presence enlivens the May.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each ftream,
Dear confcious fcenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the ftreams remain,
But Damon there I feek in vain.

Now to the moss cave I sty,

Where to my cave I oft have sung,
Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,

As o'er the siry steep they hung;
The moss cave, the goats remain,
But Dumon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pais,
And figh to fee the well-known made;
I weep, and kils the bended grass,
Where love and Danon fondly play'd:
The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
But Danon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more

Each flow'r in pity droops its head, All nature does my loss deplore: All, all reproach the faithless swain, Yet Damen still I seek in vain.

fong!

more

To sheepshear, my boys! pipe and tabor strike up!
Let's lose not a moment, but put round the cup!
Our wood is all hous'd, and our toil now is o'er;
Our barn is well stock'd, & we'll dance on the floor.
Come, neighbours! with hearts & with voices in tune
No time's like our festival sheepshear in Jane;
For only with daylight our frolick shall cease:
Here's liquor and mirth! and success to the fleece!

HE lass of Pattie's mill, So bonny, blythe, and gay, In spite of all my skill Hath stole my heart away : When tedding of the hay Bare-headed on the green, Love 'midft her locks did play, And wanton'd in her een. Her arms white, round, and smooth, Breafts rifing in their dawn, To age it would give youth To press them with his haund: Thro' all my fpirits ran An extaly of blifs, When I fuch sweetness fand Wrapt in a balmy kiss. Without the help of art, Like flow'rs that grace the wild, She did her sweets impart, Whene'er she spoke or smil'd: Her looks they were fo mild, Free from affected pride, She me to love beguil'd, I wish'd her for my bride. Oh! had I all the wealth Hoptoun's high mountains fill, Infur'd long life and health, And pleasures at my will

I'd promise and fulfi!,

That none but bonny she,
The lass of Pattie's mill,
Should share the same with me.

YE nymphs of the plain who once faw me fo gay, You ask why in forrow I spend the whole day: 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray: Then crown your poor Phillis with willow. The bloom which once grac'd, has deferted this cheek My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce speak My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break: Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.

Ye lovers fo true, that attend on my bier,
And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe;
Ah! curb not the figh, nor refuse the kind tear;

Then strew all the place round with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,

"Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was deny'd;

She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd:"

Then shade it with cypress and willow.

A Swain of love despairing, Thus wail'd his cruel fate, His grief the shepherds sharing, In circles round him fat : The nymphs in kind compassion, The luckless lover mourn'd; All who had felt love's paffion A figh for figh return'd. O friends! your plaints give over, Your kind concern forbear, Should Chioe but discover For me you've fled a tear, Her eyes she arm'd with vengeance, Your friendship soon subdue: Too late you'd ask forgiveness, And for her mercy fue. Her charms fuch force discover. Resistance is in vain. Spight of yourfelf you'd love her, And hug the galling chain : Her wit the flame increases,

And rivets fast the dart;

She

She has ten thousand graces, And each would gain a hearts

But, oh! one more deferving
Has thaw'd her frezen breaft,
Her heart for him preferving,
She's cold to all the reft:
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought diffracts my brain.
O cruel maid! then fwooning,
He fell upon the plain.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!

Come Lucy, it cries, come away,

The grave of thy Colin has room

To reft thee befide his cold clay.

I come, my dear fhepherd, I come;

Ye friends and companions adieu;

I hafte to my Colin's dark home,

To die in his bofom fo true.

All mournful the midnight hell rung
When Lucy, fad Lucy arose,
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose:
All wet with the right's chilling dew.
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, the cry'd,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long e'er it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdes liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee she had forrow'd and griev'd,
For thee, would she lie down and die,

Alas! what avails it how dear
'Thy Lucy was once to her fwain;
Her face like the lily fo fair,
And eye that give light to the plain.
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,

And Lucy forgot and alone
To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echo around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground !
I hear the kind call and obey,
Ah Colin! receive me she cay'd!
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb stone and dy'd.

In the morn as I walk thro' the mead,
And tread on a carpet of green,
When I view the fweet flocks as they feed,
What equals the beautiful fcene;
Thro' the groves do I pass with delight,
In viewing you ever-green pine;
What sensations I feel at the fight
Of a prospect so rural and fine!

Hark! the birds as they perch on the bough
With melody pleafing the ear;
See the hind from afar with his plough
Denoting the time of the year.
As I firay thro' the neighbouring vale,
Encompass'd by mountains so high,
O, what charms do I find in the dale,
By the fiream that runs bubbling by!

At the foot of you freamore tree
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed,
While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
His sheep a long side of him feed.
O'er you beautiful lawn do I see
The hare with timidity fly;
How delightful's the music to me

Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear?

'Tis the bells from you neighbouring vill,
O, how pleafing the found to my ear

By the fide of this murmying will.

By the fide of this murmuring rill.

There's no pleafure to me is fo fweet

As that which the country gives;

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Iam happy, thank God, at my feat, Where rural felicity lives.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
And cowslips adorn the gay green,
The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
Contribute to brighten the scene;
In a cottage, retir'd, there lives
Young Colin, and Phæbe the fair;

The bleffings each other receives,
In mutual enjoyments they share:

And the lads and the laffes that dwell on the plain, Sing in praise of fair Phæbe, and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
The splendor and grandeur of pride;
No wants can the shepherd annoy,
While blest with his beautiful bride:
He wishes no greater delight

Than to tend on his lambkins by day,

And return to his Phæbe at night,
His innocent toil to repay;

And the lads and the laffes that dwell on the plain, Sing in praise of fair Phabe, and Colin her swain.

If delighted her lover appears,

The fair one partakes of his blifs:

If dejected, she foothes all his cares,

And heals all his pains with a kis:

She despises the artful deceit
That is practis'd in city and court;

Thinks happiness no where compleat
But where shepherds and nymphs do resort:
And the lads and the lasses they die in despair.

And the lads and the laffes they die in det Unlefs they're as kind as Phæbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accustom'd to rove,
And each innocent fair-one betray,
No longer be faithless in love,
The dictates of honour obey:
Ye nymphs, who with beauty are bless'd,
With mixture improves a v'en arross.

With virtue improve ev'ry grace;
The charms of the mind, when posses'd,
Will dignify those of the face;

And ye lads and ye laffes whom Nymen has join'd, Like Colin be constant, like Phabe be kind.

What the pherd or nymph of the gruve
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,
Since Phabe no longer is here?
My flocks, if at random they flray,
What wonder, if the's from the plains?
Her hand they were wont to obey:
She rul'd both the theep and the fwains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd

To the foot of you neighbouring hill,

To the bow'r we had built in the shade,

Or the river that runs by the mill?

There, sweet, by my side as she lay,

And heard the fond stories I told,

How sweet was the thrush from the spray,

Or the bleating of lambs from the fold?

How oft' would I fpy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew!
How long the fweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest:

Till the hours of retirement and reft; What pleasures and pain each had paft, Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,

I felt when my fair-one was near;

Alike was each weather and clime,

Each feafon that checquer'd the year:

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,

Did we melt on the bosom of May;

Each morn brought contentment and ease,

If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was nature's most beautiful task,
The despair and the envy of art:
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was drest;
For the graces were thron'd in her eves.

And the virtues all lodg'd in her breaft.

My Colin leaves fair London town,
Its pomp, its pride and noise;
With eager hasse he hies him down,
To taste of rural joys.
Soon as my much lov'd swain's in sight,
My heart is mad with glee;
I never know such true delight,
As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove.

And range the meadows wide!

Not yet less sweet the moon light grove,
All by the river's fide.

The gaudy feasons pass away,
How swift, when Colin's by!

How swift y glides the flow'ry May!

How fast the summers sty!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
An humble crook he bears;
He tends the slock like other swains,
A shepherd quite appears
All in the verdant month of May,
The rake is all his pride;
He helps to make the new-mown hay,
With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign,
His tickle he prepares;
He reaps the harvest on the plain,
All p eas'd with rural cares.
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail.

If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
To me are muckle cheer.

The folk that chuse in town to dwell
Are from my envy free;
For Moggy loves the plain too well,
And Colin's all to me.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
And hasten away to the plain,
Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
To welcome my love and her swain.
The lark is exalted in air.
The linnet sings perch'd on the spray?
Our lambs stand in need of our care,
Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
While gamesome young lambs are at sport,
Exceed the delights of a peer
That shines with such grandeur at court.
When Colin and Strephon go by,
They form a disgusse for a while;
They see how I'm bles'd with a sigh,
But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,

T'enjoy it take infinite pains;

But liberty's primitive state
Is only enjoy'd on the plains.

With Phillis I rove to and fro,

With her my gay minutes are spent;

'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,

That happines flows from content.

STREPHON arose at early dawn,
And sought as wont his sleecy care;
His sleecy care, alas! were gone.
Nor knew the haples shepherd where:
In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
Each dell. each break he travers'd round;
Each pathless wood and flow'ry vaie,
But not one lambkin could be found.

Celia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled How shall I e'er thy grief assuage? How shall I cheer thy drooping head, If poverty should mark my age? Said she, my love, misfortune's dart Is pointed, and is spent in vain; While I possessmy shepherd's heart, I laugh at ills, and smile at pain. And flought While While Hence I thy May

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ho' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,
And grace our envious neighbours folds,
sought can my Celia's soul dismay,
While Strepkon to her breast she holds:
id he, my warmest thanks, O take,
Hence shalt thou be my only care;
I thy virtues e'er forsake,
May heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

I from thy lovely form mine eyes
Should I werve but in the least degree;
Thy dear idea will arife,
And lead the wand'rer back to thee.
Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
As oft Iv'e heard the ftory told;
Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
And amply fill'd the shepherd's fold.

WHEN fummer comes, the swains on Tweed.
Sings their successful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And music fills the groves:
But my lov'd song is then the broom,
So fair on Covaden knows;
for sure so sweet, so fair a bloom,
Elswhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Taveed,
Could play with half fuch art.
He fung of Tay, of Forth, and Elyde,
The hills and dales all round.
Of Leader haughs, and Leader-fide,
Oh! how I bieft the found.

Net more delightful is the broom, So fair on Covoden knows; Forfure fo fresh, so bright a broom, Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot-braes so green and gay, May with this broom compare; Not Yarrow banks in slow'ry May, Nor bush a boom Traquar.

More pleafing far are Cowden knows,

My peaceful happy home;
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At eve among the broom:
Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed, and Tiviot, flows;
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden knows.

T'OTHER day, in the strawberry-vale; When only my Phillis was there, I begg'd she'd attend to my tale, I long to unbosom my care.

With smiles, sweet as Flora's in Man.

With smiles, sweet as Flora's in May.

She bid me my pleasures impart.

I said, (in a faultering way)

Your eyes have ta'en captive my heart.

The dance and the tabor I shun,
No rest on my pillow I find;
Believe me, wherever I run,
Your image still dwells in my mind.

O! footh the keen anguish I bear,
I vow'd to be ever fincere:
Her hand she presented to kifs,
And brighten'd her blush with a tear.

And now, if my sheep are secure,

I meet her at eve in the dale,
Where she wishes that slame may endure,
She approved in the strawberry-vale.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchfaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreathe;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd faid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay.
Than glowing in their native bed

Undrest

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found Their colours lost, their odours past, She chang'd her look, and on the ground Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt fense distinct and clear, As any muse's tongue could speak; When from it's lid a pearly tear Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Diffembling what I knew too well, My love, my life, faid I, explain, This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell, That falling tear, what does it mean?

She figh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing the lovely moralist said,
See, frieud, in some sew steeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah, me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one;
At noon both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evining, pa'e and gone.

At dawn poor Stella dane'd and fung, The am'rous youth around her bow'd; At night her fatal knell was rung, I faw, and kis'd her in her shroud.

Such as she is, that dy'd to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy muse desplay
The justice of my Chloe's forrow.

THE fummer gay, delightful scene, With all it's pleasing charms, It's golden groves, and polish'd green, Will sink in winter's arms.

Come then, Eliza, let us reve,
'Midst nature's richest store;
Those bounties seize, and teast like Jove,
And nature's works explore.

Catch nature's beauties as they roll, While mutual passious charm; Content shall harmonize the soul,
And ev'ry pain disarm.
Then when stern winter shakes the world,
And rapid lightnings fly,
When nature's in confusion hurl'd,

We'll ev'ry care defy.

THE ponderous cloud was black and low,
And fail'd majestically slow,
Red lightning scorch'd the ground:
Tremendous, now, the thunder rolls,
As if it would have riv'd the poles,
And torrents pour around,
No shelter nigh, to shield my head,
Along the champaign swift I fled,
Before the opening skies;
Till from the west a gale arose,
Dispers'd the cloud, the welkin glows,
And vernal sweets arise.

Creation feem'd as new awake,
From every dingle, bush, and brake,
E'en from the very fod;
The feather'd face their throats essay,
Who shall falute, in fongs most gay,
Tho wonder-working God.

Aftern'd, that those of least effect.

Should praise the pow'r alone supreme,
I crav'd to be forgiven:

Straight, like the little graceful throng,
I, in an unaffected song,
Adres'd my voice to heaven.

THE rooks in the neighb'ring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts, in the branches above,
Are cover'd no longer with May.
The birds that so cheerfuly sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone,
And as they chirp low to their young,
The want of their goddes bemoan.

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No daifies on carpets of green, O'er nature's cold bosom are spread; Not a sweet-briar sprig can be feen To furnish fresh wreaths for my head : ome flow'rs indeed may be found, But thefe neither blooming nor gay; The fairest still sleep in the ground, And wait for the coming of May. December perhaps has purloin'd Her rich, though fantaffical gear, With envy the months may have join'd. And jostled her out of the year. ome shepherds, 'tis true, may repine To fee their lov'd gardens undreft. But I while my Phillida's mine. Shall always have May in my breaft.

The lovely Delia smiles again!
That killing frown has left her brow: In the forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is in April's doubtful day:
Awhile we see the tempest lour?
Anon the radiant heav'ns survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.
The flow'rs that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.
The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
nevery raptur'd note express

OUNG Colin was the bonniest swain hat ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
Or danc'd upon the lee:
The wanton kid, in gamesome round,
That frolicks o'er the flow'ry ground,
Was not so blithe as he.

The joy I feel-when thou art kind.

Beneath the oak, in yonder vale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice:
But, ah! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens fung, in willow groves,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd loves;
Here Jenny told her woes:
And Moggy's tears increas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair, my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
And leave you to despair:
Ere he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves for ah! you'll find
False Colins every where.

FAIREST daughter of the year,
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While the vivio fkies appear,
Nature smiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery painted mead,
Pasture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant harvest spread,
Laughing lies the lowland scene.

Friend of thine, the shepherd plays
Blithsome near the yellow broom,
While his slock, that careless strys,
Seeks the wild-thyme's sweet persume,

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er these lawns and vallies fair,
Tune my gentle lyre to love,
Cherish hope, and soften care.

Round me shall the village swains,
Shall the rosy nymph appear;
While I sing, in rural strains,
May, to shepherds ever dear,

I had never skill to raise

Pæans from the vocal strings,

To the godlike hero's praise,

To the pageant pomp of kings.

Stranger to the hostile plains,
Where the brazen trumpets sound;
Life's red stream the verdure stains,
Heaps promiscuous press the ground;

Where the mur'rous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,

Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;

Thee I woo, my gentle May,

Tune for thee my native firains.

Blooming groves, and wand'rings rills, Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams, Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills, All her unexalted themes.

As o'er the varied meads I firay,
Or trace thro' winding woods my way,
While op'ning flow'rs their fweets exhale,
And odours breathe in every gale;
Where fage contentment builds her feat,
And peace attends the calm retreat,
My foul responsive hails the scene,
Attun'd to joy, and peace within.
But musing on the lib'ral hand,
That scatters bleffings e'er the land,
That gives for man with pow'r divine,
The earth to teem, the sun to shine;
My grateful heart with rapture burns,
And pleasure to devotion turns.

ON every tree, in every plain, I trace the jovial spring in vain! And sickly languor veils mine eyes, And fast my waning vigour flies. Nor flow'ry plain, nor budding tree, That smile on others, smile on me; Mine eyes from death shall court repose, Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring! Or, what the needless pride of spring! The cypress bough, that suits the bier, Retains it's verdure all the year.

'Tis true, my vine so fresh and fair, Might claim awhile my wonted care; My rural store some pleasure yield; So white a slock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie, Might well expect one parting figh; Might well demand one tender tear; For when was Damon infincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon fitting sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains, my friends declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

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O'ER defert plains, and rufhy meers, And wither'd heaths I rove; Where tree nor spire, nor cot appears, I pass to meet my love.

But the my paths were damask'd o'er With beauties e'er so fine; My busy thoughts would fly before To fix alone—on thine.

No fir crown'd hills cou'd give delight, No palace please mine eye: No pyramid's aerial height, Where mould'ring monarchs lie.

Unmov'd should eastern kings advances
Could I the pagent see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Nor steal one thought from thee.

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OON as the fun began to peep, And gild the morning skies, Young Chlee from disorder'd sleep Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite That waited on her still, Had teaz'd her all the tedious night With visionary ill.

ome shock of fate is surely nigh!
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
What does those horrid dreams imply!
My Cupid can't be dead!

the call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of fome mishap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware

Her sumptuous table grac'd:
The polish'd emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd!

The kittle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat;
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd;
And bowing took his feat.

Well—chatting on of that and this, The maid revers'd her cup; And, tempted by the forfeit kifs, The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on!

A man must prove himfelf polite, In such a case as this; So Richard strives with all his might To force the forseit kiss.

But as he firove -Oh, dire to tel! (And yet with grief I must)

The table turn'd—the china fell, A heap of painted dust!

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cry'd,
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childishness and pride!

For in a kifs, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found!
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

Spring returns; the fawns advance, Leading on the sprightly dance, O'er the fallow, o'er the glade Thro' the sunshine, thro' the shade; Whilst I forlorn, and pensive still, Sit sighing for my dassodil.

See the wanton nymphs appear,
Smiling all, as fmiles the year!
Sporting, print where'er they tread,
Daify ground, or primrofe bed,
Whilft I forlorn, &c.

Now the swain with wat'ry shoe, Brushes by the morning dew; With officious love to bear Fresh-Blown cowslips to his fair. Whilft I forlorn, &c.

Gentle nymph, forfake the mead, To my love for pity plead;
Go, ye swains, and seek the fair,
This my last petition bear.
Whilft I forlorn. &c.

Sweetest maid, that e'er was seen, Dance at wake, or trip the green; See a love-fick, fighing swain, Hear my vows, relieve my pain; Or with your frowns for pity kill Too charming, cruel, daffodil.

Cc2

SEE

SEE, Daphne, see Florello cry'd,
And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!
The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from eastern skies.

So you, my fair, of charms divine, Will quit the plains too fond to shine Where fame's transporting rays allure, Tho' here more happy, more secure.

And all it's blushing radiance dies.

The breath of some neglected maid Shall make you sigh, you left the shade; A breath to beauty's bloom unkind, As to the rose an eastern wind.

The Youth reply'd—You first, my swain, Confine your sonnets to the plain; One envious tongue alike disarms, You, of your wit, me, of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill? Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill? What unadmir'd, a charming mien? Or what the rose's blush, unseen?

WHEN I behold, at vernal tide,
The halesome herbage spring,
Note how the trees with leaves supply'd,
My fancy takes the wing;

Grateful I meet the April shower; Cheareful, at rising day, I trace the lawns, and kils the slowers Which makes the season gay.

Sweet lark, (I cry) shall you, untaught,
Praise with thy seeble voice;
And I, a creature bless d with thought,
Be backward to rejoice!

No. by the name of gratitude, In lottier firains I'll fing, To him whose kindness has renew'd The life-inspiring spring!

Who bids the boughs with bloom to teem, Sweet fruits that bloom to yield; Who deals, in summer time, the stream, To chear the harvest-field;

Who, when the harvest time is past, Gives us a golden store, And kindly makes the plenty last Till summer brings us more!

Him will I praise, above all pow'rs, Without whose bounteous will, Spring could not deck the dale with flow'rs, Nor harvest cloth the hill.

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WHEN first I faw my Delia's face, Adorn'd with every bloom and grace That love and youth could bring: Such sweetness too in all her form, I thought her one celestial born, And took her for the Spring.

Each day a charm was added more,
Mufic and language swell'd the store,
With all the force of reason:
And yet so frolic and so gay,
Deck'd with the opening sweets of May,
She look'd—the Summer season.

Admiring crowds around her press,
But none the happy He could guess.
Unwish'd her beauties caught them:
I urg'd my passion in her ear,
Of love, she said, she could not hear;
And yet seem'd ripe as Autumn.

The rose, not gather'd in it's prime,
Will fade and fall in little!
So I began to hint her;
Her cheeks confess a summer glow;
But, ah! her breast of driven snow
Conceals a heart of Winter.

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She co In radi YE shepherds, who stray with my swain, Companions in sport, and in youth, O! tell him how great is my pain! How I grieve for the loss of his truth!

0! tell him, how oft as he fwore He never would ceafe to be mine! Or leave me his faith to deplore, Or with heart-breaking anguish repine!

Remind him how oft, in the grove,

At my feet he in raptures would kneel.

And implore me to pity his love,

Till he taught me, fond fool, how to feel!

O! tell him, 'tis now he must come, For more my fond heart cannot bear; Or the maidens will carry me home, The victim of love and despair,

THE fatal hours are wond'rous near, That from these fountains bear my dear; A little space is giv'n, in vain; She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is *Delia's* way, On that I gaze the live-long day; No eastern monarch's dazing pride Should draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh, And sees his mangled legions die, Cass not a more impatient glance, To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more the school-boy, that expires
Far from his native home requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace.

She comes—but ah! what-crowds of beaux In radiant bands my fair inclose; Oh! better had'st thou shun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen..

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee!

NOW nature's beauties bloom around, Sweet violets paint the velvet ground: Perfumes abundant lade each gale, And float along the vernal dale. The frisky lambkins wanton play, In luscious pattures, time away; And limpid streams harmonious glide.

The ermin'd lilies dress'd in light, And blooming roses red and white, With painted tulips, mirtles green, Assist to heighten grandeurs scene.

With filver cygnets to their tide.

The fields all gay, in glory blaze, Assisted by bright Phæbus' rays; Whose beams resulgent now appear, And early bid the morning steer.

The starling, blackbird, and the thrush, Enraptur'd chant on ev'ry bush: High-pois'd in air the lark, too, sings, While cleaving space with nervous wings.

Yet all the beauties here I paint, Without the fair-ones, feem but faint; For they with prattle gild our hours, And are by fair the brightest flow'rs.

WHEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,
And sportive lambkins play,
When lilies in each vale appear,
And music wakes the day:
With joy I meet my shepherd swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale.

While rural scenes delight;
Beneath the beech in yonder dale,
His music charms the night.

When morn returns, I meet my swain
Come tripping o'er the lawn;
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste
With him who has my heart;
While tove invites, no time I'll waste,
No more we'll ever part:
And when returning with my swain,
We tript it o'er the lawn;
While hand in hand we range the plain,
We'll hail the rosy dawn.

Why shines the moon with silver ray, Amid her starry splendors gay! Why thrills the nightingale her note, And strains her sweet mellistuous throat! Why breathes the incense of the grove, On me, a slave to care and love!

Now snowy blossoms clothe the year, In verdant vesture meads appear; Favonian gales, and tepid show'rs, Revive the gaudy smiling slow'rs; All nature wantons in her bloom, While I, alone, bewail my doom.

Ye deeply-piercing frosts return,
And freeze each Naiad in her urn;
The tender blossoms tear away,
Deform the fields, unleaf the spray;
And O! if able, chill this stame,
That burns my heart, and mass my frame;
Root out the seeds of am'rous fire,
And quench both fear and fond defire.

Fut ah! in vain 1 beg your aid, My heart your rigour can't pervade; Like Hecla, 'midfle ernal Inows, With unextinguish'd heat it glows. What can I pray! where turn my eyes!
Ye howling winds infuriate rife!
With tenfold rage imperuous fweep
The furrow'd bosom of the deep;
Let spiry trees from land be torn,
And on your winged surges borne;
That in the aggravated roar,
My fatal loss I may deplore;
Unheeded blend my frantic voice,
With gen'ral shricks, and hideous noise.

WHY blushes so early the rose,
Diffusing its sweets thro' the day;
Since June is the month that is chose,
To finish the courtship of May.
Perhaps the young colours I see
Of Spring in her morning array,
Are painted, O Flora, by thee,
In honour of Pbillis's day.

For June to perfection shall rife,
Surpassing the blushes of May,
And Zephyr shall mount to the skies,
In honour of Phillis's day:
Then lasses, let each be a wife,
Each marry, like Phillis, in June;
For age is the winter of life,
And night is the pillow of Noon.

WHERE the murmuring river flows,
Where the trembling willows play,
We enjoy a cool repose
From the busy glare of day.
Summer's heat disturbs the breast,
Every passion should be still,
Ev'ry thought is sull'd to rest,
By the sweetly tinkling rill.

WHEN the early cock crows at the day's dappl'd
And foaring lark through the air trills, [dawn,
E'er yet the warm fun drinks the dews from the
Or vapours uncover the hills; [lawn,
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And shepherds releasing their care, furn, life to unkennel, at found of the horn, Or courfe, with my greyhounds, the hare.

In fpring-time observing my husbandmen fow, Then fee how my yearlings go on; Sometimes, riding round, mark my turnip-men hoe Or in barn what my threshers have done. At home, with the parson, bout markets I prate, His tythes, tho' I never delay; We properly each should maintain in his state, The vine dreffer's worthy his pay.

My milk-maidens, morn and eve, dairy-cows prefs, For cuftards, cream, puddings, and cheefe, My daughters keep market in neat but plain drefs, And dame too-but 'tis when she'll please. We never for mafter or miftielsship ftrive, But man and wife's lot share and share; As gratitude tells us, in friendship we live, Do the same ye Crim. cons, it ye dare.

My poultry is all by my good woman bred, My garden gives roots for my health, For London my bullocks on best fodder fed, Yet I pinch not the poor for my wealth. I've plenty of game in my copies and woods, My flock on its thyme-feeding thrives; With fish full well stor'd are my ponds and my floods And honey from yon' row of hives.

What grateful return is to industry made? What reward have the bees for their toil? We boast of our rights, yet, their rights we invade, And feize on their labours as spoil. But justice to power is only a name, Great fishes devour the imall; Great birds, and great beafts, and great men do the Till death, the grand robber, takes all.

Content spreads my cloth, and says grace after meat, While welcome attends at my board; No outlandish mixture disguises my treat, My wine my own orchards afford.

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Vhile

While ploughmen are whifiling, as furrows they With a glass in my hand, to church, country, and I drink, as a subject should do; Perhaps my dame smiles, then one fong I must sing, So, Sir, if you please, pray do you.

WHEN fnow descends, and robes the fields, In winter's bright array; Touch'd by the fun, the luftre fades, And weeps itself away. When fpring appears, when villets blow, And shed a rich perfume : How foon the fragrance breathes its last! How short-liv'd is the bloom!

Fresh in the morn, the summer rose, Hangs wither'd ere 'tis noon ; We scarce enjoy the balmy gift, But mourn the pleasure gone. With gilding fire the evening star Streaks the autumnal fkies; Shook from its feat, it dar s away, And in an instant dies.

Such are the charms that flush the cheek, at the And sparkle in the eye; So from the lively finish'd form The transient graces fly. To this the feafons as they roll, Their attestation bring; They warm the fair, their ev'ry round. Confirms the truth I fing.

- 110 -IN my pleafant native plains, Wing'd with blifs each moment flew; Nature there inspir'd the strains, Simple as the joys I knew; locund morn and evening gay Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

Fields, and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs, All that health and joy impart; Call'd for artless music's pow'rs, Faithful echoes to the heart! Happy hours for ever gay Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
Wak'd the warblers of the grove,
Who, sweet birds that heard you sing,
Would not join the song of love?
Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
Claim'd the merry Roundelay.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
With various cares I strove,
My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
The spring our drink bestow'd;
But when her lip the brim had press'd,
The cup with nestar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
What sold could never have

What gold could never buy.
No value has a fplendid lot,
But as the means to prove
That from the cattle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

ADIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs, Adieu, my peace is o'er; Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs, Since Delia breathe no more.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales, Adieu ye streams and floods; Adieu sweet echo's plaintive tales, Adieu ye meads and woods.

Adieu ye flocks, ye fleecy care, Adieu you pleafing plain; Adieu thou beauteous blooming fair, We ne'er shall meet again.

OH! wast me, Zepbyr, give me ease, Fan we with thy gentle breeze; O bear me to tome flow'ry bed, Where roses all their odour shed.

Where nature's ever bounteous hand, Her endless treasures doth expand; There let me gain a sweet repose, And calm my soul in spite of woes. I ho' thou, dear maid, be not my lot, Yet shalt thou never be forgot; I'll weave a chaplet ev'ry year, And soothe despair with many a tear. For ev'ry thought thy form shall bring, On cruel recoelection's wing; Each slow'r, each beauty which I see, Amanda—makes me think of thee.

A Busy humble bee am 1,
That range the garden sunny:
From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey.
Bright Cbloe, with her golden hair,
Awhile my rich jonquil is,
Till cloy'd with fipping nectar there,
I shift to roty Pbillis.
I shift, &c.

But Pbillis's fweet op'ning breaft,
Remains not long my flation;
For Kitty now must be address'd,
My spicy breath'd carnation.
Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
To other flow'ss I'm rover;
And all in turns my love receives
The gay wide garden over.
The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound,
My roving fancy edges,
And oft with Flora I am found,
In dalliance under hedges:
For as I am an arrant bee,
Who range each bank that's funny,
Both fields and garden, are my fee,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey,
And ev'ry flow'r's my honey,

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COME, come, my fair one, let us ftray, and taffe the fweet of early day;
Young health the roly child of Morn,
With blushes shall thy cheeks adorn.
With blushes, Se.

Look, look abroad, behold 'tis day, see on yon lawn the lambkins play; Now ev'ry linnet of the grove, Charms the lift'ning fwain to love. Charms, &c.

Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
Arife, my fair, arife and prove,
The dear delights fond lovers know,
The best of blessings here below.
The best, &c.

HUSH! every breeze, let nothing move, My Delia fings, and fings of love, Around the winning graces wait, And calm contentment guards the feat.

Hufh, every breeze, &c.

In the sweet shade, my Delia, stay,
You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May;
The sun now rages in his Noon,
Tis pity sure to part so soon.
Tis pity, Sc.

- 125 -

Oh! hear me, Delia, hear me now, Incline propitious to my vow; So may thy charms no changes prove, But bloom for ever like my love.

But bloom, Se.

NIGHT affirmes her gloomy reign,
Now shadows lengthen o'er the plain,
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleasure wait us there,
For peace. &c.

To some clear river's verdant side, on thou my happy footsteps guide,

In concert with my verdent fream, we'll fing, and love shall be our theme.

In concert, &c.

There loft in extacies of joy,
While tend'rest scenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bless the hours our loves begun
The happy hour that made us one,
We'll bless the hour, Se.

NIGHT reigns around in fleep's foft arms,
The village fwain forgets his care;
Sleep that the fling of forrows charms,
And heals all fadness but despair.
Despair alone her power denies,
And when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless thro' the desart strays.

Wrapp'd in the folitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd I'. I wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.
The world has now no charms for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all is lost.

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone;
Are vows no more, almighty love.
The sad remembrance let me shun,
Let her be blest with health and eate,
Which all your bounty has in store;
Let forrow cloud my source days,
Be Stella blest, I ask no more.

As the birds on every spray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of spring,
As they sweetly, sweetly sing,
As they sweetly, &c.
So when Damon can beguile,

So when Damon can beguile, Cruel Flord of a smile,

Gladden'd

Gladden'd he begins to fing, Flora kind, more sweet than spring.

Cruel maid! why fuch disdain, Is there joy in causing pain; Love a kinder aspect wear, Frowns become not such a fair.

Thus the fwain his love beguil'd,
And she kindly, kindly smil'd;
As the birds on ev'ry spray,
Welcome the approach of day;
Or at gay return of spring,
As they sweetly, sweetly sing.
As they sweetly, &c.

Come come my good shepherds, our flocks we must In your holiday suits with your lasses appear: [shear; The happiest of folks are the guileless and free, And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught; We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught: What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led; But we all the children of nature are bred: By her hands alone we are painted and dreft, [breaft For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the

The giant Ambition we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet Chearfulnes open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possessed us, that love we reveal, Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel; So harmless and simple we sport and we play, And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

THE gentle primrose of the vale, Whose tender bloom rude winds assail, Droops its meek leaves, and scarce sustains The night's chill snow and beating rains.

'Tis past—the morn returns—sweet spring
Is come—and hills and valleys sing—

But low the gentle primrose lies; No more to bloom, no more to rise!

AT eve with the woodlark I reft.

I rise up each morn with the same,
By the note of the nightingale blest.

I laugh at the trumpet of same.

From the top of my primrofy hill, How many proud houses I see; The Lords of them envy who will. My ease and my cottage for me.

I fmile at my country's increase,
In commerce, religion, and arms;
My heart, and my hand are for these,—
A Briton and Liberty warms.

I Ransported with joy, with a heart light as air, Lovely Phillida tript to her cot from the fair; Her mother would fain know the cause of her biff, Which arose she insisted from Corydon's kis; From Corydon's kis! faid the lass with a smile, He gave me much more, ere we journey'd a mile! Much more cry'd the mother, I'll know what it be No, no, that's a secret between him and me; And mother you've told me all secrets to keep, And never reveal 'em-not even in fleep; What Corydon gave me I'll now not impart, 'Tis the joy of my eye! and the blis of my heart! Come, huffey, disclose, I'm determined to know What the shepherd has done, thus to tickle you fo! Dear mother 'tis only what pass'd in your youth 'Tween my father and you-as I live 'tis a truth! So press me no farther for time will reveal What now with such rapture I wish to conceal.

Yes, yes, I know well what will happen in time, And know what misfortunes await on the crime! A crime! faid the fair one, believe me, dear mother, Each virgin around would embrace fuch another; He gave me this morn the delight of my life, He gave me—himself—for he made me his wife!

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# A COLLECTION of CANTATAS, &c.

# SONG I.

Thade RECITATIVE. NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring Seem'd most for love & contemplation made, A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows, Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose; Thither retir'd from Phabus' fultry ray, And lull'd in fleep, fair Iphigenia lay: Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love, By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove; He trudg'd along, unknowing what he fought, And whiftled as he went, for want of thought, But when he first beheld the sleeping maid, He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form furvey'd; And while with artless voice he sweetly sung, Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

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The stream that glides in murmurs by, Whose glassy bosom shews the sky, Completes the rural scene, Completes the rural scene; But in thy bosom, charming maid, All heav'n itself is sure display'd, Too lovely Iphigene, Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE. She wakes, and farts-poor Cymon trembling flands; Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands: Bright excellence, faid she, dispell all fear; Where honour's present, fure no danger's near. Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, the replies, Oh Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rife; Thy nonest heart no wrong can entertain: Puriue thy way, and let me fleep again. The clown, transported, was not filent long, But thus with extafy purfu'd his fong.

AIR.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break, In wanton ringlets, down thy neck; Thy love inspiring mien, Thy love inspiring mien, Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow, And taper shape, enchant me so, I die for Iphigene,

I die for Iphigene,

RECITATIVE, Amaz'd, the liftens, nor can trace from whence The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense: She gazes-finds him comely, tall, and straight, And thinks he might improve his aukward gait; Bids him be fecret, and and next day attend, At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend. Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead; And nature's language furest will succeed.

> Love's a pure, a facred fire, Kindling gentle, chafte defire; Love can rage itself controul, And elevate the human foul. Depriv'd of that, our wretched flate Had mide our lives of too long date; But blest with beauty, and with love, But bleft with beauty, and with love! We taste what angels do above; What angels do above.

PHILANDER. DEAREST Dapbne, turn thine eyes, Jocund day begins to rife; See! the morn, with roles crown'd, Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground.

Love

Love invites to yonder grove, Where none but lovers dare to rove. Let us hafte, make no delay; Cupid calls, we must obey.

And honour's strict commands obey:

DAPHNE. Ah, Philander! I'm afraid;
There poor Laura was betray'd
By young Strephon's fubtle wiles,
Soothing words and artful fwiles.
Simple maids are foon undone,
When their easy hearts are won,
Press me not, I must away,

PHILAND. Gentle Daphne, fear not you,

1'll be ever kind and true;

Think no more on Laura's fate,

View yon turtle, and his mate;

See how freely they impart

The impulie of each others heart,

Like them, my fair, lets sport and play;

Nature prompts us to obey.

DAPHNE. Shepherd, I perceive your aim, You and Strephon are the fame; You like him wou d me betray, Shou'd I trust to what you say.

PHILAND. If Dopline doubts, let Hymen's bands
This inflant join our willing hands,
The invitation I obey,
And love with honour will repay.

WHY, Damon, wilt thou firive in vain
My firm refolves to move?

Ny heart, alas! may feel the pain,
But fcorns the guilt of love!

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Perfidious, too, like all the reft,

Is faithless Damon grown!

Ah! canst thou seek to wound the breast

That pants for thee alone?

AIR.

No! for a thought so mealy base,
Ungrateful! thou shalt find,
The heart that could admire thy sace
Can hate thee for thy mind,

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
To revel in his ev'ning rites;
In vain his altar I furround,
Tho' with Burgundian incense crown'd:
No charms has wine without the lass;
'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

While all around, with jocund glee, In brimmers toaft the fav'rite she; Tho' ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim, My heart still whispers Cbloe's name; And thus, with me, by am'rous stealth, Still ev'ry glass is Cbloe's health.

YES, Damon, yes, I can approve, See all thy merit, all thy love; But, shipwreck'd once, I leave the shore, And trust the faithless seas no more: Thy vows are lost, thy tears are vain, For I can never love again.

DAMON. And could'st thou then, bewitching maid,
Could'st thou be slighted, or betray'd?
Or, is it but an artful tale,
O'er Damon's passion to prevail?
For surely shou wert born to reign,
To love, and to be lov'd again.

CELIA. If Celia cou'd once more believe,

Damon, like Thyrsis, would deceive;

And yet, methinks, it cannot be:

There must be faith and truth in thee;

Trust me, thy Celia feels thy pain,

And wishes she cou'd love again.

DAMON. Why, then, those fears that rack thy bress?

Say that thou wilt, and I am blest:

But, if my vows successless prove,

Damon shall bid adieu to love;

Like thee, resolve to quit the plain,

And never, never love again.

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Wh Que SQUIRE.

COME, come, my dear girl, I must not be denied; Fine cloaths you shall stash in, and rant it away; I'll give you this purse too; and, hark you, beside, We'll kis and we'll toy all the long summer's day

SALLY.

Of kiffing and toying you foon would be tir'd,
Oh! should haples Sally confent to be naught!
Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining that is to be bought
'Source.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's bufy tongue,
But know, above scandal you then shall be put;
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail chastity walking a foot.

SALLY.

If only through fear of the world I was fly,
My coyness and modefly were but ill shown;
Its pardon 'twere easy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I shall purchase my own.
'SQUIRE.

Leave morals to grey-beards, these lips were defign'd For better employment.

SALLY. STEEDS SALLY

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I will not endure-

'SQUIRE.

Oh fye, child I love bias you be rich, and be kind;

SALLY.

But virtue commands me-Be honeft and poor.

AIR

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air, Gentle Echo. haste thee here; From the vale, where all around Rocks to rocks return the sound; From the swelling surge that roars 'Gainst the tempest beaten shores; From the silent moss-grown cell, Haunt of warbling Philomel; Where, unseen of man, you lie, Queen of woodland harmony.

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn Strains to make Narcissus burn; Hark! the heav'nly song begins; Air be still; breath soft ye winds; Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir, While Dione strikes the lyre.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear,
All around enchantment reigns,
Such the magic of her strains;
Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,
Soon will make Narcissus burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move,
His obdurate heart to love,
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion in the airy dance;
Learn the grace with which she straye
Thro' the light fantastic maze:
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should Narcissus still be cold;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

FREE from forrow, free from strife, Oh how blest the miller's life! Chearful working thro' the day, Still he laughs and sings away.

Nought can vex him, Nought perplex him, While there's grift to make him gay. Due T.

Let the great enjoy the bleffings
By indulgent fortune fent,
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content?
CHORUS.

Free from forrow, &c.

Dd

FAIR

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

FAIR Venus left her bleft abodes, they fay,
And to the woodlands once purfu'd her way;
There fought Dana, and in cooling strains,
She thus implor'd the queen of woodland plains.

The chace's joys I wish to know,
Like Dian to be drest;
With thee, thro' toils O let me go:
A huntress all confest:
Take, take me in thy chearful train,
Let Cupid share the day:
I long to hunt o'er wood and plain,
O'er bills and far away.

Forbear to alk me, queen of love,
(Diana quick replies)
Oh! hie thee, to thy Paphian grove,
To taste of softer joys.

AIR.

Our din would hurt thy tender ear,
Thy feet are flow of pace:
Our toils would fill thy heart with fear,
Forego the fatal chace.

Nor urge the fuit in vain;
No more my nymphs would own my fway,
If love should join my train.

THOMAS.

LET fops precend in flames to mek,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without diffuife or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

SALLY. Let ladies prudifully deny,

Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie,

I own the paffion in my breaft,

And long to make my lover bleft.

THOMAS For this the failor on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping he wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

SALLY. For this the virgin pines and fighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;
'Till sweet reverse of joys she proves,
And class the faithful lad she loves.

BOTH. Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find,
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms,

Mark the filent flight of time,
Fortune's gifts should she disclose,
Quickly chuse what she bestows;
Bloom and beauty soon decay,
Love and youth fly swift away.

Let not age thy bloom enfnare, You can find no pleasure there; Transient joys you'll seek in vain, Joys that ne'er return again. Ev'ry minute then improve, Fleeting are those joys of love; Wisely think the young and gay, But the tenants of a day.

OH Damon! still you strive in vain, Clarinda's fix'd resolve to move; My heart, alas! may feel the pain, But justly scorns the guilt of love.

RECITATIVE,
Is this, ye pow'rs, his boafted flame?
O fay, is this his only end?
And can his love defiroy the fame,
His truth and honour fhould defend?

Oh! for a thought so meanly base,
The ungenerous youth shall surely find,
The heart that could admire his sace,
Can still cetest him for his mind,

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To Handel's pleasing notes, as Chloe sung
The charms of heav'nly liberty,
A bird till then with bondage pleas'd,
With ardour panted to be free;
His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain;
Yet, e're he slies, tunes forth this parting strain.

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Whilst to the distant vale I wing. Nor wait the flow return of spring, Rather in leastless groves to dwell, Than in my Chloe's warmer cell; Forgive me, mistress, since, by thee, I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall cheer, With genial warmth, the drooping year, I'll tell, upon the topmost spray, Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay, And, in my prison, learn'd from thee To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care; That kind concern let Strepbon share; Slight are my forrows, slight my ills, To those which he, poor captive! feels, Who, kept in hopeless bonds by thee, Yet strives not for his liberty.

RECITATIVE.

HE faithles Thefeus scarce had got on board, When Ariadne wak'd and miss'd her lord, budden she rose, and to the beach she siew, And saw his vessel less'ning to her view: the smote her breast, she rav'd, and tore her air, then in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

A I R.

Ah! Thefens, Thefeus, stay!
Cease, cease, ye winds to blow!
Kind Neptune, cease to flow;
Nor wast my love away!
Ah! whither wilt thou go?
Could I have serv'd thee so?
Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You sty from her who gave thee pow'r to sty?

RECITATIVE.
The jolly God, who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And gently thus administer'd relief.

ATR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear;
Though Theseus plow the deep,
You've still a lover here:
I am Bacchus, God of Wine,
God of revelry and joy;
If Ariadne will be mine,
Mirth shall every hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it, man, why fill it up;
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:
Fill it higher to the brink:
Come, my lovely mourner, drink!

With foft reluctance the at last comply'd,
And to her lip the nectar'd cup apply'd:
The potent draught, with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart
In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
And with success the jovial God was crown'd:
While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

A 1 2: [pine, Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine, [fair Let the nymph, who's forfaken for one that's more Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair And let the fond youth who would win the coy maid. Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid, Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part, Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart,

WHAT innocent delights fweet fancy yields?
With her how fweet to range the flow'ry fields,
Dd 2
While

While parted from my love by cruel war, Thy aid, fweet fancy I implore,

AIR

Smiling Fancy, foftly lead
To the joys of jocund May,
To the daify'd, dewy mead,
Where my shepherd us'd to stray.

Lead me where the bloffom'd boughs
Form'd the bow'r to Colin dear,
And let the object of my vows,
Let my gentle fwain be there.

Now vict'ry crown the gallant youth, Sweet peace and joy, our hours are thine; Oh! love, reward his loyal truth, And myrtle with his laurels twine.

WHILE bloffoms deck each verdant fpray,
And Flora breathes the sweets of May,
I'll leave my flock to frolic free,
And tune my pipe alone for thee;

And tune, Sc.

SYLVIA. What if thy flock should leave the plain,
While Tray is sleeping by my swain?

Would'st thou not think the minutes dear
And rail at me that kept thee here?

And rail, &c.

PRILAN. First shall the lark forget his note, The linnet stop his liquid throat.

SYLVIA. So oft you game, some sheepherds say,
And only jest when you betray;
And only, &c.

Deck but your song with truth alone,
My virgin heart shall be your own.

PHILAN. The turtle shall fortake his love, Ere I to thee inconstant prove; Ere I, Se.

BOTH. When beauty opens all her charms,
And honour flies to beauty's arms,
Sweet peace and love take up their crown
And virtue then ascends her throne;
And virtue, Sc.

WITH joy and mirth our vallies rung,
On ev'ry spray sweet warblers sung,
Whilst eche soft repeats the strain
Of many a nymph and rustic swain.
In all their sports I bore a part,
When cond'ring love first touch'd my heart,

Ron'd' E Au.

No maid fo blithe, fo blefs'd as I,

Nor knew of Cupid's wiles,

'Till first I met young Damon's' eye,

And mark'd his beauteous smiles.

Ah! then what rapture fill'd my breast,

And rush'd thro' every vein:

Wha tumults strange, my soul oppress'd?

Tho' first a pleasing pain.

Too soon, alas! I lost my rest,

And absent, now I feel

That love's keen wound within my breast,

No time can ever heal.

RECITATIVE..

WHICH is best, ye casuists. say,
To be grave, or to be gay?

Still to weep and never smile,
(In the Penseroso stile)
So fit moping like a nun,
Or to frisk it in the sun,
Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
And the glad appointments made?

**— 18 —** 

A I R.

Better fing, and dance and drefs,
And inculge the calls of youth,
While she forfeits not her truth;
Rigour and severe demean
Are not decent at fixteen;
And the character is lost,
Study'd at good nature's cost,
She that meditates the most,
Is not always virtue's boast;
Nor the sient and demure,
Always peaceable and pure;

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While the lively, brisk, and smart, Have more innocence at heart, With a little less to dread From the mischief in their head.

W HO'LL buy a heart, Myrtilla cries, And throws around her wanton eyes; An easy shape, a graceful air, A face like lovely Hebe's fair; A pair of eyes, that wound at fight, And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove The foul-enchanting joys of love; Quickly, quickly come; for he Buys, that bids the most for me.

But let no fordid wretch prefume, With even Cræsus' wealth to come; Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold Such charms as these can e'er be fold. So vile a change I fcorn to make, For love's the only coin I take.

RECITATIVE .. I E nymphs, who fair Parnassus' summit throng, Descend, and help my joyous lays along; Thy tinkling harp, Apollo, with thee bring, And join in chorus, as I lisping sing.

Bacchus, deity divine! Kindly pluck the bending vine; Of rich grapes the choicest cull, Squeeze this mighty goblet full.

On the table fee it smiles, Wine, that pain and care beguiles; Sons of Galen, leave your strife, This alone can lengthen life.

Come, my lovely flowing bowl, Let me drink without controul, Till my rofy cheeks proclaim, Agcebus rules the human frame.

Wh

[ A Cobler there was ]

Y E fons of the bottle attend to my mufe, Who boldly has ventur'd her subject to chopse. From Hogarth's keen pencil, which juftly displays The foibles trail man ev'ry moment betravs.

Derry Down, &c.

Old Time on the clock had proclaim'd the last hour When Bacchus began to exhibit his power ; Poor Reason was forc'd to take flight from the room And leave noise and folly their reign to assume. Derry Down, &c.

[ A Soldier and a Sailor.] The Captain and Physician, Were got in strange division Which had the greatest skill, Sir. And who the most did kill, Sir, When thus began their fray;

At length so high it rose, Sir, From words they fell to blows, Sie, And foon the fierce cuckade, Sir, Upon the floor was laid, Sir, The Doctor gain'd the day.

[Religion's a politic Law.] A ruby fac'd fon of the church, Who thought all teligion a hum. Had left his poor flock in the lurch. To tip the glass over his thumb: The Patriarchs (he faid) thought no mame. With women and wine to be blefs'd: Then why should not we do the same, So merrily drank to the best.

The As.

The Lawyer fo arch, with his wig plac'd awry On noddle well fronted with brafs, Grins, stammers and hiccups, and cocking his eye, Thus makes of his client an afs. "The case you have told, to be sure is as clear, As the wine that now fmiles in this glass; But 'zounds! right or wrong, Sir, you need not to I'd prove that a horse is an als,"

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The

The Magpye. The Juttice more wife, Who Bacchus defies, Sate foberly impaking his c'ay : From Nelfon and Coke, He oftentimes fooke, Then cordially whist'd it away.

[The Yorkshire Ballad.] Sir Politic having fix'd all for the beft, The Balance of Power foon lull'd him to reft, The Beau his weak nerves by cafcading confes'd. With a down, down, down, &c.

[Give us Gtaffes, my Wench.]

To drive away care, And banish defpair. Thus mortals purfue a wrong course; The cure they propose, Too oftentimes grows, Than e'en the difeafe itfeif, worfe. The mirror held up, Will thew in the cup. Those ills which make nature decay; Let Reason once mose, Your fenfes reftore, And happily live while you may.

ANTHONIO. I HE crimfon morn bids hence the night, Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair, For till the dawn of love is there, I feel no day, I own no night.

Louisa. Waking, I heard thy numbers chide, Waking, the dawn did blefs my fight, 'Tis Phæbus fure that woes I cried, Who fpeaks in long, who moves in light.

- 23

I'S A'A C. MY mistress expects me, and I must go Or how can I hope for a smile, fto her Louisa. Soon may you return a prosperous woper, But think what I suffer the while. But think, Ge,

Alone, and away from the man that I love In ftrangers I'm forc'd to confide prove ISAAC. Dear lady my friend you may truft, &he'll Your guardian, protector and guide. Your guardian, &c.

> - 24 AMIE. PRYTHEE, Sajan, what doft muse on, By this doleful, doleful fpring, You are, I fear, in love, my dear, Ithing, . Alas poor thing, alas poor thing, alas poor

Susan. Truly, Jamie, I must blame ye, 'Caufe you look fo pale and wan, I fear 'twill prove you are in love. Alas poor man.

Nay, my Suey, now I view ye, IAMIE. Well I know, I know your fmart, When you're alone, you figh and moan, Alas poor heart.

Jamie hold, I dare be bold, SUSAN. To fay thy heart, thy heart is stole, And know the the, as well as thee, Alas, poor foul.

IAMIE. Then, my Sue, tell me who, I'll give thee beads of pearl, And eafe thy heart, of all the fmart, Alas, poor girl.

Susan. Jamie, no, if you should know. I fear 'twould make you fad : And pine away, both night and day, Alas, poor lad.

JAMIE. Why then, Sue, it is for you, That I'm burning in these flames, And when I die, I know you'll cry, Alas, poor Fames.

Susan. Say you so, then famie know, If you should prove untrue, Then you will make me likewife cry, Alas, poor Sue.

BOTH. Come then join, thy hand with mine, And we will dance, will dance and fir I do agree to marry thee, Alas poor thing, Gc.

SOP

TRUM

PAR

PARTNERS of my toils and pleafures, To this happy fpot repair; See how juftly fortune measures, Favours to the true and fair. With choruffes gay, Proclaim holiday, In praise of the Lord of the Manor; And happy the fong, If it trains old and young, In the leffons of Castle Manor. And happy, &c. SOPHIA. When a mutual inclination, Once a glowing spark betrays; Try with tender emulation, Which shall first excite the blaze. I plighted my truth To a generous youth, I found him at Caftle Manor. To one only be kind, And leave fashion behind, 'Tis the lesson of Castle Manor. TRUMOR. Gallants learn from Trumore's flory, To affociate in the breaft, Truth and honour, love and glory, Aud to fortune leave the reft, My ambition was fame, From beauty it came. From beauty at Cafile Manor: 'Tis an honour to arms, To be led by its charms, Like the foldier of Caftle Manor. 'Tis, &c. Brifk and free, but true to duty, Sure I've play'd an honest part; Would you purchase love and beauty, Be the price a faithful heart. Should a knave full of gold, Think Peg's to be fold Let him meet me at Castle Manor. A bed in the mire, To cool his defire, Is the lesion of Castle Manor, A bed, Ga

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PAR

Annet. If I trip in my expression,

Critics lend a patient ear a

If coquetting be transgressing,

Sisterhood be not severe.

To love while we live,

And all faults to forgive,

Is the lesson of Castle Manor;

As friend to our cause,

Bestow your applause,

And welcome us to Castle Manor.

As friend, &c.

As Dian and her hunting train Once rov'd to try the woods and plain, Poor Cupid fast asseep they found, His bows and arrows on the ground. Well pleas'd to find his godship there, She thus commands her list'ning fair:

- 26 -

Break, break with speed, each pointed dart!

For if he wakes he'll surely turn our toe,

Tis, 'tis to wound the tender heart.

His only joy's to give us woe.

Now shall we safely trace the plain,

And haunt the river, lawn, and grove,

His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,

You now may safely laugh at love.

RECITATIVE.

When now, too late, the god awoke,
Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,
The fatal mischief thus he spoke,
Whilst malice sparkled from each eye:

Tho' Cupid is vanquish'd to day,
Believe not my empire is o'er,
To Venus I'll hie me away,
She'll arm me as well as before.
Oh Dion! what nymph of thy train
Is safe when I aim the sure dart?
I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,
Then goddess, take care of thy heart.

RECITATIVE. As I fat joyous in a pleafant room, Where none but choicest spirits ever come, A fong was call'd; filence aloud proclaim, . For mirth and joy was e'ry hum'rift's aim ; Up flarts a genius, and he thus begun, Hoping to please each social son; To wine and music he address'd his song, In words like thefe, or thefe, he fung:

O bring me music, bring me wine, Go fill the sprightly bowl: 'Tis only wine and music can Relieve the wounded foul. Apollo, tune thy trembling lyre; Great Bacchus, found thy tun; And whilft thou doft the chorus fill,

Our joys can ne'er be done. Then take the cup and fill it high, Such joys to us belong;

Then let us with chearful hearts Invoke the god of fong.

Come, god of mirth and revelry, Come bring thy merry round,

And thew the cynic fool, that he Such joys has never found.

Sacred to mirth, this spot, my friends, Ye focial fons decree; Let us then, confecrate this night

To wit and jollity: Come let the cup with wine o'erflow;

The bortle push about; Come fill, my bro her bloods, around, The starry liquor out.

- 28 -

RECITATIVE.

ABOUT the time when buly faces meet, And carts and coaches rumble in each fireet; When madam rifes, and the tea-things rattle; And all the fex prepare for general tattle, The maudlin libertines are let to know,

They must, attended, to the justice go, A coach is call'd-they to his worship freer, To be, or fent to Bridewell, or fet clear. His worship o'er his chacolate attends, To punish foes, and to oblige his friends; With air important, then demands the cause Why they are brought, and for what breach of laws; In fober fadness the grave chief explains, The bucks transgrussion, and his-want of brains,

AIR.

Your worship must know, Ten hours ago Which was in the dead of the night; Thefe sparks play'd the devil, In manner uncivil,

And throw'd us all into a frights My men's heads they broke,

And call'd it a joke, And made twenty lamps for to rattle; But being furrounded, They foon where confounded, And vanquish'd and taken in battle.

RECITATIVE.

His worship heard, and strok'd his under jaw, Then look'd authority, and gave an haw; Turn'd o'er the statutes, and the riot act, And talk'd of quint, and quart, and doubt, and But the young blades, to mollify the cause, And smooth the aspect of hard-featur'd laws, Begg'd that they might a private word express, Which was acceded to with readiness; Then, humbly pray'd, their rashness he'd forget, And they'd remain for ever in his debt; And with respect, and great submission shown, They hop'd he'd make a triffing gift his own t This generous spirit in each culprit spark, Produc'd these orders to his worship's clerk.

AIR.

Clerk, write a discharge, And fet thefe at large? For, faith they are men of condition: As In Com

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Then I And Ac "Tis true, they transgress'd, But now they've express'd, For their folly, much grief and contrition. For justice sometimes, Should wink at fmall crimes. Of rigour relax, and be kind : The poor I commit; But pay, and fubmit, You'll find me, as painted, quite blind.

As Delia, bleft with ev'ry grace, Invok'd foft mufic's needlefs aid; Compleately conquer'd by her face, Thus gentle Strepbon, smiling faid.

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Where partial nature may deny The pow'r of beauty's melting glance, Let tedious labour toil and try To swell the fong, or form the dance; But let your charms alone suffice, And trust the music of your eyes.

RECITATIVE Damon, who chanc'd to overhear, Thus spoke, as he approach'd more near: He flatters, do not truft the fwain. But liften to my honest frain.

Wonders are told of beauty's pow'r, Nor faintly warms the tuneful lay: Your voice and person ev'ry hour By dozens fleal our hearts away : Then how trifling is the prize, fince fops have ears, and fools have eyes ! th! lovely nymph, indeed to blefs, Select the worthieft fwain you've won; who, prizing found and colour lefs, Admires you tor your fenfe alone; Then leave all little arts behind, and fludy to improve the mind,

RECITATIVE. As in a pensive form Myrtilla fat, Revolving on the will of fate, A sprightly youth, devoid of care, Advanc'd, and thus address'd the fair.

Thou vernal bloom of beauty's tree, I'm come to buy a heart of thee ! With transport I receiv'd the tale, That fuch a gem was up for fale. Could I command the flarry train, For thee I'd give it back again; And, If I could, to make thee mine, The universe should all be thine. Go hence, (the maid with foftness cries;)

Merit the best deserves the prize: The tale you've heard was falfely told; Myrtilla's heart can ne'er be fold.

RECITATIVE.

AS porter Will along St. Paul's did move, Depres'd with weighty load, but more by love, By chance the fair Ceriffa there he found, Crying her fine heart-cherries, round & found Ther Will, Joyous, instant pitch'd, then straight cares'd And leaning o'er the barrow, thus address'd here

Thy lips are cherries, sweeter far Than those which in the barrow are; With fuch a store of charms, 'tis well You may have stolen hearts to fell. Mine, dear Ceriffa, too, you know, You Role it from me long ago; And now I stoop to ask of thee, To give it back, or marry me.

RECITATIVE. Cerissa archly leering as he spake, White all the cherry blushed on her cheek, The mellowest fruit, unnotic'd cull'd apace, And fent like thunder at his doleful face;

Then grafp'd her barrow, trundled foft along, And looking round a: Will, riumphant fung.

Shall I, poffes'd of all these charms, Sleep nightly in a porte's arms! M' ambitious foul deteffs fuch fcum, And fight for conquests yet to come. Fair youths my fov'reign pow'r shall feel! Ten thousand hearts I daily steal, And beauteous nymphs shall envious see

Crown'd heads and dukes submit to me.

RECITATIVE. TWAS at the gate of Calais. Hogarth tells, Where fad d spair and famine always dwells, A meagre Frenchman, madam Granfire's cook, As home he steer'a his carcale, that way took; Bending beneath the weight of fam'd firloin, On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine: Good father Dominick by chance came by. With roly gille, round paunch, and greedy eye; Who, when he first behe'd the greafy load, His benediction on it he bestow'd; And as the folid fat his fingers press'd. He lick'd his chops, and thus the Knight address'd,

AIR. [ A lovely lass to a friar came, &c. ] Oh rare roaft beef! lov'd by all mankind, If I were doom'd to have thee, When drefs'd and garnish'd to my mind, And fwimming in thy gravy, Not all thy country's force combin'd Should from my fury fave thee

Renown'd firloin, oft-times decreed The theme of English ballad; On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed, Unknown to Frenchman's palate: Then how much doth thy tafte exceed Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad!

RECITATIVE. A half-flary'd foldier, fhirtlefs, pale and lean, Who fuch a fight before had never feen, Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood, And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.

His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl, And in small fireams along the pavement fole. He heav'd a figh, which gave his heart relief, And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR. [Foot's Minuet.] Ah! facre Dieu! vat do I fee yonder, Dat look so tempting red and vite? Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre; Oh! grant to me von lettle bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding, And cruel fate dis boon denies; In kind compassion unto my pleading, Return, and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE. His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay, Whose brazen front his country did betray, From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled, By honest means to gain his daily bread, Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd, In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR. Ellen a Roon. Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rife, Sweet beef, that now causes my flomach to rife,

So taking thy fight is, My joy, that so light is, To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing, While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,

Ah hard-hearted Loui! Why did I come to you? fftarving. The gallows, more kind, would have fav'd me from RECITATIVEE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate, Who fed his nofe, and scratch'd his ruddy pate; But when old England's bulwark he espy'd, His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown afide: With lifted hand he bless'd his native place, Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his calo

AIR. [The broom of Cosuden Knows.] How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot, Who was fo blythe of late, To fee fuch meat as can't be got, When hunger is so great?

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0 the beef! the bonny beef, When roafted nice and brown; wish I had a flice of thee, How fweet it would gang down !

Ah Charley! had'ft thou not been feen, This ne'er had happ'd to me; would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n, Ere I had gang'd wi' thee. O the beef, &c.

## RECITATIV

But fee my mufe to England takes her flight, Where health and plenty focially unite; [throne, Where smiling freedom guards great George's And whips, and chains, & tortures are not known, Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains shall ring, In ruftic fable give me leave to fing.

At once on a time a young frog, pert and vain, Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain, he boasted his fize he could quickly attain.

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O the roaft beef of old England, And O the old English roaft beef.

Then eagerly firetching his weak little frame, Mama, who flood by like a knowing old dame, Cry'd," Son, to attempt it you're furely to blame." O the roaft beef, Gc.

but deaf to advice, he for glory did thirft; An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first, lill swelling and straining too hard made him burst. O the roaft beef, Gc.

hen, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear; he ox is old England, the frog is Monsieur, Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear. O the roaft beef, &c.

or while by our commerce and arts we are able o fee the firloin fmoking hot on the table, he French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.

> O the roaft beef of old England, And O the old English foall beef.

RECITATIVE. BRITONS, attend; I fing in merry lay, The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day: What furfeits caught, what feeding when they dine; What fober citizens get drunk by nine; What fights are feen; what rathing, fuls and noise, Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys, Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng, To view his lordship pass in state along.

AIR. [Ob! London is a fine town. &c]

Oh! Lord Mayor's shew, so brave and gay, Does honour to the city; And old and young, and rich and poor; Must own 'tis vastly pretty, To fee the gilded coach and fix, And man in armour ride, In pomp and splender, from Guildhall, Unto the water-fide. And when the barges closely pent, Such plenty of good cheer, What pity 'tis fo fine a fight, Should come but once a year! Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

# RECITATIVE.

The buffle o'er, the cavalcade gone by The mob dispers'd, " To dinner's" all the cry. With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls, The flarv'd mechanics feek their diff rent halls; At the full-groaning board each takes his feat, With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

# AIR. [Ghosts of every occupation.]

Cits of ev'ry occupation, Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station, Parsons, justices of quorum, All with napkins tuck'd before 'em, Press to have their plates fill'd first.

With the victuals here fuch work is, Snatching turtles, geefe, and turkies,

Hares

Hares, with puddings in their bellies,
Cheefecakes, cuftards, tarts and jellies s
Bawling, fwearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, ftuffing,
Just as if they all wou'd burst.
RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
The dishes emptied, and the cloth remov'd;
Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail; [lie
Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring
And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR. [Come buther, my country 'squire, &c.]
Come fill the glass to the brink;
Brisk wine soon away torrow drives;
Like cowares ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
Confusion to bailiss and wives.

CHORUS.

Such foaking, fuch smoaking and joking,
Such guzzling here you see;
The buck and furr'd gown together fit down,
And all are good company.

To enjoy life white we may,
I'll prove from the scripture, is right:
Old Lot us'd they say, to suddle all day,

And lie with his doxy at night. Such foaking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But foon the luscious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good humour turn to words and blows;
Now Rogue and Cuckold through the half resound,
And wigs, and canes, and cravats firew the ground;
'Fill bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

Air. [There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and fea,
Their deeds in battle boaft;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.
Then a guttling we will go, will go;
Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told, of one
An ox slew with his fift;
Then at a meal he eat him up,
Gods! what a glorious twist!
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good exting's fo renown'd,
Be this each Briton's pray'r,
"God bless the Court of Aldermen,
"The Sheriffs and Lord Mayor,
When a guttling they, &c.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

A 1 R.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didft thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didft thou truft the feas?

Ceafe, ceafe, thou rolling ocean,
And let my lover reft!

Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breaft?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests with despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold as d di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

HE. A

II

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water,
Do hideous rocks remain?

No eyes those rocks discover, That lurk beneath the deep, To wreck the wand ring lover, And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with, a tear:
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His stoating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

35

SHE.

AND can'st thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native shore,
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er shall see the more.

- To humble haughty Spain, Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy, For we shall meet again.
- When thund'ring cannons roar, You'll think on these green willows, And wish yourself on shore.
- I fear not land nor water;

  I fear not fword or fire;

  For fweet revenge and flaughter

  Are all that I defire.
- RE. May guardian gods protect thee From water, fire, or steel, And make no fears affect thee Like those which now I feel.
- E. I leave to heav'n's protection, My life, my only dear; You have my foul's affection, So ftill conclude me here.

RECITATIVE.

As tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom with uplisted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, th' maid addrest.

A 1 R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart, To pick up dust, you steal our hearts; You take up dust, and steal our hearts: That mine is gone, alas! is true, And dwells among the dust with you; And dwells among the dust with you: Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain; Give me my heart, you stole, again; Give me my heart, out of your cart; Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as sloe,
And look'd dissain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
Tnd then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

A 1 R.

Shall I, who ride above the reft,
Be by a paltry croud opprest?
Ambition now my foul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

-

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour-of the May.

Ec al mone entw to bug ta was balike

Like the sparrow and dove, Liften to the voice of love.

SHE. Damon, thou hast found me long
List'ning to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive tongue
Often heard me in the dale:
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

HE. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's fairest flow'r.
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

SHE. Not the water's gentle fall,

By the bank with poplars crown'd,

Not the feather'd fongfiers all,

Nor the flute's melodious found,

Can delight Florella's ear,

If her Damon is not near.

BOTH. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful feason gay:
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band Round sam'd Anacreon took their filent stand; My sons (began the sage) be this the rule; No brow austere must dare approach my school, Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within: Old care, begone! heer sadness is a sin.

- 38 -

AIR.
Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great:
We Ith and wildom I despise;
Cares surround the rich and wise:
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
Ard Bacchus, god of wine and muth,

Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
Give them to the fools I hate.
But let love, let life be mine:
Bring me women, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away;
Mind not what the grave ones says
Gaily let the minutes sly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy:
So shall love, shall life be mine;
Bring me woman, bring me wine.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! with rofy banners ftreaming,
Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies!
Why, dear Chloe, art thou dreaming?
Wake, my fair! my love, arise!

- 39 -

Break the filken bands of Morpheus,
Hark aerial concerts flow;
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of Orpheus,
When he fought the shades below.
See! the lark aloft is foaring;
Now, with undulating strains,
Philomel, her fate deploying.

A Wretch 'ong tortur'd with disdain, That ever pin'd, but pin'd, in vain, At length a god of wine addrest, Sure resuge of a wounded breast.

Charms the spacious happy plains.

Vouchfafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid, Teach me to gain the crue mad; Thy juices take the lover's part, Fiush his wan looks, and chear his heart. RECITATIVE.

- 40 -

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd, And thus the jolly god :eply'd; HARK How gay With my

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Give whining o'er, be brifk and gay, And quaff his fneaking form away: With dauntless mien approach the fair; The way to conquer is to dare.

RECITATIVE.
The fwain purfu'd the god's advice;
The nymph was now no longer nice:

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind; When you grow daring. we grow kind: Men to themselves are most severe, And make us tyrants by their sear.

COLIN. [we hear! HARK! hark! o'er the plains what glad tumults How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear! With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs, and every bush bears a garland of flowers, lean't, for my life, what it means understand: There's some rural festival surely at hand; Notharvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take place; but Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

- 4I -

PHILLIS.
The truth, honest lad!—why surely you know What rites are prepar'd in the village below, Where gallant young Thyrsis, so sam'd and ador'd, Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord; That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease, all sancies can strike, & all judgements can please; that Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er; so know what he is—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

loung Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend, discountrymen's glory, their champion & friend, sho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts, and trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

othence, to the bridal, behold how they throng, ach shepherd conducting his sweet-heart along; he joyous occasion all nature inspires with tender affections and chears defires.

### DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union prefide,
All-gracious look down on the bridegroom & bride,
That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
In a race like themselvs, with no end to the line:
Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
And, while in a palace sate sixes their lot,
O! may they live easy as those in a cot!

DAMON.

Ontented all day will I fit by your fide,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide;
And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA:

While you are but by me, no danger I fear; Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near; [please, Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease; For my shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day, The wish of each heart, & the theme of each lay; Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife, For he who loves truly will take you for life; or he who, &c.

LAURA. [fair, Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care; Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend, Nor be ray the sweet creatures you're born to defend; Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd; Nor false to his wows one young shepherd be found: Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth, To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their To preserve in their age, Sc [youth.

Eea

WHILE

AIR. WHILE others barter ease for flate, And fondly aim at growing great, Let me (with rofy chaplet crown'd) Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground. The grape's nectareous juices quaff, Alternate fing and love and laugh. Already fee the purple juice Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse A fecond youth !- gain the bowl With warm defires inflames my foul.

# RECITATIVE

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave The joys that wine and beauty give; Soon muft I quit my wonted mirth, And m n le with my parent earth, Where kings, divefted of their flate, With flaves fustain a common fate.

Let then the present hour be mine. Blest in the joys of love and wine: Come, ye virgin-throng, advance, And mingle in the fprightly dance : To the lyre's enchanting found Nimbly tread the blithfome round; While the genial bowl inspires Soft delight and gay defires.

RECITATIVE .. WHEN Flora o'er the garden strav'd, And ev'ry blooming fweet furvey'd, As o'er the dew-dipt flow'rs she hung, Thus wrapt in joy she fondly fung.

#### ATR.

The early fnow-drop, primrose pale, The tulip gay, the lily fair. Each flow'r that loads the scented gale Deferves their Flora's tender care, Deserves their Flora's tender care.

But none of fummer's gaudy pride Such sweetness breathe, or charms disclose. As that dear flow'r that blooms beside, None pleases like the blushing rose, As that dear flow'r, &c. The balmy Zepbyrs round thee play, And golden funs exert their pow'r To bring thy beauties to the day. And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r. And make thee Flora's tay'rite flow'r. A garland gay, the nymphs and fwains

May make from ev'ry fweet that grows, And meaner things may please the plains, But thou art mine thou lovely rofe.

And meaner things, &c.

RECITATIVE. FROM Paphos ifle, fo fam'd of old, I come, To raise recruits with merry fife and drum; The queen of beauty here, by me invites Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights: Ohey the call, and feek the happy land, Where Captain Cupid bears the fole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye fwains who are youthful & ga Attend to the call, and be bleft while you may;

Lads and laffes hither come To the found of the drum,

I have treasure in store which you never have seen Then hafte, le' us rove

To the ifland of love, Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

E ch nymph of fixteen who would fain be a wife Shall foon have a partner to blefs her for life;

> Then laffes hither come To the found of the drum,

I have sweethearts in store such as never were see Hafte, haffe, let us rove

To the island of love, ' Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

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Would a fwain but be bleft with a nymph to his mind, Let him en er my lift, and his with he shall find;

I can bless him for life, With a kind loving wife,

More beautiful fair than was nymph ever icen, Then hafte, let us rove

To the island of love,

Where Capid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of nor discord nor strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;
In transport and joy,

We each moment employ,
And tafte fuch delights as were never yet feen;
Then hatte, let us rove

To the island of love.

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Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

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RECITATIVE.
THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r;
There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd
Beyond the promis'd hour:
No longer able to contain
This anxious expectation,
With rage he fought t'aliay his pain,
And vented thus Lis passion:

### AIR.

To all the fex deceitful,
A long and last adieu,
Since women prove ungrateful,
As long as men prove true.
The pains they give are many,
And oh! too hard to bear;
The joys they give—if any,
Few, short, and infincere.

RECITATIVE.

Now Celia, from mama got loofe, And reach'd the calm retreat; With modest blush she begg'd excuse, And chid her tardy feet. The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd, His joy could not restrain, But as each tender thought increas'd, Thus chang'd his railing strain.

AIR.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymphs appearing,
After abtence or despair;
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing or retiring,
All they mean—is more to please.

RECITATIVE.

Amphytryon and his bride, a god-like pair,
He, brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,
Whilst the high roof with loud applaules rung,
Enraptur'd thus the happy hero sung.

AID

Was mighty Jove descending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine;
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I deride,
Not heav'n itself can sunder,
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE accompanied.
The thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance down
Till beauty's glance difarm'd his awful frown;
The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes,
Compell'd the conqu'ring god to quit the skies,
He seign'd the hursband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

ATP.

He deserves sublimest pleasure, Who reveals it not when won, Beauty's like the miser's treasure, Boast it, and the sool's undone.

E e 3

Learn

Learn by this, unguarded lover, When your fecret fighs prevail, Not to let your tongue discover Raptures that it should conceal.

- 48 -RECITATIVE.

TO try her shepherd, once a fair one plac'd A fav'rite Girdle round her flender waift ; This Girdle now shall part me into two, Gay Phillis cries, and either half's for you; [like, Make then your choice, and take which share you As paffion or at fentiment shall flike. The artful Strepbon foon his filence broke, Look'd at the nymph, and thus his rapture spoke :

> Then give those looks that speak and tell The harmless breast and heart since e, Where honour, truth, and virtue dwell, And what can life itself endear; That wit and wisdom still be mine, The flowing tongue, the temper free: Below the Girdle I refign, The upper half, dear girl, for me.

RECITATIVE. Our nymph the the pherd's arguments approv'd, Strephon for this by Phillis mutt be lov'd; Her thoughts the thus express'd in accents sweet, And dropp'd the while the Girdle at her feet.

Since you have so well decided. And fuch judgment now have shewn, By the Girdle undivided, See a charm, I'm all your own. Greater is the shepherd's pleasure, Who both mind and body gains; You who chose the foul's best treasure, Take my person for your pains.

- 49 -RECITATIVE. Y Oung Damon long had lov'd, and long had woo'd, The nymph he lov'd, lov'd him, but was a prude; At length refolv'd, no longer to endure Those cruel frowns, those frowns that work'd his He left the maid, and fought a kinder fair : [cure; Now Daphne mourns her tolly in despair.

Ye nymphs be warn'd, and make your lovers fure, The heart your smiles can wound, your frowns will AIR.

Nymphs be kind, and you shall find, Your graces will improve; Gentle imiles, foft pleafing wiles, Are all the arms of love!

Scorn to teaze the heart you've won,. Quick take the favor'd Iwain; Nor frown on those by love undone, When smiles might footh their pain.

#### CONVIVIAL SONGS. SOCIAL and

S Bacchus and Marsonce together were fitting, Discourfing on subjects their gooth ps befitting Quoth Mars -" My friend Bacchus, I ne'er cou'd Why our favorite island produces no wine: [divine For tell me what people on earth better merit This excellent drink of the Gods to inherit?"

That the Britons deferve to have plenty of wine is true, (eniwer'd Bacabus) because they are thine;

And when they have wanted, I gladly would know, Since I, my good friend, have dispens'd it below? For tho' the rich clusters their isle don't produce, I always take care to fupply them with juice. Ital

Their neighbours in France, Spain, and Portugal, To compensate this want, in the fam'd British soil: For you know that when Jove first created the ball, Some defect he decised in each country should fall;

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And who can discover aught wanting but this. For England to rival e'en heav'n in bi fs?

Their women as beauteous we often behold. As if form'd with our clay in your mistres's mould; While their men fo much valour difplay in the field. That they make like yourfelt ev'ry enemy yiel Thow Then what room for regret, tho' no grapes they can Since they always beat those in whose kingdoms they

YOU bid me my jovial companions forfake, The joys of a rural recess to partake; With you, my good friend, I'll retreat to the vine, Its shelter be yours - but its nectar be mine; For each 'twill a separate pleasure produce, You cool in its shade, whilft I glow with its juice; And own no delight with his rapture can vie, Who always is drinking, yet always is dry.

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The lover may talk of his flames and his darts, cure. His judgment of eyes, and his conquest of hearts, May fmile with the wanton, and foort with the gay, Enjoy where he can, and defert where he may : Yet the warmest adherents of love must deplore, That its favours when tafted, are favours no more; Then how can fuch joys with his extacy vie, Who always is drinking, yet always is dry?

Ambition, they tell me, has charms for us all, But well I'm convinc'd they're charms that must pall The pageant of splendor may lure for a while, But foon we grow fick of its weight and its toil; Nor can it with us be compar'd, my brave boy, Whose apperites frengthen the more we enjoy; Then deign, ye kind pow'rs! with this wish to com May I always be drinking, yet always be dry! [ply

WHEN by the genely gliding stream, On banks where budding violets fpring, I fee my Delia's beauties beam, I hear my lovely Delia fing; When lips combine, When arms entwine, When fond careffes, amorous liffes,

Yield the height of human blates,

In extacy I figh and fay, Thus let me love my life away.

Whene'er the jocund bowl we pass, And merry fong and tale go round; When wine is sparkling in the glass, And joke and fprightly wit abound, With catch and glee. Good humour free; While thus we find our joys increasing, Laugh er roars with mirth unceafing,

In extacy I pant and fay, Thus let me laugh my life away: O lovely woman! gen'rous wine! These potent pleasures let me quaff; Thy raptures, wit, O make them mine;

Oh! let me love, and drink, and laugh! Each rifing thought, With music fraught,

Where all is pleafure, nothing wanting, All harmonious, all enchanting, In extacy I pant and fay, Thus let me fing my life away.

SONS of Ocean, fam'd in ftory, Wont to wear the laurel'd brow; Liften to your rifing glory, Growing honouas wait you now Think not fervile adulation Meanly marks my grateful fong,

All the praises of the nation Giv'n to you, to you belong ; And rival kingdoms fend from far Their plaudits to the British Tar.

Tis not now your valiant daring-Courage you've for ages fbewn; 'Tis not now your mild forbearing,-Pity ever was your own; 'Tis your Prince, fo lov'd, fo pleafing, Spreads your fame thro' diffant lands, And the Trident nobly leizing,

Grafps it in his youthful hands ; Proud to boaft in peace or war, The virtues of the British Tar.

When

When the times were big with danger,
See your Royal shipmate go,
And to every scar a stranger,
Brave the sury of the soe:
Now when smiling Peace rejoices,
Greet him with a failor's arts;
Chear his presence with your voices,
Pay his service with your hearts,
And be henceforth your leading star,
The gallant, Royal British Tar.

WHILE the lads in the village shall merrily, ah!
Sound the tabor. I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee, that verily ah!
Thou and I will be first in the throng.

Just then, when his youth who last year won the With his mate shall the sport have begun, [dow'r When the gay voice of gladness is heard from each And though long'st in thine heart to make one. [bow'r

Those joys that are harmless what mortal can blame, "Tis my maxim that youth should be free.

And to prove that my words and my deeds are the Believe thou shalt presently see. [same While the lads, &c

OH! the days when I was young!
When I laugh'd in fortune's fpite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
Ch! the days, &c.

Truth, they fay, lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could fee;
Let the water drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me:
For when frankling wine went round,
Never faw I falshood's mask;
But still hone it truth I tound,
In the bottom of each flask!

Oh! the days, Sc.

True at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey!
Yet, old Jerome, thou may's boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still teneath thy age's frost
Glows a spark of youthful fire,
Oh! the days, &c.

COME now all ye focial powers,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with joy the prefent hours,
Enliven those before us.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us,
Drink and dance and laugh and fing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features,
What but feendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.
Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy Godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion,
But will ne'er bow down before,
Those idols, wealth or fashion.
Bring the slask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
Whilst on earth we moulder,
Whether we're merry, grave, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the slask, &c.

Then fince Time will steal away,
Spite of all our forrow,
Heigh en ev'ry joy to-day,
And never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flask, &c.

OH! the little God of love is a roguish elf! He makes us all as childish and beind as himself! By a The w Their What Night

Fis or

Venus

Fo Le W W As

N We Mi Tip Bra

Dro

'Gainst fixty-two,
O luckless lot!
His bow he drew,
At me he shot.

Twang went the firing,
Whizz flew the dart,
On a grey goofe wing,
To an old man's heart,

But I'll be merry,
Hey down derry;
Dull for ow I'll drown,
Derry down, down,
Or laugh at them all,
Tol de rol iol.

By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymph deck'd with daifies trim,
Their merry wakes and paffimes keep;
What has night to do with fleep?
Night has better fweets to prove,
Venus wakes and wakens love;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes fin.

Fil. L me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
Large as my capacious foul;
Vast as my thirst is, let it have
Depth enough to be my grave;
I mean the grave of all my care,
For I design to bury't there.
Let it of silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
Worthy to adorn the spheres,
As that bright cup amongst the stars,
Fill me a bowl, &c.

Now Phæbus finkerh in the west, Welcome fong and welcome jest, Midnight shouts and revelry, Tipsy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with rosy twine, Dropping odours, dropping wine,

mfelf!

'Gain

Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head;
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie;
With, &c.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
Let not a word on board be spoke,
Victory soon will crown the joke,
Be silent and be ready:
Ram home your guns, and spunge them well,
Let us be sure the balls will tell,
The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,
Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not yet, nor yet—referve your fire,
I do defire,
Now the elements do rattle,
The gods am zid behold the battle,
A broadfide, my bogs.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd fide,
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer boys or bravely die;
Hurl destruction on your foes.
She finks, huzza, to the bottom down she goes.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
Well desposed for t'other quart;
Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,
Telling me 'tis time to part;
Words I knew were unavailing,
Yet I sternly answer'd, no!
'Till from motives more prevailing,
Sitting down she treads my toe.
Such kind tokens, to my thinking,

Such kind tokens, to my thinking,

Most emphatically prove;
That the joys, which flow from drinking,
Are averse to those of love;
Farewell, friends, and t'other bottle,
Since I can no longer stay;
Love, more learn'd than Aristotle,
Has to move me found the way, HERE's

HERE's to the maiden of bashful sisteen.

Likewise to the widow of sifty;

Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,

And here's to the housewise that's thristy.

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass,

I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none, fir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue ever

Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to her that's but one fir. Let the toaft pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumfy, or let her be slim,
Young, or antient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,

I warent she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

I Crave not Gyge's boundless pow'r,
Nor wish I for the golden store!
I envy not the regal state
Of pompous kings, supremely great;
For mirth and joy alone I care.
And wreaths of roses for my hair.
To-day I banish ev'ry forrow,
Nor think I of the coming morrow.
While chance permits, we'll drink and laugh,
And Baccbus' gifts in goblets quass;
For sooner than we wish comes death,
And stops our drinking, and—our breath.

As I on purple tap'ftry lay,
And flept the tedious night away,

Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine.
I seem'd with virgins brisk as May
To dance, and sing, and wanton play.

The shepherds all together slew, And envious glanc'd, and look'd askew; And ev'ry swain

Upon the plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with virgins had to do.

An am'rous kifs I would have ta'en; But, waking, found my hopes were vain? Then curs'd the day,

Whose glaring ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain;
And strove to sleep and dream again.

BID me, when forty winters more
Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow;
When from my head, a fcanty ftore,
Lankly the wither'd treffes flow:
When the warm tide, that bold and ftrong
Now rolls impetuous on, and free,
Languid and flow fcarce creeps along,
Then bid me court fobriety.

Nature, who form'd the varied scene.

Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
Unerring guide, could only mean
That age should reason—youth desire.
Shall then that rebel, man, presume
(Inverting nature's law) to seize
The dues of age in youth's bright bloom,
And join impossibilities?

No!—let me waste the frolic May,
In wanton joys, and wild excess;
In revel sport, and laughter gay,
And mirth, and jovial chearfulness.
Woman, the soul of all delights
And wine, the aid of love, be near;
All charms me that to joy incites,
And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.

BAC Gen're Still en With Then

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BOAT

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BAC.

BACCHUS, Jowe's delightful boy, Gen'rous god of wine and joy, Still exhibitarates my foul With the raptures of the bowl.

Then with feather'd feet I bound, Dancing in a festive round;
Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
Transports delicate, divine.

Then the fprightly music warms; Song delights, and beauty charms! Debonaire, and light, and gay, Thus I dance the hours away.

BOATSWAIN! pipe up all hands hoy!
Turn out ev'r man and boy!
Make fail, give chafe,

Then splice main brace!

A gallant ship! my boys, she's French!

In grog and slip here's to each wench.

Loof, boys, higher;
Stand by—fire!
She flikes! she shikes! our's is the day.
A glorious prize! belay, belay!

GIVE the toaft, my good fellow, be jovial & gay, And let the brisk moments pass jocund away! souls Here's the king-take your bumpers, my brave British Who guards your fair freedom shall crown your full Let him live to g & happy, see Louis brought bowls Andtasteal the comforts, no cares, of a crown [down

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast:
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dripping pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.
On the dresser see it lies;

Othe charming white and red! finer meat ne'er met my eyes, On the sweetest grass it sed: Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get of ev'ry fort,
And a sallad crisp and green:
Then with small beer, and sparkling wine,
O, ye gods! how I shall dine!

GOD fave great George, our king!
Long live our noble king,
God fave the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God fave the king.
O Lord, our God, arife,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their po iticks,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;

The choicest gifts in store,
On George be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

On him our hopes we fix;

God fave us all.

How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpets sound,
The colours they are slying, boys,
To sight, kill, or wound;
May we still be found,
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
On the cold ground.

Why, foldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, foldiers, why,
Whose bus'ness' tis to die?
What fighing, sie!

Drown fear, drink on, be jolly, boys, 'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet or dry,

We're always bound to follow, boys, And fcorn to fly.

'Tis but in vain,
I mean not to upbraid ye, boys;
'Tis but in vain
For foldiers to complain;
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,

A bottle and kind landlady

Cure all again:

HAIL! Burgundy, thou juice divine!
Inspirer of my song!
The praises given to other wine,
To thee alone belong;
Of poignant wit and rosy charms
Thou can'ft the power improve;
Care of it's sting thy balin disaims,
Thou noblest gift of Yove.

Bright Phæbus on the parent vines,
From whence thy current fireams,
Sweet shining thro the tendril shines,
And lavish darts his beams;
The pregnant grape receives his fires,
And all his force retains;
With that lame wroth our brains inspires,
And animates our strains.

From thee my Chloe's radiant eye
New sparkling beams receives;
Her cheeks imbibe a tofier dye,
Her transeous bosom heaves:
Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
O! with what nervous Heat,

Worthy the fair, we fill their arms. And oft our blis repeat ! The Stoic, prone to thought intense, Thy toftness can unbind, A chearful gaiety dispense, And make him tafte a triend: His brow grows clear, he feels content. Forgets his penfive strife; And then concludes his time well fpent, In honest focial life. E'en beaux, those fost amphibious things, Wrapt up in felf and drefs, Quite loft to the delight that fprings From fenfe, thy pow'r contess; The fop, with chitty maudlin face, That dares but deeply drink, Forgets his queue and stiff grimace, Grows free, and feems to think.

Heed not, while life's on the wing, What fale or what fortune may bring, Nor think or of care or of forrow; Would you know why fo happy and gay; I've liv'd, my companions, to-day, And will waste not a thought on to-morrow. What pleasures a ready are flown, The jays my fond heart might have known. I could not repeat without forrow? When eagerly brimm'd the brisk wine, When Yove, half confenting, was mine, A whifper came, flay till to-morrow. I'll live, for I'm wifer at laft, The present shall pay for the past, No moment of future I'll borrow; The cheat now I fairly descry; On to-day you must only rely. Look not for a friend in to-morrow. I'll catch ev'ry fwift-flying hour. I'll tafte ev'ry joy in my pow'r, And teach you to fmile away forrow: if love now bids beauty be kind, If you've nectar to gladden your mind,

Have nothing to do with to-morrow.

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COME, ye party jangling fwains.
Leave your flocks and quit the plains.
Friends to country, friends to country,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every friendly guest!
Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gay,
Little gaudy, fluttering misses.
Smiling hopes of future blisses.

All that ripening fun can bring,
Beauteous fummer, beauteous fpring,
In one varying feene we flow
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome, &c.

Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, music charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming,
Rage and party malice dies.
Peace returns, and discord flies.
Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome every friendly guest!

COME, all ye jolly Bacchanals,
That love to tope good wine,
Let us offer up a hogshead
Unto our master's shrine.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never shrink,
For I'll give a reason why;
'Tis a great sin to leave a house,
Till we've drank the cellar dry.
And a toping, &c.

In times of old I was a fool,
I drank the water clear;
But Bacchus took me from that rule,
He thought 'twas too fevere,
And a toping, &c.

He fill'd a goblet to the brim,e And bade me take a sup;

COM

But had it been a gallon pot, By Jove 1'd tos'd it up, And a toping, &c.

And ever fince that happy time,

Good wine has been my chear;

Now nothing puts me in a swoon,

But water or small-beer.

And a toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our skins brimful of wine,
And drain the bottles dry.
And a toping we will go, &c.

DISTANT hie thee, carping care,
From the spot where I do dwell;
Rigid mortals, come not there,
Frowns, begone to hermit's cell;
But let me live the life of souls,
With laughter, love, and flowing bowls.

Miser, with thy paltry pelf
I give 'gainst thee my hate it's scope;
Wretch that liv'st but for thyses,
With heart of rust that cannot ope:
Fly, bird of night, from sun and souls
That love and laugh o'er slowing bowls.

Who can let the pensive go,
Or the eye that drops a tear,
And not weed their minds of woe,
May not, dare not peep in here:
Who can't be friends, can ne'er be souls,
Nor e'er shall quaffour flowing bowls.

Joys on joys, O let me taste,
Health and mirth dwell in my gate,
While with ease my sand doth waste,
Whilst I bless the book of sate:
Then let me live the life of souls,
With laughter, love, and slowing bowls.

LET fusty old grey-beards of apathy boast,
And Venus and Bacchus revite;
Ff

In spite of their books, they are flaves to some toast, The dupes of a nod, wink, or smile.

Some snug sober citizens here may repair, Without an idea of guile;

But what with the mufic, and what with the fair, They follow the nod, wink, and smile.

Let men boaft of titles, of honour, renown; The females of this happy ifle,

Can vanquish the victors, nay kill with a frown, Or save, by a nod, wink, or smile.

These gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,
Who the dullest of moments beguile;
Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of love,
And commands with a nod, wink, and smile.

LET a fet of sober asses

Rail against the joys of drinking,

While water, tea,

And milk agree,

To set cold brains a thinking;

Power and wealth, Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd:

Joys abound,

Pleafure's found

Only where the glass goes round.
The ancient sects on happiness
All differ'd in opinion;
But wifer rules
Of modern schools,

In wine fix their dominion.

Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
Makes poets write,
And foldiers fight,
And friendship do it's duty.

Power and wealth, &c.
Wine was the only Helicon,
Whence poets are long-liv'd fo

'Twas no other main
Than brisk champaign,
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

When heav'n in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had fent us,
In a merry mood,
A bottle of good,
Was cork'd up, to content us,
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
Of ev'ry vice destroyer,
Gives dullard's wit,
Makes just the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine fets our joys a flowing,
Our care and forrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's foul,

And a Christian ne'er should own him a
Power and wealth,
Beauty, health,

Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleasure's found
Only where the glass goes round.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And swore he'd ne'er be married,
But 'gainst each husband threw some wipe,
Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins thought a wise
The greatest mortal evil,
And swore to lead a husband's life

Moster Jenkins smok'd his pipe
At home, content, and married,
Regardless of each sncer or wipe,
Or dry jest drolly sacried:

Must be the very devil.

Master Was And any Was

Master And Severely
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Master

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Mater

Maker Yenkins swore a wise
Was not so great an evil;
And any but a husband's life
Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
And has been some months married a
Severely now he selt each wipe,
For horns the poor man carried:
Master Jenkins curs'd his wise,
And swore of such an evil,
To get well quit he'd part with life,
Or send her to the devil.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure, Not by length of time, but pleasure; Now the hours invite, comply; While you idly pause, they fly; Bleft, a nimble pace they keep, Batin torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure, Not by length of time, but pleasure; Soon your spring must have a fall; Losing youth, is losing all:

Then you'll ask, but none will give,

And may linger, but not live.

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine, and bar er all joy for a goblet of wine; in search of a Venus no longer I'll run, but stop and forget her at Baccbus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
or what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
I not fill'd with the health of some favourite lass?

Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart:
The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the found of her voice, forrow lifts up her head, And poverty liftens, well pleas'd, from her shed; While age, in an extasy, hobbling along, that time with his crutch to the tune of her song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the toast of a lover, and pledge me who dare,

OH, the fultry month of June!
Sweating late and early;
Able fcarce to hum a tune,
Oh! we fwelter rarely!

All night long we're in a sweet, Sweating till the morning; Piping hot then up we get, Breakfast bell gives warning.

After tea we take a walk,
In the grove or meadow:
Oh! how hot! is all our talk;
None e'er sweat as we do.

Then upon the grass we're laid;
For a while, how clever!
Soon the sun darts thro' the shade,
We're as hot as ever.

Panting with the noon-tide heat,
Homeward next we firoll Sir,
All besmear'd with dust and sweata
Dolly brings the bowl, Sir,

Cooling cream, our thirst t'allay, Eager now we swallow; Cyder too, and curds and whey; Still we melt our tallow.

Chairs, stools, benches, restless grown, Now we try to ease us; Chairs, stools, benches, beds of down,

Dinner waits, and down we fit, Fish and slesh invite us; Not a morsel can we eat, Nothing can delight us.

Nothing now can please us.

From our liquors, strong or weak,
We derive no-pleasure;
Cooling draughts in vain we seek,
Sweating beyond measure,
Ff

Ev'a.

Evining now comes on space, Now the fun is fetting; Shadows fkim the meadow's face, But we still are investing.

Sweating thus from day to day,
Pitying pow'rs befriend us!
And, inflead of June so gay,
Winter once more send us.

On Old England's biest shore
We are landed once more,
Secure from the storms of the main;
For great George, and his cause,
For our country and laws,
We have conquer'd, and will do again,
Where the sun's orient ray

First opens the day,
On India's extended domain,
The swarthy-fac'd foes
Who dar'd to oppose,
We have conquer'd, and will do again.

Come, my brave hearts of oak,
Let us drink, fing, and joke,
While here on the shore we remain;
When our country demands,
With hearts, and with hands,
We are ready to conquer again.

OUR glaffes, waiter, once again supply,
Bring t'other dozen, broach the cellar dry;
Let not vacuity the board disgrace,
But with rich claret fill the horrid-space I
Potent juice, that rules the earth,
Inspirer of wit and mirth,
Source of joys that ne'er decay,
Ever bubbling,
Never troubling,
Always sparkling, brisk and gay:
Recruit my goblet to the brink,
I'll sing thy praises while I drink.

OUR wives at home, your husband gone, To them leave care and thinking; While gaily we the hours pass on In laughing and in drinking.

The real joys of love are shar'd By those who are discreetest; And here's his health who first declar'd Stol'n pleasures are the sweetest.

PHO! pox o' this nonfende, I pr'ythee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chiee no more;
Their face, & their air, & their mien; what a rout
Here's to thee, my 'ad, push the bottle about.
Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
They dare not conside in the juice of the grape;
But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think

Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?
'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows;
Our joys it encreases, and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king,

If Cupid affaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-fix:
The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul,
Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a fong, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quast.
"May mirth and good fellowship always abound!
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

RAIL no more, ye learned affes,
'Gainft the joys the how I supplies;
Scund it's depth and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the hottom lies:
Fill them higher still, and higher,
Shillow draughts perplex the hrain;
Sipping quenches all our fire;
Bumpers light it up again.

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Rour Seek Draw the scene for wit and pleasure;
Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ:
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage;
And when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

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SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heaven hath made him great?
Why looketh he with insolent distain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave.

The humble and the haughty die;

The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,

In dust, without distinction lie.

Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,

Who once the greatest titles bore;

Their wealth and glory are bereft,

And all their honour is no more,

So flies the meteor through the skies,
And foreads along a gilded train;
When shot, 'tis gone, it's beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again,
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joy with slowing bowls,
For when Youe calls we must obey.

Souls who in gay circles move, While from scene to scene ye rove, Seeking pleasure, look on me, Source of bliss, variety.

See bright Phæbus, how he shines?
No one spot his beam confines;
Round the world his courses stee,
Steking dear Variety.

Be the wretch with gold posses;
Let the fot with wine be blest;
Laurell'd let ambition be,
Give me dear variety.

Would you lasting pleasures taste,
Such as ne'er can cloy nor waste;

From folly, care, and discord, free; Seek them in variety.

All ye powers of joy and mirth,
Bring your choicest treasures forth:

Bring your choicest treasures forth; Music, song, and dance, and glee, Blended with variety.

But when love demands the theme, Then I quite avert my scheme; Nancy's heart's enough for me, Tho' my name's variety.

SHOULD I die by the force of good wine,
'Tis my will, when I fall, that a ten be my shrine;
And for the age to come,
Engrave this story on my tomb:
Here lies a body once so brave,
Who with drinking made his grave.

Since thus to die will purchase fame,
And raise an everlasting name,
Drink, drink away, and dare to be nobly inLet misers and slaves
Sneak into the r graves,
And rot in a dirty church-yard.

WHILE happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am perfuaded,
Each free-born Briton's fong should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

Ff3

The'

The small the pow'r which fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom that defends us.

By law fecured from lawless strife,
Our house is our castellum.
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre, shall we fell 'em?
No—ev'ry Briton's song should be,
Or give me death or liberty.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done boys, Put the glass then around with the sun, boys; Let Apollo's example invite us,

For he's drunk ev'ry night, That makes him to bright, That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,

Unknown to the Turk and the Persian; Let Mahometan fools Live by heathenith rules, And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee;

While the brave Britons fing, And drink health to the king, And a fig for their fultan and fophy.

YE mortals whom trouble and forrow attend, Whose life is a series of pain without end, For ever depriv'd of hope's all-chearing ray, Ne'er know what it is to be happy a day; Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites, Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

When poverty enters, an unwelcome guest, By heart-hearted duns too continually prest, when brats begin crying and squalling for bread, And wife's never filent till fast in her bed; Obey the glad summons, &c.

Did Neptune's falt element run with fresh wine, Tho' all Europe's powers together combine, Our brave Br tish sailors need ne'er care a jot, Surrounded by plenty of such rare grape-shot, Obey the glad summons, Sc.

Was each dull, pedantical, text spinning vicar,
To leave off dry preaching, and stick to his lique,
O how would he wish for that power divine,
To change, when he would, simple water to wine!
Obey the glad summons, &c.

If wine, then, can miracles work, such as these, And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease, Despair not, that blessing in Bacchus you'll find, Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind. Obey the glad summons, the bar bell invites; Drink deep, and I warrant it sets you to rights.

THERE was once,—it is faid,
When,—'tis out of my head;—
Aye, and where too—yet true is my tale;
That a round-belly'd Vicar
Bedimpled with liquor,
Could flick to no text like good ale.
Tolde rol, &c.

He one night 'gan to dose,
For, under the rose,
The priest was that night non se ipse;
Non se ipse, you'll say,
What is that to the lay?—
In plain English then, parson was tipsey;

When the clerk coming in,
With his band-bobbing chin,
As folemn and iniviling as may be,
The vicar he gap'd,
His clerk hem'd and forap'd,

Saying,—please, fir, to bury a baby.

Now our author supposes
The clerk's name was Moses,
Who look'd at his master so rosy;
He blink'd with one eye,
And with wig all awry,
He hiccop'd out,—how cheers it, Mozy ?

A child, fir, is carry'd,
For you to be bury'd;
Bury me Moses,—no that won't de,—

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Lord,

Lord, fir, fays the clerk, You are all in the dark, Tis a child to be bury'd, not you. Well, Moses, don't hurry,-The infant we'll bury ;-But, mafter, the corpfe cannot flay :-What-can't it-but why? For once then we'll try lia corple, Moses, can run away. But Mofes reply'd, The parish will chide, for keeping them out in cold weather: Then, Mozy, quoth he, Pray tell 'em from me, Ill bury them warm, all together, But, fir, it rains hard, Pray have fome regard ;-Regard, Mofes, that makes me flay ! For no corpfe, young or old, In the rain can catch cold. But, Mofes, faith you or I may. Moles begg'd to be gone, Saying, fir, the rain's done; Please to rise, and I'll lend you my hand; 'Tis hard, quoth the vicar, To leave thus my liquor, And go, -when I'm fure I can't fland. At length, though fore troubled, To church-yard he hobbled amenting the length of the way; For, Moses, quoth he, Were I bishop, d'ye see, neither need walk, preach, nor praye When he came to the grave, Says he Moses, -a stave; ord, where's my tobacco box hid? I protest this fast walking Prevents me from talking; o, Moses, pray give me a quide Then he open'd his book,

And therein feem'd to look,

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Whilst o'er the page only he fquinted : Crying, Moses, I'm vex'd, For I can't lee the text, The book is fo damnably printed. Woman of a man born-No-that's wrong -the leaf's torn; Upon woman the natural swell is; Were men got with child The world would run wild, You and I, Moses might have big bellies. Our guts would be press'd hard Were we got with haftard; How wonderful are our supposes; What midwife could do it? He'd be hardly put to it, Lord bless us, to lay me and Moses. So, Moses, come forth, Put the child into earth, And duft to duft, duft it away; For, Mofes, I truft, We should foon turn to dust If we were not to moisten our clay. Moses, -mind what I say ;-When 'tis night 'tis not day; Now in former times faints could work miracles, And raise from the dead, -There's no more to be faid, For, Moles, I've dropp'd down my spectacles, Moses, -hear what I say, -Life's, alas! but a day,-Nay, fometimes 'tis over at noon ;-Man is but a flower, Cut down in an hour, Tis strong ale, Moses, does it so soon, So one pot, and then; -Mofes answered, amen!-And thus far we've carry'd the farce on; 'Tis the vice of the times To relish those rhymes Where the ridicule runs on a parson,

But Satyr deteffs
Immorality's jeffs,
All prophane or immodest expression;
So now we'll conclude,
And drink as we shou'd,
To the good folks of ev'ry profession.

To! de rol, &c.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will fociably fit on your knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful flor'd,
My brave boys,

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Broach that cask; aye, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of flit hosp I my cancle have fluck,
Twill light us each bottle to hand;
And the foot of my glass for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we fit, tho' the oozy drops feem The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss, From the arch mouldy cobwebs in Gotbic taste stream, Like stucco work cut of moss.

Aftride on a butt, as a butt should be strod,

I sit my companions among,

Like grape-blessing Baccbus, the good fellow's god,

And a sentiment give, or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain, No antient more patriot-like bled; Each drop in defence of delight I will drain.

Each drop in defence of delight I will drain, And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are well View that heap of old Hock in the rear; [ fill'd, Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they are pil'd, Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my foldiers my flasks, All gloriously rang'd in review; When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks As kingdoms I've yet to subque. Like Macedon's madman my glass I'll enjoy,
Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have sought & as stoutly will I. When reeling, I roll on the stoor;

Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best buck, to do more.

Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be fied, No hic jacet be cut on my stone;

But pour on my coffin a bottle of red, And say that his drinking is done,

My brave boys,

7 Pulsain 6-0 as board

WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out, &c.
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves,

The nations, not to bleft as thee, Must in their turns to tyrants fall, Must in, &c.

For Britons never will be flaves.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great & sice.

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise, More dreadful from each foreign stroke, More dread sul, &c.

As the loud blaff that tears, that tears the skies, Serves but to root thy native oak. Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous slame, And work their woe, and thy renown, Rule, Britahnia, &c. And e Ru The mu Shall Shall

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To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main, And ev'ry shore it circles, thine,

Rule, Britannia, Gc.

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The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Shall to, &c. [crown'd,
Blest isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves, For Britons never will be flaves.

49 ---

WHEN April wak'd the dawn with lucky gales, For ever be recorded the glorious eighty two.

Brave Rodney joyous spied the Gallic sails.

That on the wings of morn before him flew:
All hands, all hands alost—let British valout shine,
Let fly a culverin—the fignal for the line,
And launce the lightning of the guns!

Rifing winds, ardent minds,
Bear to conquest Britain's warlike sons!

Chorus-Rifing winds, Gc.

And fullen shuns in combat the dreaded foe to meet
Tho' troops of generous heroes croud his train,
And tho' out-numb'ring cannon arm his fleet:
Now ev'ry gallant mind to victory does aspire;
The bloody fight's begun—the sea is all on fire!
And fate's dark brow portentous gleams!
While a flood all of blood.
"Thro' the dazzling Ville de Paris streams."

Cha .- While a flood, &c.

Sulphur, smoke, and fire disturbing the air,
Their thunder hoarse resounding from ocean's waProud Gallta's shrinking genius hovers near try cave,
And drops her saded lilies on the wave!

Now Hoad's intrepid force tight onward bears its
To give the second blow, a total overthrow, secons while death and horrow madly reign!
Now they cry, yield or die,

Refer to colours side the warmish'd main!

British colours ride the vanquish'd main!
Cho.—Now they cry, &c.

See! they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and fands!

What dangers they grafp to fhun a greater fate!

In vain they cry, for aid to weeping lands;

The nymphs & sea gods mourn their hapless state? Proud Ville de Paris! now, thy lot superior know! In bright Britannia's line thy burnish'd sides shall Enough thou mighty god of war! [glows

Now we fing, blef the king,

Here's a health to every British Tar, Cho.-Now we fing, &c.-

When mighty roaft beef was the Englishman's food. It ennobled our veins, and enriched out blood, Our foldiers were brave and our courtiers were good;

O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

But fince we have learnt from all-conq'ring France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaifance;
O the roaft beef, Sc.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong, And kept open house with good cheer all day long, Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this long O the road beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A fneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame;
Who sully those honours that once shone in same;
O the roass beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne, Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known, The world was in terror if e'er she did frown;

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if sheets did presume on the main, They seldom or never return'd back again; As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain:

O the roaft beef, Gc.

O! then

O! then they had fromache to eat, & to fight, [right | I dearly love a hearty man, And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselve But now we're a pack of -I could-but good night: O the roaft beef of old England!

And O the old English roast beef!

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine, Crown this night with pleasure; Let none at cares of life repine, To deftroy our pleafure: Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl, That ev'ry true and loyal foul May drink and fing, without controul, To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacebus, shalt thou be Guardian to our pleasure. That, under thy protection, we May enjoy new pleasure: And as the hours glide away, We'll in thy name invoke their flay, And fing thy praises, that we may Live and die with pleasure.

1 HE filver moon that shines so bright, I fwear with reason is my teacher; And if my minute glass runs right, We've time to drink another pitcher. 'Tis not yet day, 'is not yet day, Then why should we forfake good liquor; Until the fun beams round us play, Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day, And fleep at night, to grow much richer; But what is all the world can fay, Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher: 'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boaft a handsome wife, Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her; Unvex'd I live a chearful life, And boldly call for t'other pitcher. 'Tis not yet day, Gc.

No fneaking milkfop Jemmy Twitcher; Who loves a lass, and loves a can, And boldly calls for t'other pitcher. 'Tis not yet day, &c.

OME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we fleet, To add something new to this wonderful year; To honour we call you, not press you like flaves; For who are so free, as we sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men We always are ready.

Steady, boys, fleady; We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again, We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to kay; They never fee us, but they wish us away;

If they fun, why we follow, and run them ashore, For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak are our fhips, &c. They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes, They'll frighten our women, & children & beau, But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er, Still Britons they'll find to receive them ashore.

Heart of oak are our fhips, &c.

We'll fill make them run, and we'll fill make them In spite of the devil, and Brussels gazette; Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us fing, Our foldiers, our failors, our statesmen, and king. Heart of oak are our fhips, &c.

54 . WHEN all the Actic fire was fled, And all the Roman virtue dead, Poor freedom luft her feat; The Gotbic mantle spread a night. That dampt fair virtue's fading light . The muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new store Has yet a laurel left in store? To this bleft ifle they fleer: Soon the Parnaffian choir was heard, Soon virtue's facred form appear'd, And freedom foon was here.

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As Ne hew all Damas ake it Up to aft toaff Like fl grave 1 With n none Nor Y

> t it no Fix'd f r I am Nor or t carve Then neir lir

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he lasy monk has left his cell, digion rings her hallow'd bell, She calls thee now by me; lark! her fweet voice all plaintive founds, e, the receives a thousand wounds, If shielded not by thee.

LOW thou regal purple fiream, inted by the folar beam, a my goblet, sparkling rife, hear my heart, and glad my eyes, by brain, ascend on fancy's wing, woint me, wine, a jovial king. While I live, I'll lave my clay, when I'm dead, and gone away, et my thirsty subjects say month he reign'd, but that was May.

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ULCAN, contrive me fuch a cup As Nestor us'd of old; hew all thy skill to trim it up, Damask it round with gold.

lake it so large, that, fill'd with sack Up to the swelling brim, ast toasts on the delicious lake, Like ships at sea, may swim.

With war I've nought to do; m none of those that took Maestricht, Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

tit no names of planets tell, Fix'd stars or constellations; rI am not Sir Sidropbel, Nor one of his relations.

It carve thereon a foreading vine, Then add two lovely boys; heir limbs in am'rous folds entwine, The type of future joys.

mus and Bacchus my faints are,
May drink and love still reign;
ith wine I wash away my care,
And then to love again,

By Gorag and St. Patrick going home last night,
About two in the morning, I was put in a fright;
Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt.
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dist
Then firing his pistol direct on my faish,

Then firing his pistol direct on my faish, Stand still you damn'd dog or you're dead on the plaish De'l tauke him for me, for his favour and graish, For ne'er was dear joy in more forrowful caish,

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd, Your rogueship will one day at Tyburn be try'd, If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these, He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash:

Thus threaten'd he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey.

Thus threaten'd he shivilly cry'd, my dear honey, I'll not hurt thee at all but present me thy money, My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's undone Well e'en take it all—for by core. I have none.

By fome I am told,
That I'm wrinkled and old,
But I will not believe what they fay,
I feel my blood mounting,
Like fireams in a fountain,
That merrily fparkle and play.
For love I have will,
And ability ftill;
Odfbobs I can fcarcely refrain,
My diamond, my pearl,
Well, be a good girl,
Until I come to you again.

FLY swiftly ye minutes till Comus receive,
The nameless fost transports that beauty can give,
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach her to prove,
And she, in return, yield the raptures of love.
Without love and wine, wit and beauty are vain,
Pow'r and grandeur insipid, and riches a pain,
The most splendid palace grows dark as the grave,
Love & wine give ye gods or take back what ye gave.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free, We follow freet variety;

By

By turns we drink, and dance, and fing, Fire's for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul, Transports of the jovial soul;

No dull stinting hour we own, Pleasure courts our time alone.

If a poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content? Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I com-Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain [plain Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart, That at once it both drowns and enlivens the seart. I take it off briskly, and when it is down, By my jolly complexion I make my joys known. But oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove By its sovereign heat to expel that of love.

When in quenching the old, I create a new slame, And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.

61

UPITER wenches and drinks. He rules the roaft in the fky, Yet he's a fool if he thinks That he's as happy as I. Tuno rates him And grates him, And leads his highness a weary life, I have my lass, And my glass, And firoll a batchefor's merry life, Let him flufter And blafter Yet cringe to his harridan's furbello; To my fair telips, I glew lips, And clink the cannikin here below.

LET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,
Who, like Aristippus, his passions controul;
Of wisest philosophers, wifest was he,
Who attentive to ease, let his mind still be free.
The Prince, Peer, or Peasant, to him was the same,
For oleas'o, he was pleasing to all where he came;

But still turn'd his back on contention and strife, Resolving to live all the days of his life.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end him He found fault with none, if none found fault with It his triend had a humour—he humour'd his whim If wine was the word—why, he bumper'd his glass If love was the topic—he touted his lafs; But still turn'd his back on contention and strife, Resolving to live all the days of his life.

If councils disputed, if councils agreed,
He found fault with neither, for this was his creed
That let them be guided by folly or sense
'Twould be semper eadem a hundred years hence,
He thought 'twas unsocial to be mal-content, swen
If the tide went with him — with the tide too h
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,
Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Was the nation at war—he wish'd well to the sword Is a peace was concluded—a peace was his word; Disquiet to him, or of body or mind, Was the latitude only he never could find, The philosopher's stone was but gravel and pain, And all who had sought it, had sought it in van; He still turn'd his back on contention and strive, Resolving to live all the days of his life.

Then let us all follow Ariflippus's rules,
And deem his opponents both affes and mules;
Let those not contented to lead or to drive,
By the bees of their sect be drove out of their hive
Expell'd from the mantions of quiet and ease,
May they never find out the bless'd art to please;
And our friends & ourselves, not forgetting our wive
By these maxims may live all the days of our lives.

IN Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The goiling you discover;
But taught to ride, to fence, and prance,
A finish'd goofe comes over.

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While I'll ke With his tierce and carte, fa, fa,
And his cotillon fo fmart, ha, ha,
He charms each female heart, oh! la!
As Jacky returns from Dover.

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For cocks and dogs fee 'squire at home,
The prince of country tonies,
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our 'squire a nice Adonis.

With his tierce and carte, fa! fa!
And his cotillon fo fmart, ha! ha!
He charms the female heart, oh la!
The pink of macaronies.

O Greedy Midas I've been told,
That what you touch turns all to gold,
O! had I but a pow'r like thine,
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn,
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.
Nor should there any date 't'approach,
Unto my mantling sparkling wine,
But si st should pay their rites to me,

SEE, the conquering hero comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; Sports prepare, the laurel bring, Songs of triumph to him fing.

And stile me only god of wine.

See the godlike youth advance, Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance; Myrtles wreathe and roses twine To deck the hero's brow divine.

SINCE pleasure's in fashion, and life's but a jest, In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best; Let the dull, who repute it a weakness to smile, Arraign my opinion, my morals revile, While I know that my bosom is free from a slaw, I'll keep up the chorus of ha-ha-ha-ha.

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,

No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;

If care, or ill nature shall come in my reach,

And, foaming with rage, like a methodist preach;

While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,

I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha-ha-ha-ha.

To be happy, I'll laugh as the minutes advance,
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;
But sweeter the music will float in the air,
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there;
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,
Will join the sweet tune of loves's ha ha-ha-ha,

I'll laugh through the world, in defiance of strife,
For laughter's an oil to the sallad of life;
I'll make daddy Time, as he passes in haste,
Look over his shoulder, and long for a taste;
Then, friends while your bosoms are free from a slaw of Swell round the gay chorus of ha ha-ha ha.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly mifguides, and infirmities vex;
Who fe lives hardly know what it is to be bleft,
Who rife without joy, and lie down without reft:
Obey the glad fummons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the ftream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain, And young ones the rover they cannot regain; The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd, And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd;

Obey then the furnmons, to Letbe repair a And drink an oblivion to trouble and care; was And drink an oblivion, &c.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants, Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants; The troubled in mind shall go chearful away. And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day:

Obey then the summons, to Letbe repair,

Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;

Drink deep of the stream, &c.

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WHEN

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to re-As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat, [treat, He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he faid, He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead. Trim the boat, and fit quiet!" flern Charon reply'd. You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd."

HOW little do the landsmen know,
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel:
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout:
We'll make the monsieurs right us,
So toss the can about.

Stick close to orders, messimates,
We'll plunder, burn, and fink,
Then, France, have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink:
We'll rummage all we fancy,
We'll bring them in by scores,
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,

Shall roll in louis-d'ors ..

While here at Deal we're lying,
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more:
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
In war we'll never fly,
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
See what at our jubitee passes;
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad;
Warwickshire lad,
All be grad,

. For the lad of all lads was a Warwick fire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has lavish'd her bounty;
Where much has been given, and some to be spar'd,
For the bard of all bards was a Warwicksbire bard;
Warwicksbire bard,
Never pair'd,

For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.
Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman;
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan
For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man;

Warwickshire man, Avon's swan,

For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.
Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we ake pride in;
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill.
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will;

Warwicksbire Will, Marchleis fill,

But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.

As ven'son is very inviting,

To steal it our bard took delight in; To make his friends merry he never was lag, For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag:

Warwickshire wag, Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warzvickshire wag.

There never was fure fuch a creature,
Of all she was worth he robb'd nature;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
For the thief of all threves was a Warwickshire thief;

Warwickshire thief, He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warapick fbire thief.

WHEN I drain the rofy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my foul;
To the nine I raise my song,
Ever fair, and ever young:
When full cups my cares dispel,
Sober council then sarewel;

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Let the winds, that murmur, fweep All my forrows to the deep. When I drink dull time away, Jolly Bacchus, ever gay, Leads me to delightful bow'rs, Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs ; While I quaff the frarkling wine, And my locks with rofes twine, Then I praise life's rural fcene, Sweet, fequef.er'd, and ferene When I drink the bowl profound, Richest fr grance flowing round, And some lovely nymph detain, Venus then inspires the frain; When from goblets deep and wide, I exhauft the gen'rous tide, All my foul unbends-I p ay Gamesome with the young and gay.

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HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleafure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ.
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign!

COME Roger and Nells come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With finging and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate Havest Home:
'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest-home, harvest-home, &c.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store

Now swell with rich gifts of the land;

Let each man then take, for his prong and rake,

His can and his lass in his hand: For Cares, Sc

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocence, passime, and mirth,
While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth, When, Sc.

THESE mortals say right, in their jovial abodes,
That a glass of good punch is the drink of the gods;
Take only a smack of
The nectar we crack of,
You'll find it is punch, and no more:
The ingredients they mingle,
Are contraries, single;
So are ours, they're the elements four.
Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's pro-

Then, Bacchus, for thou art the drunkard's proIffue instant a fiat, feettor,
And let who dare deny it, nectar.
That nectar's good punch, and that good punch is

THE truths that I fing none deny me,
They're truths that must ever prevail;
Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,
By the force of our English good ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,
They are what we expected, and stale;
Your troops, and your fleets, our discain are,
By the force of our English good ale.

When Bess, that brave queen, rul'd the nation, 'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail; She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
By the force of our English good ale.

And thus we will ferve them for ever,

Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;

There's none like our people, so clever,

By the force of our English good ale.

Free-born, we support our desender,
To our sons we hand down the detail;
Defie the de'il, pope, and pretender,
By the sorce of our English good ale.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy farmer's toil;
The slowing bowl succeeds the stail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale,
Gg 2

WHAT

WHAT think you, my mafters ! 'tis wondrous to That puffs are encourag'd to fuch a degree. [me, But puffs I deteft, fo live quiet and hush ; I fell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

Posts, pensions, and votes, are oft got by a puff, Bar, pulpit, and theatre, thrive by the fluff, But puffs I deteft, &c.

I laugh at the newspapers till I'm half blind. To fee how by puffing men tickle mankind; But puffs I deteft, &c.

When great ones negociate matters by puff, To ape them mechanics are ready enough; But puffs I deteft, fo live quiet and hufh; I fell you good wine, and good wine needs no bush.

WHEN peace here was reigning, And love without waining, Or care or complaining, Bafe pássions disdaining; By the torse of o. This, this was my way, With my pipe and my tabor and and w I laugh'd down the day, Nor envy'd the joys of my neighbour.

Now fad transformation Runs thro' the whole nation; Peace, love, recreation, All chang'd to vexation; This, this is my way, With my pipe and my tabor I laugh down the day, back aw at of the of I And pity the cares of my neighbour.

While all are defigning, Their friends undermining, a diam's shall all a Reviling, repining. seemed standed at F To mischief inclining; and May and worldy and This, this is my way, and accorded add abrawall With my pipe and my tabor I laugh down the day, and alles on the state of And pity the cares of my neighbour.

80 -FILL your glaffes, banish grief, and vm IlA. Laugh, and worldly cares despite; I madite Sorrow ne'er can bring relief, Joy from drinking will arise. Lord Sheet Why should we with wrinkled care, 10191 Change what nature made fo fair? o I slidW Drink, and fet your hearts at reft, Of a bad bargain make the best. Some purfue the winged wealth, Some to honour do afpire; Give me freedom, give me health, There's the fum of my defire. What the world can more prefent, Will not add to my content; Drink, and fet your hearts at reft, Peace of mind is always best. Bufy brains, we know, alas! With imaginations run, Like fand within the hour-glas; Turn'd and turn'd, and ftill runs on, Never knowing when to flay, But uneafy every way; Drink, and fet your hearts at reft, Peace of mind is always best. Mirth, when mingled with our wine Makes the heart alert and free; Let it rain, or fnow, or fhine, Still the fame thing 'tis with me. There's no fence against our fate, Changes daily on us wait; Drink, and fet your hearts at reft, Of a bad bargain make the best. LAUGHING Cupids, bring me roses, And my wreath, ye graces, twine;

I'm this night dispos'd for rapture, and date tol Having beauty, wit, and wine. Let the fober stoics wonder, all and an ingo off

And their apathy define ; had appour int I'll not follow fuch dull doctrine, 2 ward said w While I've beauty, wit, and wine. Such

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Such old dotards well may centure, Call me thoughtles libertine; Sour's the grape when we can't reach it, So is beauty, wit, and wine.

Come, ye brisk Arabian lasses,
For that heaven you seek is mine,
Upon beds of roses lolling,
Bles'd with beauty, wit, and wing,

And when this gay life is over, Pour libations on my shrine; I've a paradise hereaster, Full of beauty, wit, and wine.

W

Such

LET foldiers fight for prey or praise
And money be the miser's wish,
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish.
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal every hair,
Who in a lover's look delight,
And artificial colours wear,
Pure wine is native red and white.
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave;
That lively, which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cup brimful,
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and fome a punk;
Some men want wit, and others wealth,
But they want nothing who are drunk;
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the foul;
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

THE swain with his flock by a brook loves to rest, With soft rural lays to drive grief from his breast; The sop, light as air, loves himself to behold, The Britan his soe, and the miser his gold; The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul, The delight of my heart is a full flowing bowl.

The huntiman, fatigu'd with the toils of the chace, By the fide of a fountain delight to folace; At his mistress's feet the fond lover to whine, The beaux at the play or affembly to shine.

The pleasures, Sc.

My Chloe's in rapture to hear herfelf prais'd.

The courtier to find that his income is rais'd,

Some nymphs love the town, and in jewels to shine

And some spiritless lovers in silence to pine.

The pleasures, &c. [tea Some cards love, some coffee, some dice, and some Some talking, some fiddling, some dancing, some Their choices are dull, there's a spirit in wine, [play Which always enlivens with rapture divine. The pleasures I chuse yield more joy to my soul, The delight of my heart is a full-slowing bowl.

WHILST I am caroufing to chear up my foul, Oh! how I triumph to fee a full bowl!

This is the treasure,
The only pleasure,
The blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.
Thus while I am drinking,

Then I am greater than the greatest king.

WHILE I figh'd with idle care, for a jilting, cruel fair,
Thracia's god forbade to pine,
And prescrib'd his rosy wine.

Quick tormenting Cupid flew, And to love I bade adieu: Bacchus came with jolly face, And supply d his vacant place.

Ev'ry joy on earth was mine, Social friends, and mirth and wine; Then I swore by Stygian Jove, Ne'er to taste the cares of love.

But how frail the vow that dies At a glance of beauty's eyes! Cbloe taught me wine was vain, And I turn'd to love again.

g3 WINE

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That, like eagles, we foar
In the price of the day;
Gouty fots of the night
Only find a decay,

Tis the sun ripes the grape.
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They fleal wine, who take it
When he's out of fight,

Roy, fi'l all the glaffes,

Fill them up now he fhines;

The higher he rifes,

The more he refines;

For wine and wit fall

As their maker declines.

WELL met, folly fellows, well met;
By this bowl you're all welcome, I fwear:
See where on the table tis fet;
And defign'd for the grave of our care,
From this focial convention,
'Twill drive all contention,
Save only who longest can drink;
Then fill up your glasses,
And drink to your lasses,
The head-ach take him that shall shrink.

the only oleaners.

Do but look at this glass! here boys, hand it around;
Why it sparkles like Phillie's eye;
But 'tis better by far, boys; for when her eyes wound
This balm to the wound will supply:
Then a fig for all thinking;
Fill, fill, and be drinking;
Let us drown all our cares and our forrow;
Come, the toast, boys, the toast!
There's no time to be lost,
For our cares, will return with to morrow.

N history you may read Call me tho Of Charley that great Swede, And many more brave warriors That have great conquests made; But the Pruffian most renown'd ...... The trump of fame does found; We'll all agree, in bravery, His match could ne'er be found. No dangers did him scare Amidst the Austrian war, Where troops of righted heroes Stood glittering from afar; At the rattling of their drums, And thund'ring of their gups, He scorns to yield, but braves the field, And from no danger runs. His troops they are but few. But to their cause are true. Stout-hearted, bold and daring, As ever weapon drew: In the midft of smoak and fire, He cries, boys, ne'er retire, But fight while e'er a vein your blood contains To free the lost empire. Then may the great Jebovab.

Then may the great Jebovab,
The God of peace and love
Protect our Prussian hero
And all his deeds approve:
And when heav'n does him displace,
May one of his great race,
Hold it good, to spare our blood,
And crown his days in peace.

THE town's a rarse shew, some say,
A rare shew for projectors:
What pity 'tis, we spoil the play
For want of better actors.
But sometimes in, and sometimes out,
'Tis so upon all stages;
Folks will not mind what they're about,
But only mind the wages.

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Among the imitative arts,

Chief is an actor's science;

Expressive heads, and feeling hearts,

With nature form alliance.

Behind the scenes, tho party rage,

Caprice, and adulation.

With flander—but we know the stage

Shou'd represent the nation.

A representative indeed!
As players make believe, Sir,
In this world's drama, to succeed,
'Tis as you can deceive, Sir.
You may be caught, by face or dress,
Before you come to know folks;
But then the counterfeits confess,
They're all—but merely shew-folks.

Most aim great characters to hit,

Pride spouts as public spirit.

Pert dullness is mistook for wit,

And silence want of merit.

Some study the informer's arts,

Then power their side espouses;

Some play the pimps, and flatterers parts,

In hopes to have full houses.

We title this same droll we shew,
The bumours of the nation—
Extremely high, extremely low,
Endemic dissipation.
The world! — What by that word we mean,
Is self and self's disguises;
A busy, lazy, lottery scene,
Where soily fills up prizes.

Whate'er we think, whate'er we fay,
Whate'er we are purfuing,
Is o'er and o'er the felf-fame play
Of doing and undoing.
Life's vegetation ripes and rots,
'Till dust to dust returning;
Solet us sprinkle well our spots
And drink from night to morning.

OH! what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground,
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh! how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me,
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me.

ONE day with my friends, all jollity rife,
They ask'd me to prove the true medium of life,
Thus closely put to't, I determin'd to try,
When I thought that I hit it, between you and I;
'Twas Punch I averr'd, and I think you will own,
Not far from the mark I so much had not flown,
Good Punch is the liquor, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of that same and the medium are one.

When lemon and fugar together do meet,
The acid's corrected by mixing the fweet;
While water and spirits most happily blend,
And each from extremes does the other defend.
All stirr'd up together, the sparkling full bowl
Brings smiles on the face from the joy of the soul;
With me then you'll join, that, as sure as a gun,
A bowl of good punch and the medium are one.

Let us, my good friends, be all jolly and gay,
The roots, without wat'ring, will ever decay;
So life without liquor must come to rebust,
Then drink while you may and make sure of enough
'Twill keep our frail state in a temper that's meet,
Contented with taking the sour with the sweet;
Hang party and faction, spleen, sorrow, and strife,
A bumper fill up to the medium of life.

THE cards were fent, the muses came,
'Twa Ceres gave the feast
To Juno Jowe's majestic dame,
Fair Hebe hail'd each guest,

With

With Phabus, Bacchus, wit and wine, Like man and wife, should focial shine. With I fall, lall, la.

Th'Olympic dance, Minerva wise, With grateful fleps mov'd round; Blue was the fillet-like her eyes, Her fapient temples crown'd; That girdle loofen'd, falling down, Buck Bacchus caught the azure zone.

Upon his breast the ribbon plac'd, By Styx, evow'd the truth, while allowed What had the throne of wisdom grac'd, Should grace the feat of truth His robe he instant open threw, And on his bosom beam'd True Blue.

. Kings, taught by me, fhall Garters give, " In inftallation's frow ;

"What subjects merits should receive,

"Their monarchs should befrow. "This symbol, lov'd, celestials view,

" And flamp your fanctions on True Blue."

The rofy God, Urania prais d; The tuneful fifters join; The Sov'reign of the Sky was pleas'd, To confiellate the fign, Along the clouds loud Pæans flew, Olympus join'd, and hail'd True Blue.]

This order Iris bore to earth, Minerva charg'd the fair, Where first she found out fons of worth, To leave the Ribbon there. From clime to clime the fearthing flew, And in Old England left True Blue.

OHE tells me with claret the cannot agree, And the thinks of a hoghead whene'er the fees me For I smell like a beast, and therefore must I Refolve to forfeke her, or claret deny : [friend, Must I leave my dear bottle, that was always my And I hope will continue fo to my life's end? Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard task ; Let her go to the devil, bring t'other full flask.

Had she tax'd me with gaming and bid red forbers, Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an ear ! Had the found out my Chloris up three pair of flain, I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to pray'n Had she bad me read homilies three times a day, She perhaps hac been humour'd, with little to fay, But at night to deny me a cup of dear red, Let her go to the devil, there's no more to be faid.

SINCE you mean to hire for fervice, A Come with me you jolly dog; You can help to bring home harvest, Tend the sheep and feed the hog.

With three crowns, your flanding wages, You shall daintily be fed; Bacon, beans, falt beef, cabbages, in a con-Butter milk, and oaten bread.

Come, firike hands, you'll live in clover, When we get you once at home, And when daily labour's over, We'll all dance to your hum, ftrum.

I HROUGH all the professions in town, Each toper his tavern has got, The courtier repairs to the crown, The rummer hangs out for the fot. The foldier is found at the gun, The mitre, reclaimer of evil; The cit to the horn will fure run, The lawyer he goes to the devil.

- 96 HERE was a joby miller once, Liv'd on the river Dee, He work'd and fung from morn till night, No lark more blythe than he. And this the butthen of his fong For ever us'd to be, I care for nobody, no not I, If no one care for me.

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THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear From fraud, disguise, and guile.

Need neither fortune's frowning fear,

Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave,

Is but an empty thing;

What more than mirth would mortals have?

The chearful man's a king.

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I HE man who in his breast contains, A heart which no base art arraigns, Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread, Where love and youthful fancy lead; May toy and laugh, may dance and fing, While jocund life is in her fpring. When cynics rail, and pedants frown, Their rigid maxims I disown; I smile to see their angry brow, And hate the gloomy felfish crew ; In their despite I'll laugh and fing, While jocund life is in her spring. Be mine the focial joys of life, And let good nature vanquish ftrife, So ianocence with me refide, And honour reigns each action's guide;

Then Phillis come, and share those joys Which no intemp'rate use destroys; While you remain as kind as fair, My heart desies each anxious care; With thee I'll toy, and laugh and sing, While jocund life is in her spring.

I'll toy and laugh, and dance and fing, While jocund life is in her fpring.

YES, yes, I own I love to fee,
Old men facetious, blith and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful fwim th'harmonious round;
But when old age, jocofe tho' grey,
Can dance and frolic with the gay,

'Tis plain to all the jovial throng, Tho' hoar the head, the heart is young.

ONE night having nothing to do-nor to drink, I began a new practice, and that was to think; What my subject should be, kept me some time in I confider'd, at last-what we all were about. [doubt Such frauds and fuch fractions, fuch follies, fuch fic-Such out-of-door clamours & in contradictions tions What must this be owing to? why, or from whence? What is it we want—why, we want Common Senfe. Oyes! who can tell us where Common Sense dwells Does it burnish gold roofs, or strew rushes in cells? Does it beam in the mine? does it swim in the sea? Does it wing the wide air? does it bloffom the tree? If folks would accept Common Sense as their guest, With meum and tuum at home they'll be blefs'd, Not like lunatic lackeys run mad up and down, Nor mind any business but what was their own. But which is the way to find Common Sense out? She feasts not on turtle-cuts in at no rout; [pence Get the tub cynic's lanthorn, we won't mind ex-But look by its light, 'till we fpy Common Sense. If chance she is seen, tho' for fear we mistake here She's natively neat, like a lovely young quaker. Pure beauty, despising false draperv's aid, And Common Sense scorns all pedantic parade. Let us first call at court, but, perhaps, we intrude, Twas told fo by Miss Affectation, the prude; There fashion forbids the free use of the mind, What can Common Sense say in a place so refin'd? Then at church, to be fure, Common Sense there fuc-Unless superstition should choak it with weeds [ ceeds And tho' infidelity dares a pretence, She's eafily vanquish'd by plain Common Senses When I mention'd the church, you expected at leaft In the common place mode, some stale joke 'gainst a That a laugh I must raiseat the clergy's expences priest But he who wou'd wish it, must want Common Sense A As to trade, no accounts can be well kept without her The flock jobbers fay they know nothing about her. Bear witness Change-alley—the Omniums declare, Common Sense shall for ever be under par there.

SINCE at last I am FREE,
Contented I'll be,
O'er briars barefooted to go,
Or lost in the rain,
Upon Sal'sbury Plain,
Or lest without clothes in the snow.

Or if I shou'd perch
On top of Paul's Church,
The hottest day, just about noon,
Astride the cross sat,
Without hood or hat,
I'd whistle off pain with a tune.

For now I am FREE,
No low spirits for me,
I laugh at all crosses I find;
I think as I please,
And reflect at my ease,
For liberty lies in the mind.

To my fancy I live, And what fancy can give, I enjoy, tho' it is but a dream; Observe the world through, Do others pursue

Ought else than a fanciful scheme Some fancy the court, Some fancy field-sport,

The chace of a beauty fome chuse; The topers with wine, The misers with coin.

And poets are pleas'd with their muse.

La Mancha's mad knight,
With windmills would fight.
Like him our attempts are a jeft;
With envy infane,
And with projects fo vain,
Fach fneers at the schemes of the rest.

This extravagancy
On folly or fancy,
Appears to be rather too long;
With something that's skrewd,
I wish to conclude;
And make this an epigram song.
In a Point it must end,
On a Point I depend,
And like a staunch pointer I'll stand,
I appoint you to sing,
I appoint you to ring,
And a Scotch Pint of Claret command,

BACCHUS, one day, gaily ffriding,
On his never failing ton,
Sneaking aquapotes deriding,
Thus address'd each toping fon a
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine,
All things noble, bright, and a ry,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Pristing heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rife to me.

Homer wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity:
If my influence is wanting,
Music's charms but flowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,

'Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,

Mortals i this way bend your eyes;

From my ever flowing treasure,

Charming scenes of bliss arise;

Here's the charming, soothing bleffing,

Sole dispeller of all pain;

Gloomy souls from care releasing,

He who drinks not, fives in vain.

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty had no harm in'c;
A zealous high shurchman I was,
And so I got preferment;

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nd fo By o teach my flock I never mise'd;

Kings are by God appointed;

d those are damn'd that do resist,

And touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law I will maintain,

Until my dying day, fir,

That whatsoever king shall reign,

I will be vicar of Bray, fir.

hen royal James obtain'd the throne,
And pop'ry came in fashion,
the penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration,
the church of Rome I found would fit,
full well my constitution;
that become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, See

â,

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hen William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
ith this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance;
derinciples I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
stree obedience was a joke,
And pish for non-refistance.
And this is law, &c.

hen gracious Anne ascends the throne,
The church of England's glory,
nother face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
casional Conformists base,
I camn'd their moderation;
I thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

hen George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, fir,
un'd a cat in-pan once more,
And then became a whig, fir,
nd to preferment T procur'd,
By our new faith's defender;

And always, every day, abjur'd The pope and the pretender. And this is law, &c.

Th'illustrious house of Hanover,
And protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear,
While they can keep possession;
For, by my faith and loyalty,
I never more can faulter,
And George my lawful king shall be,
Until the time shall after.
And this is law, &c.

WHAT a charming thing's a battle!
Trumpets founding, drums a beating;
Cack, crick, crack, the cannons rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoaky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets slying!
Then the groans of soldiers dying,
Just like sparrows, as it were.
At each pop,

Hundreds drop;
While the muskets prittle prattle:
Kill'd and wounded,
Lie confounded.
What a charming thing's a battle!

But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;
Horse and foot,
All go to't,

Kill's the word, both men and cattle;
Then to plunder,
Blood and thunder,
What a charming thing's a battle.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are for their country they arm, their religion & queen,

How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives, In defence of their freedom, their children & wives! Ye tyrants, ye know not what liberty yields, [fields: How she guards all our shores, and protects all our As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong, [song. She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain, Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main. Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play,
To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
Indulgent at night for the toils of the day;
And while the dull miser estrems himself wiser,
His bags will decrease, while his health does decay
Our souls we enliven, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long evining in pleasures away.

All chearful and hearty, we fet afide party,
With some tender fair each full bumper is crown'd
Then Baccbus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd:
See here's our physician, we know no ambition.

See here's our physician, we know no ambition, But where there's good wine & good company found Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,

'I is sunshine and summer with us the year round.

BRISK wine and women are
The fource of all our joys;
A brimmer foftens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloys:
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are bleffings night and day.

By the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask are told
How the waning night grows old:
How the waning night grows old:

Soon, too foon, the bufy day
Drives us from our sport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you;
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

PUSH the bumpers about, drink my toast & away,
Round the brim let the liquor be flowing;

We're robbing of life while we drinking delay,
So prithee, dear brother, keep doing: [none,
Here's a health to the man who for firength teareth

Who values no mortal for riches alone,
Who ne'er trod on the weak, or gave forrow a frown
He he's a true fon of the bottle.

The science of drinking is better by half, Than the Ethics of old Aristotle; I look at all life, and at all life I laugh, Except in the life of a bottle;

Let scholiasts with scholiasts explain and confound The motion of matter, the world's wheeling round, For make them once drunk, and the secret is found, Such wonders are work'd by the bottle.

Should fickness, despair, and captivity join,
I'd equal the ancients in thinking;
No cordial, no comfort I'd ask for but wine,

No freedom demand but for drinking: Stood death like a drawer to wait on me home,

Or bailiff-like durst he push into the room, I'd try for a moment to tip him the hum, "Till I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

W HILE Whitf—d & W—tly with cant & parade,
Th' enjoyments of life and its pleasures degrade,
And draw from pure nature, men gudgeons by shoals
By that orthodox humbug—the saving of souls:
Permit me a wonder most strange to declare,
Of a youth who but lately fell—out of the snare,
From whose early workings and manner so quaint,
The saithful, with pleasure, had mark'd for a saint.
'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old Time,

'Twas past ten o'clock by that watchman old Time, When Satan wou'd have it who prompted the crime A ta-

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A tavern being open, young Pious went in,
To preach to the wicked and rail against sin:
Some jolly choice spirits whose only design,
Was to heighten their mirth by the help of good wine
His tanoy so tickled and touch'd to the quck,
That it cur'd his fore conscience of h—ll & old nick
From singing of hymns, he now alter'd his note,
And a catch of good humour, he soon got by rote:
From sighing and groaning young Pious thus won,
Finds relief in the glass with good humour & sun:
No more of your cant, the new convert now cries,
Conviction and reason has open'd my eyes:
Enjoy what you can, beys, since die we all must,
The present we're sure of—the suture—I'll trust

TIS for landmen to prate,
Such trifling I hate,
To wheedle and cajole is their plan a
For a licence let's hafte,
We have no time to waste;
'Tis actions that best speak the man.

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I'm a rough, honest tar,
Just landed from far;
My heart cannot change like the weather;
As the needle 'tis true,
And points only to you;
Letthe parson, then, splice us together.

THE man who for lite
Is plagu'd with a wife,
Is fure in a wretched condition;
Go things how they will,
She flicks by him fill,
And death is his only physician.
Poor man, &c.

To trifle and toy,
May give a man joy,
When passion's promoted by beauty?
But where is the blifs
Of a conjugal kis

When passion is prompted by duty. Poor man, &c.

The dog when posses'd
Of mutton the best,
A bone he may leave at his pleasure;
But if to histail
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He is harrass'd and plagu'd beyond measure.
Poor cur, Sc.

Tho' envious old age seems in part to impair me.

And make me the sport of the wanton and gay;
Brisk wine shall recruit, as life's winter shall wear

And I still have a heart todo what I may. [me,
Then, Venus, bestow me some damsel of beauty,
As Bacchus shall lend me a cherishing glass;
To Selena the Great they shall both pay their duty,
We'll first class the bottle, and then class;
The bottle and lass,
The lass and the bottle;
We'll first class the bottle, and then class the lass.

THE month of September
I well shall remember,
On account of the stames and the fire,
With which Juliet the nun,
Full of frolic and sun,
Singe'd the heart of the am'rous friar.

The force of her kisses,
And melting careffes,
I'll with pleasure and extasy own;
For most certain it is,
That one balmy kiss
From her lips, would enliven a stone.
Then be filent, ye fools,
Who by musty dull rules,
Pleased your fierce passions to tame:

Pretend your fierce passions to tame;
For without the bless aid
Of a kind-hearted maid,
Life is nothing but forrow and pain.

THE fages of old,
In prophecy told,
The cause of a nation's undoing;

But our new English breed No prophecies need, For each one here feeks his own ruin.

With grumbling and jars,
We promote civil ware,
And preach up falfe tenets to many;
We fnarl and we bite,
We rail and we fight
For religion, yet no man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his friend,
And the church and the senate would settle;
Who delights not in blood.
But draws when he shou'd,
And bravely stands brunt to the bottle.

Who rails not at kings,
Nor politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow;
But takes a full glass
To his country's success;
This, this is an honest brave fellow:

To Phillis and Chloc, and all the gay throng,
Too long the foft lay has been rais'd;
Too long to their beauty has flow'd the vain fong,
Too long has their beauty been prais'd:
Great Bacchus, repentant, thy pardon I ask,
Forgiveness I humbly implore;
If e'er for a female I quit a full cask,
May I never enjoy one drop more—great god;
May I never enjoy one drop more.

Ye fops and ye fribbles, your title I own
To fing all the charms of the fair;
Their beauties to praise is your province alone;
Alone make their beauties your care:
For who in his senses what mortal can blame
Who strives his own merit to raise?
For women and sops are so nearly the same,
In theirs, that he sings his own praise—sweet Miss
In theirs, &c.

Tho' wit, sparkling wit, some rare semales posses,
Tho' kindness may add to their store;
Good-nature and smiles have a bumper no less,
And sparkles an hundred times more:
With virtue unfully'd adorn'd tho' she be,
Tho' modesty blooms in each feature,
A bottle is not more immodest than she,
It's virtue ten thousand times greater—dear boys;
It's virtue, &c.

Their beauty attracting I freely confess;
Their sex, I must own, has it's charms;
I own for a moment they're able to bless,
And melt us away in their arms:

Yet lasting the pain is, and transient the joy;
The raptures are instantly past;

But wine, happy juice! is fure never to cloy, It's pleafures till doomsday shall last—brave souls; It's pleasures, &c.

Then adieu to their charms, to their beauties adien,
All thoughts of the fex I refign;
I fight in thy cause, to thy intrest am true,
And yield me eternally thine:
And if ever, great master, thy colours I fly,
If e'er like a rover I pine,
May (greatest of curses!) my hogshead run dry,
Nor more be replenish'd with wine—blest wine;
Nor more, &c.

ONE day at her toilet as Venus began
To prepare for her face-making duty,
Bacchus mood at her elbow, and swore that her plan
Would not help it, but hinder her beauty.

A bottle young Semele held up to view, And begg'd she'd observe his cirections— This Burgundy, dear Cytharea, will do, 'Tis a rouge that rennes all complexions.

Too polite to refuse him, the bumper she sips,
On his knees, the buck begg'd she'd encore;
The joy-giving goddess, with wine-mosten'd lips
Declar'd she would hob-nob once more.

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Out of window each wash, paste, & powder, she hurl'd And the God of the grape vow'd to join; Shook hands, fign'd & feal'd, then bid fame tell the Of the Union'twixt BEAUTY and WINE. [world

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Dy a whirlwind methought I through Æther was Electric 'mong spirits of air; Upborn by the clouds, we look'd down on the world And odd exhibitions fpy'd there.

England's Genius was there, bearing Monarchy's crown In procession round Liberty Hall; down, faction seiz'd her rich tobe, Public Spirit pull'd And Folly broad grinn'd at her fall.

n weather-house plac'd, to denote foul and fair, Two figures keep veering about; o pageants we faw, and smil'd at their glare, As they turn'd, with the times, in and out.

he Methodifts, malk'd with Hyprocify's face, Anathemas thunder'd aloud;

o lack Pudding's joke, with distorted grimace, Benetting their gudgeons, -the crowd.

it and Humour were there, drove from Dignity's That Stupidity's coach might have room; | door, chauch we saw open Temptation's base store, And Discase taint Simplicity's bloom.

ubborn Will against Prudence was waging a fight, While Defire oppos'd Duty firong; he Passions confess d Reason's dictates were right, Though themselves still resolv'd to be wrong.

wonderful troop towards Westminster bore; What wonders there are 'mong mankind? gilt chariots Lawyers paraded before, On foot "Justice follow'd behind.

urch Preferments we saw-but respect shall with-The abuse that's pour'd forth on the cloth; [ stand kk Johbers and Statesmen we saw hand in hand, And Pride stood at par between both.

t per Cent had lain fiege to Integrity's head, And Beauty was battering his heart; en'd liph India fuccess firuck Humility dead, Ow And Title took Vanity's part.

Crafty Care and pale Ufury, two fleepless hags, Wealth o'erwhelm'd, yet untired with toil; Their heir Diffipation we faw at their bags, With Flattery sharing the spoil.

The mystries of trade, -but no longer I'll dwells On either the mighty or mean; From an emperor's court to a penitent's cell, Life's all the fame laughable scene.

Tis a pitiful piece, like a farce in a fair, Where shew, noise and nonsense misrule, Where tinfel paradings, make ignorance flare, Where he who acts best is the fool.

LET us laugh at the common distinctions of state, When merely from title, men hold themfelves great; If merit wins honours, the wearers we praise, But only the mean, homage heraldry's blaze. If you are a lineal descendant from Adam, Or spouse can collateral claim from his madam; O'er acres of parchment, tho' pedigrees spread [bred

Boast not how you're born, Sir, but shew how you're You laurels display, which your forefathers wen; We allow they did great things, but what have you The cover & stubble, your conquests prociaim, [done And your country's preferv'd by the lares of the game Ye lords of large manors, your flatt'rers disband, What are ye but tenants for life to the land; [plate,

Your lakes, gardens, grots, temples, bufts, pictures, Are things of the inn, where in life's-stage you bait, Awhile you the labours of luxury bear, Till time tells you out, to make room for your heir; The fame round of riot, he runs for his day, His successor's summons, sends him the same way.

But HE who exists in infinity's state. Whose hand holds the sun, and whose fiat is fate; To some has sent power, to others give wealth, And to us, who are humble, his best bleffing, bealth,

To the graces, we nightly, a facrifice make, Wit & humour, the chairs, as our toaft mafters take; By fuch focial converse, our time we improve, While tenderness lends us the daughters of love.

Hh 2

[olly

Jolly welcome attends hospitality's call, Common sense is our cat'rer in liberty hall; For one dish dress'd there, all court treats we resign Keep your distance, ye Kings! independant we dise.

A BUMPER of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar:
So fill a chearful glass,
And let good-humour pass
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

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Smile at each threat ning soe:
To save this decoping isle,
See Rodzey strikes the blow;
For Rodney quickly will regain
Thy tov reign empire o'er the main.

Against thee treach'rous foes,
And false allies combine;
But vainly they oppose,
If Rodney still is thine:
For callant Rodney will maintain
The British empire o'er the main.

Long may he plough the main,
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Rewards still fure to gain,
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Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!

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But they're facts—'twixt me and you;
Then, ye maids, and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry:
Cupid's will is solely law!
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Now the fun is gone to bed,
Let each lift his rofy head,
All our pain is o'er and care,
Let us hafte to better fare;
Try with nectar to repay
All the mighty toils of day.
Who at ills can meanly pine,
O'er the brimming joys of wine;
Who can dare a coward prove,
In the field of war or love,
Fear and spleen, that shakes the soul,
All lie drown'd within the bowl.

Wine then, balm and friend of life, Banish thought, and banish strife, Arm the mind 'gainst ev'ry ill, Make us happy, come what will; Taste the present, scorn the past, Live as tho' to day's the last.

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124 Froam WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome to' He may feek a new clime, who is wretched at home, Who of pleafure or folly has not had his fill, May quit poor Old England whenever he will; But nothing shall tempt me to cross the falt main, For change I'm too fleady, and rambling is pain. Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me, Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birthright Whatever I with for now comes at my call, [I'm free I can fport in the field or can roar in my hall; My time is my own, I can do as I will, I have children that prattle, a wife that is fill. I feel that I'm happy, tho' taxes run high, I want no exotics, fo easy am I; I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead, With party and flate I ne'er trouble my head; Contention I hate, and a bumper love most, [toast. You'll pledge me, I'm fure, for Old England's my

WELCOME friendly gleam of night,
Form'd for revels and delight,
Form'd fublimest joys to prove,
Season chose for wine and love.
Slumber still, ye sons of care,
Doom'd the toils of life to share;
Partners of my social bowl,
Wake to bliss th'enchanted soul.
Fill the sparkling goblets higher,
Rouse, Oh! rouse the dormant fire,
While the fleeting minutes shine,
Rich with love, and rich with wine.

EXTINGUISH the candles, give Phæbus fair play he shutters unbolt, let us honour the day; sy lady Lucina we've drove from her post, he sun shines upon us, we'll give him a toast, sys Caution, the neighbours are passing along, hey'll look thro' the sashes & tell us we're wrong: smonstrance avaunt—what is all they can say? utthat all night they slept, whilst ave drank it away. e tuiors, disputers, ye dignified doctors, smajors, ye minors, with prebends and proctors,

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Ye love-fick who live on the shine of an eye, The red of a cheek, or the tone of a sigh; Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a fair, As weather glass shews variations of air;

In country or town you have feen, without doubt A dancing bear led by a ring in his fnout, While Pug plays his tricks if ye shew him some fruit These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit. If girls won't comply why we never run mad, But away to the next, as enough may be had: If again we're repuls'd, we ne'er hang, nor despair. But in wine comfort feek, we are fure of it there. Draw your bows ye Crochetti in music's defence. With found I'm for having a portion of fense; Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar, With a good fellow's bellow, Bring fix bottles more. Six bottles! we'll have them, and bumper away. Weve drank up the night & we'll drink down the day Here's his health who to wine & his word will be jug Here's the girl that we love of the friend we can truft.

As Wir, Joke, and Humour, together were fat, With liquor a plentiful flock, Still varying the scene, with song and with chat, The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock,

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright;
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale-face, meagre sprite.

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Impress'd by the smiles or the frowns of a fair.

As weather glass shews variations of air;

In country or town you have feen, without doubt A dancing bear led by a ring in his fnout, While Pug plays his tricks if ye shew him some fruit These emblems, ye ladies, will most lovers suit. If girls wen't comply why we never run mad. But away to the next, as enough may be had; If again we're repuls'd, we ne'er hang, nor despair. But in wine comfort feek, we are fure of it there. Draw your bows ye Crochetti in music's defence. With found I'm for having a portion of fense; Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat landlord's roar, With a good fellow's bellow, Bring fix bottles more. Six bottles! we'll have them, and bumper away. Weve drank up the night & we'll drink down the day Here's his health who to wine & his word will be jug Here's the girl that we love of the friend we can truft.

As Wir, Joke, and Humour, together were fat, With liquor a plentiful flock, Still varying the scene, with song and with chat, The watchman bawl'd, Past twelve o'clock.

At that hour, I've read, oft spirits do come,
And poor timid mortals affright;
Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
An ancient, pale-face, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue, Wit and humour began for to stare;

Cries out Joke—Look'e, friends, this is nothing Behold!—free, 'tis only old Care. [new;

I know he would tell us, 'twas Time fent him here And tell us 'tis time to be gone;

But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare We'll finish him ere it be one,

They quickly agreed, and about it they went, R folving of Care to get free;

Wit moy'd it - and ftrait they all join'd in confent, To lay the ghost in the Red sea.

Whole bumpers of claret they quickly drank off, And fav'rite toafts they went round; When Humour, well pleas'd, thus fet up a laugh, Quoth he, How Care looks now he's drown'd!

When loud fhouting began, huzza they all cry'd,
We're rid of this troublesome guest;
Fill your bumpers a ound, let this be our pride,
To fing, laugh and drink to the best.

Now their blood running high, at a conquest so To finging and drinking they fix, [great, With the sun they arose, with spirits elate, And decently parted at six.

A TRIFLING fong you shall hear,
Begun with a trifle, and ended:
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be noby attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,

That lately have come into play,

The men would want fomething to do,

And the women want fomething to fay.

What makes men trifle in dreffing;
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often possessing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No fooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man would be able At White's half an hour to fit? Or who could bear a tea table, Without taking trifles for wit.

The court is from trifles secure; Gold keys are no trifles, we see, White rods are no trifles, I'm sure, Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place, Where trifles abundantly breed, The levee will flew you his grace Makes promifes trifles indeed.

A coach with fix footmen behind,
I count neither trifles nor fin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find,
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaigne, people think it A trifle, or something as bad; But if you'll contrive how to drink it, You'll find it no trifle, by gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea;
A widow's a trifle in forrow;
A peace is a trifle to-day,
Who knows what may happen to-morrow;

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it a red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along,
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles do throng.

But with people's malice to trifle, And to fet us all on a foot, The author of this is a trifle, And his fong is a trifle to boot.

Bacchus, god of joys divine!
Be thy pleasures ever mine!

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Smil

Smile on this thy votary's prayer,
All besides not worth my care:
All our griess brisk wine dispels,
Drinking ev'ry trouble quells,
Drinking ev'ry trouble quells.
All our griess, &c.

When the goblet full is fill'd,
From the cluft'ring vine diffill'd;
Then indeed I'm truly bleft,
And ev'ry anxious thought's at reft;
While its potent juice I quaff,
Still I fing, and dance and laugh,
Would you be for ever gay,
Mortals, learn of me the way;

Mortals, learn of me the way;
'Tis not beauty, 'tis not love,
Will alone sufficient prove;
If you'd raise and charm the soul,
Deeply drain the spicy bowl.

HE comes, he comes, the hero comes, bound, found the trumpet, beat, beat the drums, from port to port, let cannons roar, He's welcome to the British shore.

repare, prepare, your fongs prepare; loud, loudly rend th'echoing air: from pole to pole your joys refound, for virtue's his, with glory crown'd.

LET the waiter bring clean glasses,
With a fresh supply of wine;
For I see by all your faces,
In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty
Which I purpose to proclaim;
We awhile will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing, Let's have one full glass at least; No one here can think't imposing, 'Tis the founder of our feast.

Smil

SEE Bacchus ascending aftride on his tun, Like Perseus of old, who Andromeda won, To kill the fell monster call'd sobriety, That bane to the pleasures of society.

As he lights upon the table, Drink, he cries, while you are able; And when you can no more contain, Then let it out and fill again.

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair;
Banish forrow, banish care;
Mind not what old dotards say,
Age has had his share of play,
But youth's sport begins to day.
From the fruits of sweet delight
Let no scare-crow virtue fright;
Here, in pleasure's vineyards, we
Rove, like birds, from tree to tree
Careless, airy, gay and free.

ONCE the Gods of the Greeks at ambrofial feaff.

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,

Merry Momus among them appeared as a guest,

Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing.

This happen'd fore Chaos was fix'd into form, While Nature diforderly lay; While elements adverse engender'd the storm, And uproar embroil'd the loud fray.

On ev'ry Olympic the humourist droll'd, Hence none cou'd his jokes desapprove, He sung, repartee'd, many sage stories told, And at length thus address'd father Jove.

Sire,—Mark how you matter is heaving below,
Were it fettled 'twould please all your court,
'Tis not wisdom to let it lie useless, you know,
Pray people it just for our sport,

Jove nodded affent, all Olympus bow'd down, At his fiat creation took birth; The cloud-mantled deity smil'd on his throne, And announc'd the production was Earth.

Ta

To honour their fov'reign each God gave a boon;

Apollo afforded it light;

The goddess of child-bid presented a moon, To filver the shadow of light,

The queen of foft wishes, foul Vulcan's fair bride, Leering wifful on her man of war,

Took a pity on beings who wanted a guide, So she sparkled the morn and eve star.

From her cloud, all in spirits, the Goddess up sprung In ellipsis each planet advanc'd;

The tune of the spheres the Nine Sisters sung, As round Terra Nova they danc'd.

E'en Jove himself cou'd not insensible stand, Rid Saturn his girdle fast bind,

The expounder of fate graip'd the globe in his hand And laugh'd at those mites call'd mankind.

From the hand of great Jove into space it was hurl'd He was charm'd with the roll of the ball,

Bid his caughter Attraction take charge of the world And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss pleas'd with the present reviewd the globe round Saw with rapture hills, vallies and plains;

The felf balanc'd orb in an atmosphere bound, Prolific by suns, dews, and rains.

With filver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
What spited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
And FREEDOM she found flourish'd here.

That blue-ey'd celestial, Minerva the wise, Inestably smil'd on the spot; My dear, says plum'd Pallas, your last gift I prize,

But, excuse me, one thing is forgot.

Licenticularly Freedom's destruction may bring,
Unless prudence prepares its desence;

The Godde's of Sapience bid Iris take wing,
And on BRITON'S bestow'd Common Sense.

Four Cardinal Virtues the left in this ifle,
As guardians to cherish the root,
The blossom: of liberty gaily 'gan smile,
And Englishmen sed on the truit.

Thus fed, and thus bred, by a bounty fo rare,
Oh! preferve it as pure as 'twas giv n;
We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in
And return it untainted to Heav'n. [death

THUS I fland, like a Twik, with my doxies around from all fides their glances his passion confound; For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns, And the different beauties subdue him by turns: Each calls forth her chaoms to provoke his desires, Though willing to all, with but one he retires. But think of this maxim, and put off all sorrow, The wretch of to day may be happy to-morrow. But think, &c.

To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid.
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass.
And I did as younkers did.
But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must 'hose freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,

'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.

MASTER Tommy's married,

Pray what fays St. Paul,
If I'm not mistaken,
Marry not at all.
Boys, before you marry,
Mind the golden rule,

Look before you leap, Or else you'll play the fool.

If I take a wife,
Whofoe'er she be,
Tho' she prove an angel,
Still she's wife to me,
Boys, &c.

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If the bring me money,
Will it be forgot;
If the brings me nothing,
Can we boil the pot?
Boys, &c.

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fires,

If she be a beauty,

Then the Spaniards say,
She'll be ever gadding,
Very like she may.
Boys, &c.

She'll have beaux to ogle, Or Gallants to prate. This is Madam's frisking, I am Mal de Tete. Boys, &c.

If she be a wit,

Lord have mercy then;

When her tongue is silent,

She'll employ her pen.

Boys, So.

If she's weak and filly,
Who am I to blame,
If I take the folly,
I'm to take the shame.
Boys, &c.

But if in domestics,
Madam is no fool;
All the night I'm lectur'd,
Every day at school.
Boys, &c.

Thus fool in Tommy married,
Counfels all in vain;
Nature gave me freedom,
Freedom I'll maintain.
Roys, &c.

Thus, Sir, I've run over, All the marriage state; When I more discover, I'll communicate.

Boys, &c.

I His world is a fair, where the croud is bent wholly On gew-gaws and rattles, noise, nonsense, and folly, Where higgledy-piggledy, pell-mell, and confusion, We're born, take a peep, die, and lose the illusion. And there we fee whirligigs, round-abouts, Ups and downs, ins and outs, Fal-lals, drums, trumpets, globes, sceptres, and Hot spiced gingerbread & merry-go rounds, crowns With wonders wonders & wonders enough to make a O don't you think it a wonderful fair [ blind man stare Here are all forts of toys for all ranks & gradations, Gilt ribbons for ladies, for Lords-installations; Wigs first worn at Westminster, after on May days, On judges & chimney-sweeps high-days & play days And there you shall see mask'd faces, false noses, castenets, and falt boxes; Jack puddings, with gridirons, dukes, devils, and With a strange medley of tythe-pigs and bishops, lawyers, bailiffs, and prifons; Fanatical preachers, who have many more words than Wife dogs, learned horfes, illiterate affes, and many other strange beafts there. O, don't you think it a wonderful fair ? In this fair you will find, Sir, the worst wares are As knav'ry is getting what folly is spending vending Here tiles and honours are trades most prolific,

In this fair you will find, Sir, the worst wares are As knav'ry is getting what folly is spending vending. Here tiles and honours are trades most prolific, And gold is the one universal specific. [speeches; And here you hear many fine promises in many fine But if you love liberty and property beware of such leeches; [and be gone, With their legerdemain tricks, hey, Presto, sly quick They are here, there, and every where, on all sides, and on none; [rant, cant, stamp and stare Then they squeeze their hats, beat their breasts, rava Oh! don't you think it a wonderful fair.

WHEN Britain on her fea-girt shore, Her white rob'd Druids erst address'd, What aid (she cry'd) shall I implore, What best defence, by numbers press'd! "Tho' hostile nations round thee rise, (The mystic oracles reply'd)

"And view thine isle with envious eyes,
"Their threats defy, their rage deride;

" Nor fear invasion from your adverse Gauls,

- . Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.
- "Thine oaks descending to the main, "With floating forts shall stem the tides,

Afferting Britain's liquid reign
Where'er her thund'ring navy rides;

" Nor less to peaceful arts inclin'd,
"Where commerce opens all her stores,

" In focial bands shall league mankind,
"And join the sea-divided shores:

" Spread then thy fails where naval glory calls,

" Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls.

" Hail happy isle! what tho' the vales "No vine empurpled tribute yield,

"Nor fann'd with odour-breathing gales,
"Nor crops spontaneous glad the field:

" Yet liberty rewards the toil of industry, to labour prone,

" Who jocund ploughs the grateful foil,
"And reaps the harvest she has sown:

While other realms tyrannic fway inthral's,

Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Wails."

Thus spake the bearded seers of yore,
In visions wrapt of Britain's same,
Ere yet Iberia selt her pow'r,
Or Gallia trembled at her name;
Ere yet Columbus dar'd t'explore
New regions rising from the main;
From sea to sea, from shore to sho e,
Bear then, ye winds, the solemn frain!
The sacred truth an awe struck world appals,
Britain's best bulwarks are her Wooden Walls

CEASE, rude Boreas, bluff'ring railer, Lift, ye landfmen all to me, Mess-mates hear a brother sailor, Sing the dangers of the sea; Form bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rife,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatfwain hoarfly bawling, By top-fail-sheets, and haulyard stand; Down top gallants quick be hawling, Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand! Now it freshens, set your braces,

The top-fail sheets, now let go, Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,

Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds fporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;

Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting, Safe from all but love's alarms: Round us roars the tempest louder,

Think what fears our mine's enthrall; Harder yet, it yet blows harder, Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-fail-yards point to the wind, boys, See all clear to reef each course; Let the fore sheet go, dod't mind, boys,

Tho the weather should be worse:
Fore and aft the sprit fail-yard get,

Reef the mizen, see all clear; Hands up each preventer brace set, Man the fore yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring.

Peal on peal contending clash;

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,

In our eyes blue lightnings flash:

One wide water all around us, All above us one black sky;

Different deaths at once surrounds us, Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The fore-mast's gone! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,

Cail all hands to clear the wreck :

Plumb Four

Quick

While We in Alas!

Still th Both Heav'n For o

O'er the Let the To the See of The lead

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All fhall All fhall Bend to lend to

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Quick

Quick the lanyards cut to peices, Come, my hearts, be flout and bold! Plumb the well, the leak increases, Four feet water in the hold!

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! from hence there's no return:
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can fave us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See our mizen-mast is gone,
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lightn'd her a foot and more;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking, Since kind fortune fav'd our lives; Some, the can, boys, let's be drinking. To our fweethearts and our wives: ill it up, about thip wheel it.

Close to your lips a brimmer join; Where's the tempest now, who feels it, Now, our danger's drown'd in wine.

Ehold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree, hich, oh! my tweet Sbakespeare, was planted by sarelique I kissit, and bow at thy shrine, [thee; hat comes from thy hand must be ever divine; hat comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,
All shall yield to the mulberry tree;
Bend to thee, bless mulberry;
Hend to thee, bless mulberry;
Matchless was he who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

Quick

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high, [the sky; Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here, Γο root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaft,
Preferv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
Of her we make ships we have thousands can fight,
But one, only one, like our Sbakespeare can write.
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers and the sairest of fruit.
All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch Supplies law and physic, and graces the church; But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find, And he gives the best physic for body and mind, Alishall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree, For him and his merits this takes its d gree; Give Phabus and Bacchus their laurel and vine, The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, Sc.

As a genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.
All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree, From foily and fashion a charm let it be; fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim, to honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.

PUSH about the brisk bowl 'twill enliven the heart, While thus we fit round on the grafs: The lover, who talks of his fuff'rings and smart, Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass; Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The

The wretch, who fits watching his ill-gotten pelf, And wishes to add to the mass,

Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himfelf, Deserves to be reckon'd an als, an ale; Deferves, &c.

The beau, who fo fmart with his well-powder'd hair An angel beholds in his glass,

And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair. Deserves to be reckon'd an als, an als; Deferves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam, Of Crafus the wealth to furpass;

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home Claps the horns of an ox on the ass, the ass; Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer fo grave, when he puts in his plea, With forehead well fronted with brass,

Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee; There you, my good friend, are an als, an als; There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill, Shall laft be produc'd in this class;

The fick man a while may confide in his skill. But death proves the doctor an als, an als; But death. Gc.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay, By turns take our bottle and lass; For he who his pleasure puts off for a day, Deferves to be reckon'd an als, an als; Deferves to be reckon'd an als.

- 143 ---WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care, For life without these is a bubble of air; For life without thefe, &c. Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll, And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul; Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave fober mortals my maxims condemn, I never shall a ter my coduct for them; I care not how much they my measures decline, Let'ern have their own humor, & I will have mine. Wine prudently us'd will our fenfes improve. Tis the foring-tide of life, and the fuel of love; And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile more divine. As when Mars bound his head with a fprig of the vine Then come, my dear charmer, thou girl half divine

first pledge me with kiffes next pledge me with wine Then giving and taking, in mutual return. The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thon my passion for wine disapprove, My bumper I'll quit, to be bleft with my loves For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass, My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass,

- 144 -A Mafter I have and I am his man, Galloping dreary dun, And he'll get a wife as fast as he can; With a haily, Gaily, Gambo taily, Giggling, Niggling,

Galloping galloway; draggle tail dreary duffi I faddled his fleed, fo fine and fo gay,

Galloping dreary dun: I mounted my mule, and we rode away. With our haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark. Galloping dreary dun; The nightingale lung instead of the lark, With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way, Galloping dreary dun; By the lord, fays the friar, you are both aftray; With your haily, &c.

Our Journey, I fear, will do us no good, Galloping dreary dun; We wander alone, like the babes in the wood, With our haily, &c.

My mafter is fighting and I'll take a peep. Galloping dreary dun; But now I think 'on it-I'd better go fleep,

With my haily, &c.

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ROM the face of the fun, fee the mists disappear. Resplendent his beams brighten day; he highlands, the trees and the hill-tops are clear, Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

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he Hare starts away, puls disturb'd from her feat Flies frighted, and doubles the Wold, and were ow plaintive the theep their loud echoes repeat. Because not yet free'd from the fold.

is liberty's language, the voice of the foul. Throughout air, upon earth, in the fea; om us unto where the most distant Worlds roll. What animal wou'd not be free?

t us live while we're free; but when liberty wanes Life is but imprisoning breath;

with a fee could base cost and page

As flaves shall we figh, or escape from our chains, And follow our freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our bir hrights defend. Our last shall be liberty's call; Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end. And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good fubjects will goverment ever obey. Into air tofs maglinity's tale; But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in plays And England be fet up to fale

While will without law, fcourges Gallia's coaff. Let us, in our honesty bold. First dri k to the King's health, then add to the toall. May Englishmen scorn to be Told.

> Agency o light the a riall of the on the And Lord an owice what it breek.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS. on the series and the series of a niested or tien of tared six and ball :

S O' N' C' on an unitained and T THEN lavrocks fweet and yellow broom Perfumes the banks of Tweed, th Nancy boafts a fweeter bloom, Her charms all charms exceed. ng o'er the merry fields of hay, Cried lovefick Jockey wi' a figh, d wha fa faft, fa young and gay, Cou'd fic a handsome lad deny.

Sandy's cheek the white and red, Like rose and lily join'd provided and the r him each Laffy hung her head. I moon at a For her each laddy pin'd. ng o'er the merry fields of bav. Wi' me my dearest lafs he'd crys 1 soust 1 1000 d wha fa faft, fa young and gay, way and Cou'd fic a handsome lad deny. gang'd o'er fields and broomy land, Pill mither gan to chide,

Then Sandy prefs'd her lily hand, And ask d her for his bride; Then o'er the merry fields of hay. Said she, my dearest lad we'll hier to For wha fa faft, fa young and gay, Cou'd fic a handlome lad deny.

Wished the free send got hact is sound, AH! tell me why flould filly man Thus misapply his short sojourn, ... Thus waste his life that's but a fpan, And minutes that shall ne'er return ! If he, with thankful lip, would tafte The pleasures that around him play, No gloomy cloud should overcast, But sun-shine deck his happy day. 'Tis not the biting wint'ry blaft; Tis not the scorching summer fky; 'Tis not the coast on which he's cast.

Or where he's born, or where shall die;

The wretch, who fits watching his ill-gotten pelf, Wine prudently as'd will our fenfes improve, And withes to add to the mass.

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The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill, Shall laft be produc'd in this class;

The fick man a while may confide in his skill, But death proves the doctor an als, an als; But death, Gc.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay, By turns take our bottle and lass; For he who his pleasure puts off for a day, Deferves to be reckon'd an als, an als; Deferves to be reckon'd an als.

- I43 ·--WITH woman and wine I defy ev'ry care, For life without these is a bubble of air; For life without thefe, &c. Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll, And a new flow of spirits enlivens my foul; Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave fober mortals my maxims condemn, I never shall a ter my coduct for them; I care not how much they my measures decline, Let'em have their own humor, & I will have mine.

Tis the foring-tide of life, and the fuel of love: And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile more divine, As when Mars bound his head with a sprig of the vine Then come, my dear charmer, thou girl half divine, irst pledge me with kisses next pledge me with wine Then giving and taking, in mutual return, The torch of our loves shall eternally burn. But should'ft thon my passion for wine disaporore, My bumper I'll quit, to be bleft with my love; For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass. My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glass,

- I44 -A Mafter I have and I am his man, Galloping dreary dun, And he'll get a wife as falt as he can; With a haily, Gaily, Gambo taily, Giggling, Niggling.

Galloping galloway, draggle tail dreary duff.

I faddled his fleed, fo fine and fo gay, Galloping dreary dun: I mounted my mule, and we rode away.

With our haily, &c. We canter'd along until it grew dark, Galloping dreary dun;

The nightingale lung instead of the lark. With her haily, &c.

We met with a friar, and ask'd him our way. Galloping dreary dun; By the lord, fays the friar, you are both aftray; With your haily, &c

Our Journey, I fear, will do us no good, Galloping dreary dun;

We wander alone, like the babes in the wood, With our haily, &c.

My master is fighting and I'll take a peep. Galloping dreary dun;

But now I think 'on it-I'd better go fleep, With my haily, Sc.

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nd wha f Cou'd fie gang'd Fill mi: ROM the face of the fun, fee the miss disappear, Resplendent his beams brighten day; he highlands, the trees and the hill-tops are clear, 'Tis the pride of the year, it is May.

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he Hare starts away, puss disturb'd from her seat Flies frighted, and doubles the Wold, ow plaintive the sheep their loud echoes repeat, Because not yet free'd from the fold.

is liberty's language, the voice of the foul,
Throughout air, upon earth, in the fea;
om us unto where the most distant Worlds roll,
What animal wou'd not be free?

et us live while we're free; but when liberty wanes Life is but imprisoning breath; As flaves shall we figh, or escape from dur chains, And follow our freedom to death.

We dare, even dying, our bir hrights defend, Our last shall be libert,'s call; Like Sampson, we'll nobly existency end, And our tyrants o'erwhelm with our fall.

Good subjects will government ever obey,
Into air toss maglinity's tale;
But honour forbid, fraud should e'er come in play,
And England be set up to sale,

While will without law, scourges Gallia's coast, Let us, in our honesty bold, First drick to the King's health, then add to the toast, May Englisomen scorn to be sold.

## MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

SONG 1.

WHEN lavrocks fweet and yellow broom
Perfumes the banks of Tweed,
ith Nancy boafts a fweeter bloom,
Her chaims all charms exceed.
ang o'er the merry fields of hay,
Cried lovefick Yockey wi' a figh,
ind wha fa faft, fa young and gay,
Cou'd fic a handsome lad deny.

Sandy's cheek the white and red, Like rose and lily join'd; or him each Lassy hung her head, For her each laddy pin'd, ang o'er the merry fields of hay, Wi'me my dearest lass he'd cry; ad wha sa saft, sa young and gay, Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny.

gang'd o'er fields and broomy land, Fill mither gan to chide, Then Sandy prefs'd her lily hand,
And ask'd her for his bride;
Then o'er the merry fields of hay,
Said she, my dearest lad we'll hie;
For wha sa saft, sa young and gay,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny.

AH! tell me why should filly man
Thus misapply his short sojourn,
Thus waste his life that's but a span,
And minutes that shall ne'er return!
If he, with thankful lip, would taste
The pleasures that around him play,
No gloomy cloud should overcast,
But sun-shine deck his happy day.
'Tis not the biting wint'ry blast;

'Tis not the biting wint'ry blaft;
'Tis not the scorching summer sky;
'Tis not the coast on which he's cast,
Or where he's born, or where shall die;

No, independent quite of these, Life's pain or pleasure he must find, No sun can scorch, no frost can freeze, The joys of a contented mind.

VIRTUE bids us conquer passion,
Hard the victory we obtain;
Hard to vanquish inclination,
But the pleasure pays the pain.
If a moment virtue waver,
She, restor'd to former peace,
Proud that vice could not enslave her,
Feels her energy increase.

WHEN swallows lay their eggs in snow,
And geese in wheat-ears build their nests;
When roasted crabs a hunting go,
And cats can laugh at gossip's jests;
When law and conscience are akin,
And pigs are learnt by note to squeak;
Your worship then shall stroke your ching.
And teach an owl to whistle Greek.

Till when let your wisdom be dumb;
For say man of Gotham,
What is this world?
A tetotum,
By the singer of folly twirl'd;
With a hey go up, and about we come;
While the sun a good post-horse is sound,
So merrily we'll run round.

WE three archers be, Rangers that rove throughout the North country, Lovers of ven' fon and liberty, That values not honours or money.

We three good-fellows be, That never yet ran from three times three, Quarter staff, broad-sword, or bow-manry, But give us fair play for our meney. We three merry men be,
At a lass or a glass under green wood tree;
Jocundly chaunting our auncient glee,
Though we have not a penny of money.

On Thames' fair bank, a gentle youth
for Lucy figh'd with matchless truth,
Even when he figh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that she had not time.

Oft he repair'd, with eager feet,
In secret shades his fair to meet
Beneath the accustom'd lime;
Oft times the maid wou'd meet him there,
But when he begg'd she'd ease his care,
She said she had not time.

It was not thus, inconstant maid,
You acted once, the shepherd said,
When love was in its prime.
She griev'd to hear him thus complain,
And wish'd she could have eas'd his pain,
But fill she had not time.

Then pointing to the church, he cry'd,
This day I'll make young Jane my bride,
Since you think love a crime;
No, no, the faid, my gentle youth,
I've try'd your faith and conftant truth,
And now for love have time,

AT the peaceful midnight hour,
Every sense and every pow'r,
Fetter'd lies in downy sleep,
Then our careful watch we keep.
While the wolf in nightly prouse
Bays the moon with hideous howl;
Gates are barr'd, and vain resistance,
Females shrick, but no affistance,
Silence! silence! or you meet your fate;
Your keys, your jewels, cash and plate;
Locks. bolts, and bars, soon sly as under,
Then to riste, rob, and plunder!

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ON by the spur of valour goaded,
Pistols prim'd, and carbines loaded,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel;
Whilst each spark thro' the dark gloom of night,
Lends a clear and chearing light,
Who a fear or doubt can feel?

Like ferpents now thro' thickets creeping,
Then on our prey like lions leaping;
Calvetti to the onfet lead us,
Let the weary traveller dread us;
Struck with terror and amaze,
While our fwords with lightning blaze,

Thunder to our carbines roaring,
Bursting clouds in torrents pouring,
Wash the sanguine dagger's blade,
Ours a free, and roving trade;
To the onset let's away,
Valour calls, and we obey!

THE court is a fountain of honour and fame, And fweet are the waters that flow; Yet fay if your throats, or this water's to blame, As we drink, the more thirfly we grow? Yet the court to be fure is a fine place, A gay, polite, a divine place: I am the man can tell you how. If there you'd wish to rife, With your ever flep a bow! On your tongue a thousand lies; Sabmiffive be your stile ! A great man's frown's a rod. A pension in h's smile, A ribbon in his nod, Strict care and close aconomy, First make a mighty brag on, But fet to guard the golden tree, Then gobble like a dragon!

YOUR wife men all declare
Of the thing fo strange and r e,
The beautiful sublime in great nature's law,

A woman bears the belle;
And why they cannot tell;
'Tis the myftical charms of "Je ne fcai quoi."

The lovely town-bred dame,
Dear cause of many a stame,
Each smart swears he ne'er such a beauty saw,
Say what the lovers prize,
Coral lips or brilliant eyes?
No; the mystical charms of the "Je ne scai quoi."

Behold the village maid,
By nature's hand array'd,
With her stockings green, and her hat of straw.
Is love in dimple sleek,
Or the roses of her cheek?
No; the mystical charms of the "Je ne scai quoi."

WHEN first an Arragonian maid
Is brought to Saragosia.
Of all she sees, and hears afraid,
Her air is coarse and gross—a;
Stiff, formal, starch, reserved, and coy,
She seems a very prude—a:
And while the courtier tempts to joy,
Cries, "fiel you shan't be rude—a!"

But foon as cast in fashion's mould,
She's made a dame of honour;
Politely frank, genteely bold,
No shyness rests upon her:
She paints, coquettes, and slirts her fan;
For now (the case revers d, Sir,)
She's grown a match for ev'ry man,
And cries, " pray do your worst, Sir !"

WHEN a lover's in the wind,
Tho' miss is coy, we always find
At last she turns out wond'rous kind,
Nor thinks a man so shocking;
A woman's frowns are but a jest,
She's angry only to be prest,
And then she grants her friend's' request,
To let them throw the stocking,
I i 2

While

While pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
And fetters both in marriage bands,
John grins, and Molly foolish stands,
To fee the neighbours slock in;
But after supper John is led,
With love and liquor in his head,
Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,
Then hey to throw the slocking!

The night foon past, the morning come, The couple looking queer and rum; He says but little, she is dumb,

The chamber door unlocking.

But Molly, who was once fo coy,

No longer now conceals her joy;

She vows all day for her dear boy.

She'd trudge without a flocking!

ERE round the huge oak, that o'er shadows my mill,
The fond ivy had dan'd to entwine;
Ere the church was a ruin, that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built her nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a much earlier date, Since my forefathers toil'd in you field; For the farm I now hold on your lordship's estate, Is the same that my grandsather till'd.

He, dying, bequeate'd to his fon a good name,
Which unfully'd descended to me;
For my child I've preserv'd it, uncrimson'd w

For my child I've preserv'd it, uncrimson'd with And it still from a spot shall be free. [shame,

I Travers'd Judab's barren land,
At beauty's altar to adore;
But here the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.
In Greece, the bold imperious mien,
The wanton lock, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen,
Where constancy is never nigh.
From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretta's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fil's the western shore.
Where Hymen with celestial pow'r
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.
Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where er I stray,
O charity's sweet children smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE great folks are noble, and proud let 'em be
Of title, of honour, and wealth;
That I am a Briton is title to me,
And I'm rich in a flock of good health.

Lads, flop the mill, Be the hopper fill; When low the fun, Our work is done;

Then we'll fit to our homely board with glee, For sweet is the bread of industry.

Tho' in fummer I copied the provident ant,

For winter fome grains to provide;

Yet, what I could spare to a friend when in want,

I ne'er was the friend who denied.

Lads, stop the mill, Be the hopper still; When low the sun, Our work is done;

Then we'll fit to our homely board with glee, For sweet is the bread of industry.

In greenwood shade, or winding dell,
We merry maids and archers dwell;
In quiet, free from worldly strife,
We pass a chearful rural life.
And by the moon's pale quivering beams,
We frisk it near the chrystal streams.
Our station's near the King's highway,

Our station's near the King's highway, We rob the rich, the poor to pay; The The Fat cl

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The woe worn wretch, we still protect,
The widow—orphan—ne'er neglect—
Fat churchmen, proud, we cause to stand
And whistle for our steady band.

As burns the charger when he hears
The trumpet's martial found;
Eager to fcour the field he rears,
And fpurns th' indented ground—
He fauffs the air, erects his flowing main,
Scents the big war, and fweeps along the plain.

Impatient thus, my ardent foul
Bounds forth on wings of wind,
And spurns the moments as they roll
With lagging pace behind.

Da Capo.

TURN gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide our lonely way,
To where you taper chears the vale
With hospitable ray:

For here forlorn and loft I tread,
With fainting steps and flow,
Where wilds, unmeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as they go.

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Y E beauties, or such as would beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and washes and painting aside,
Go burn all the glasses that ever were fram'd,
The gewgaws of fashion, & knicknacks of pride,
A nostrum to call from the toilet of reason
'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,
By all to be found, and with all to be pleasing.
When art has in vain her cosmetics applied.

Good nature, believe me, 's the smoothest of varnish,
Which ever bedimples the beautiful cheek;
No time nor no tint can its excellence tarnish,
It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek.
'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the mornThe white of the lily is not so adorning, [ing,
All accident proof, and all scrutiny scorning;
'Tis safe to the witty, and wit to the weak,

Tis furely the girdle that Venus was bound with,
The graces, her handmaids, all proud put it on;
'Tis furely the radiance Aurora is crown'd with,
Who, fmiling, arifes, and waits for the fun.
Oh! wear it, ye lasses, on every occasion,
'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest persuasion,

Twill keep, nay, 'twill almost retrieve repusation : And last, and look lovely, when beauty is gone.

SOFTLY found the martial trumpet, Now the din of war is o'er; Peace, fair maid, prepares a banquet,] Laurell'd heroes pant no more.

A calm retreat, where myrtles twine,
With mosty rose, and sweet woodbine,
Shall recompence your toil and care,
You've sheath'd the sword, now guard the fair,

WHAT is a poet, Sir? you, Sir? no, Sir!—
'Tis this, Sir, I'd have you to know—
Constantly writing, Sir,
And his nails biting, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

Now in the garret, Sir-high, Sir-high, Sir! Now in the cellar below;

Sunshine and vapour, SirPen, ink, and paper, Sir,
Oh, he's a wondrous fellow!

How impart al our art is,
We fide with all parties—
No qualms of the confcience await us;
For an author well paid,
If he's true to the trade,
Will fland in uirumque paratus.

1 3

With deliberation
We marr reputation;
Our muse never squeamish or nice is—
We can mend it again
With a dash of the pen—
There is praise and abuse of all prices,

The rogue to applaud,
And make virtue of fraud,
For a trifle we always are willing;
We ne'er run a man down
For less than a crown,
But give a fly cut for a shilling.

THE little bark by tempest tost,
With joy regains the shore,
But we by forrows almost lost,
Enjoy this calm no more.

Misfortune hence, with all thy train, Of cares and jealousies, and pain; Henceforth the purest joye we'll prove, Springing from virtue, truth and love.

LITTLE mules come and cry,
I'nt your finger in your eye;
Join the macaroni kind,
Demn the weather, demn the wind.

Winds that remple powder'd hair, Winds that fright the feather'd fair, Winds that blow our hats away, And rudely with our suffles play.

Winds that drown the gentle note, Fritter'd through a gentle throat; Winds that clouds around us throw, And spoil the glitter of our show.

Demn the winds that us have stirr'd, On Friday June the twenty-third, To plague the macaroni kind: Demn the rain, and demn the wind.

YOU gave me last week a y ung linnet, Shut up in a fine golden cage; Yet how fad the poor thing was within it,

Oh how did it flutter and rage!

Then he mop'd, and he pin'd,

That his wings were confin'd,

'Till I open'd the door of his den;

Then so merry was he,

And because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

WHY, John, Ra'ph, Sall—why don't you come?
Are all the fervants deaf and dumb?
We won't obey—we have our cue—
We're masters atl, as well as you.
But some must rule, while some must serve:
And some must work, lest all should starve.

FIRE-flies your eyes, and your jetty black hair, To beetles, as black as my hat, I compare!
Softer than moss is your skin, and what shell Can your teeth, that are whiter than iv'ry, excel?

My rattlesnake, my cockatrice, My little bird of Paradise, My fossil of ten thousand dyes, My pretty box of butterslies !

You are more precious than Ophir's gold dust, Your features may vie with a medal's green rust, Unique is your form, than an Otho more rare, And a true dilletante must make you his care.

My rattlesnake, my cockatrice, My little bird of Paradise, My fossil of ten thousand dyes, My pretty box of buttersies!

To a stage-coach we aptly may liken this nation, where passengers seldom are pleas'd with their states. But wrangling, & jangling, & jostling, & jumbling. The inside-folks grin & the outsides are grumbling.

The inns they are in, and the outs they are out;
To be in is the riddle, which makes all this rout.
The cuts call the ministry infamous elves;
And the inns, when they're out, say the same thing themselves.

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It is conning credulity ever enflaves;
The world is a hot bed, to raife fools and knaves:
They pull this & that way, sometimes pull together;
But common-sense scorns to go partners with either.
My country, my freedom, and oh, my religion!

My country, my freedom, and oh, my religion! These tickle the ear, faith, like Mahomet's pigeon: 'Tis the time's cant, the farce, the finesse of all ages For what the best actors of, get the best wages.

Ob my country?—but hold, Sir, on which fide the Wa worth tul your words, if ye dinna tak heed. [Tweed We give praise to one fide, the other abuse,— Can the unborn their place of nativity chuse?

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Off prejudice, off, to oblivion's cave; We boast we are Britons, as Britons behave: Can this, or that side of a stream alter nature? No,—wash those resections away in the water.

Get, get, is the cry now, and get all ye can; If ye can get, get honeftly; get, though's the plan. Get one thing, and ev'ry thing else you'll obtain: For honours are now humble servants to gain.

The African flave-dealers some may think base; But what must they think—if at home 'tis the case? The Guinea trade here keeps a market 'tis certain; And yes & no's bought & fold; more's the missortune

And yes & no's bought & fold; more's the misfortune When a beauty's enjoy'd by a man of the town, What he doted laft week on, this week he'll difown The felf-fellers thus, become those people's scoff, Who first turn them prostitutes, then turn them off. May all be turn'd off, who those dealings befriended Where honester folks have been sometimes suspended May they die as they liv'd by all good men abhorr'd. We Britons bejeech thee to bear us good Lord.

WIT. love, and reputation walk'd
One ev'ning out of town,
They fung, they laugh'd, they toy'd, they talk'd
'Till night came darkling on.
Love wilful needs wou'd be their guide,
And smil'd at loss of day,
On her the kindred pair relied,
And lost with her their way.

Damp fell the dew, the wind blew cold,
All bleak the barren moor.

Across they toil'd, when love, grown bold,
Knock'd loud at labour's door.

Awhile within the reed-roof'd cot
They flood, and star'd at care,
But long cou'd not endure the spot,
For powerty was there.

The twain propos'd next morn to part,
And travel different ways;
Quoth love, I foon shall find a heart;
Wit went to look for praise;
But reputation, sighing, spoke,

"It's better we agree,

" Though love may laugh, and wit may joke, " Yet friends take care of me.

"Without me beauty wins no beart, "Without me wit is vain;

"If, headstrong, here with me you part,
"We ne'er can meet again.

" Of me you both shou'd take great care,
" And shun the rambling plan,

"No calling back, my friends, I'll bear,
"So keep me while you can."

Love stopt among the village youth,
Expecting to be crown'd,
Enquiring for her brother truth,
But truth was never found.

She sought in vain, for love was blind,
And bate her guidance crost;

'Tis faid, since truth she cou'd not find,
That love herself is lost.

GOOD people all, both great and small,
And éke, and aye, and also;
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
And then I need not bawl so.
There was a time, when times were good,
The antient bard in shime fings;
So use time well, 'tis time we should,
We should so, did we time things.

But out of time, and out of tune,

We helter skelter go forth;

Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,

Good lack-a-day, and so forth,

We give great folks the greatest crimes,

They can afford to father 'em,

But so impartial are the times,

We're guilty, omnium gatherum.

For fox-hunting boldly bucks embrace,
But sportsmen of discernment,
Abroad will chu se a nabob's chace,
Or hunt at home preferment.

To hunt the statesman who's in play, When patriots cast-about Sir, A pension stops the hark-away,

And so the field's flung out Sir.

In fuch place-tempting times as thefe,
Upright be our intentions;
Ill fare the toon who first took fees,
And him who first paid pensions.

Yet fine-cures we'll not abuse,

Nor their illustrious givers,

We quartel now, 'cause we can't chi

We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse Who shou'd be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-folks,
Don't give yourfelves uneas'ness,
Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,
But only mind your bus'ness.
Wou'd one mind one, the kingdom thro',

And work within his station, At home he'll find enough to do, And not undo the nation.

So to conclude, and make an end,
Of this nice diction'd ditty,
Indeed 'tis time, the times shou'd mend,
In country, court, and city.

For our good Queen our fong we'll fing,—
May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;
And next my lads,—God bless the King,

And next my lads, - God bless the Ki.

And all his faithful people.

To excel in bon ton both as genius and critic, And be quite the thing, Sir, immense scientific; On all exhibitions give fentence by guess,
With shrugs and stolen phrases that sentence express,
Sing tantararara taste all.

The money you squander your judgment confirms, You need not know science, repeat but the terms. The labour of learning belongs to the poor, Do but pay—that's enough for a true connoisseur.

As to Shakespeare, or Purcell, why you may allow They were well-enough once—but they will not do now Admit Newton clever,—just clever,—that's all; And formerly, faith, we might fancy White ball.

When lord of the feast, 'midst your parasite group. You're the slave of conceit, and low forgery's dupe All artists (but English ones) praise and procure, By your band of bear-leaders you're dubb'd Conneisher For words when you're lost, fill the blank with given

And pantomime foorn by your power of face. [mix If merit dares speak, and he's known to the poor, Knock him down with a bet & your triumph's secure

With high-varnish'd masters, &bronz'd bustos grack Your house, like a toy-shop, is lumber'd in tasta All, all are antiques, Ciceronio procures,

For who dares deceive such compleat Connoisseurs!

The worth of a man fax the wife, is his pence:

The worth of a man, fay the wife, is his pence:
'Twas faid so, and so it will centuries hence. [cum
Then money's the thing; the grand pimp that proFull work for the wits, when the forms Connoisseur.

Sing tantararara taite all

THAT the world is a flage, & the flage is a school Where some study knave's parts, and some play the Was faid, and again so we say; [sould be seen to be seen the seen that the seen that seen the seen that see the seen that seen the seen that seen the seen that seen that seen that see the seen that seen that see the see that see the seen that see that see the seen that see that see the see that see that see the see that see the see that see tha

For as the world's round, and rolls round about, Old fashions come in, and new fashions go out, As vanity dresses the play.

Do not seriously think of these whimsical times,
But sing or say something in whimsical rhimes,
The world's but a whim, and all that;

I mean not the world which revolves on the pole. But the animal world, made up of odd fouls,

The fone and the daughters of chat.

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For a new exhibition their portraits we'll plan, And pen and ink likenesses sketch if we can,

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Where all may their temblances fee;
Tho' folks of fine breeding, immensely polite,
Their own faces finish with rouge and flake white,
And leave no employment for me.

Let us renderly take off those masks, and their cures Attempt, by exposing such caricatures

In impartiality's hall;
But if the gall'd finner shou'd wince at a line,
And cry, "curse the fellow! the picture's not mine,"
The prime-serjeant painter we'll call.

Come, Tatyr, affift me, my project is new .-

The demi-beatt grinning, his range of reeds blew,
And this was his fymphony's fong:—
"Should I fing of these times, or in profe or in verse
"Weak things, but not wicked ones I should reheatse

" A medley betwixt right and wrong.

"This æra is much too infipid for me, "Futility's only in practice I fee,

"The fashion is folly, let folly go on,
"To shew sense subsides, and true taste to ben ton,
"And genius is banish'd for trash."

Disdain frown'd his brow, redd'ning rage his eyes Contempt o'er his countenance spread as he past, scast

No more diffipation he'il fehool;
We'll be quire the thing then, as life's but a toy,
A bubble in which we can only enjoy
The pleasure of playing the fool.

OLD Homer!—but with him what have we to do? What are Grecians, or Trojans, to me or to you? Such heathen ish heroes no more I'll invoke, Choice spirits affist me, attend hearts of mak.

Derry down.

Sweet peace, belov'd handmaid of science and art,

Unanimity take your petitioner's art;

Accept of my song, 'tis the best I can do—

But first, may it please ye—my service to you.

Perhaps my address you may premature think, Because I have mention'd no toast as I drink; There are many fine toasts, but the best of 'em all Is the toast of the times; that is Liberty-Hall.

That fine British building by Alfred was fram'd, Its grand corner-stone Magna Charta is nam'd; Independency came at integrity's call, And form'd the front pillars of Liberty Hall.

This manor our forefathers bought with their blood And their fons & their fons fons have prov'd the deeds By that title we live, with that title we'll fall, [good For life is not life out of Liberty-Hall.

In mantle of honour, each star-spangled fold, Playing bright in the sun-shine, the burnish of gold Truth beams on her breast : see, at loyalty's call, The genius of England in Liberty Hall.

Ye fweet smelling courtlings of ribband and lace, The spaniels of power, and bounty's disgrace, So supple, so fervile, so passive ye fall, 'Twas passive-obedience lost Liberty-Hall. But when revolution had settl'd the crown, And natural reason knock'd tyranny down,

No frowns cloath'd with terror appear'd to appall,

The doors were thrown open of Liberty Hall.

See England triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
Her standard is justice, her watch word be free;
Our king is our countryman, Englishmen all,
God bless bim, and bess us, in Liberty-Hall.

On were is des all—monfieur wants to know, 'Tis neither at Marli, Versailles, Fontainbieau; 'Tis a palace of no mortal architect's art, for Liberty Hall is an Englishman's beart.

A Wonder! a wonder! a wonder I'll show,
You'll wonder indeed when this wonder you know
We are wonderful high, and as wonderful low.
Which nobody can deny.

We always are wond'ring at ev'ry thing new, The good things we wonder at rich people do, 'Tis a wonder indeed if such wonders are true.

Same

Some wonderful folks make a wonderful rout, While some blunder in, other folks blunder out, We wonder what blunderers can be about.

One fide fays the times are fo good they are glad; The times, fays the other fide, ne'er were fo bad: No wonder if this fide or that fide is mad.

For the time I some patriot changes propose, That our taxes be less, and we wear plainer cloaths And that ev'ry wearer may pay what he owes.

Imprim -- reflect on the taxes on wheels,
On ca ds, and the claret we waste at our meals;
These grievances both parties equally seels.

To be fure we must own it is cursed provoking, To see how some people their vices are clooking, While virtue-but neighbours don't think I am joking

For my grapdfather faid, and his name is rever'd, That his father's father had oftentimes heard, How virtue, when he was a school-boy, appear'd.

She fled without leaving behind her directions,

'Twas in vain the observ'd to oppose such connexions.

As turtle-feasts, cuckoldoms, cards, and elections.

You may think me severe, but indeed you think

You may think me severe, but indeed you think I promis'c a wonder at first in my song, [wrong, And the wonder is—How cou'd you listen so long?

Which nobody can deny.

SOFT breathing, the zephyrs awaken the grove, Now, now, is the season for pleasure and love; Yet let no delights on our moments intrude, But such as are simple, and such as are good.

Far hence be the love that's by wantonness bred Far hence be the pleasures by vanity led! But joys, which both reason and virtue approve, Such, such are the glory and pride of the grove.

THOUGH from place to place I'm ranging,
No relief my breast can find,
Though each day the scene I'm changing,
Resiles thoughts disturb my mind.

How can I be peace enjoying, Or in valley or on hill? Love his power is yet employing, Passion is my master still.

Behold on the brow the leaves play in the breeze.

While cattle calm feed in the vale;

The church-spire tapering, points thro' the trees,

As lord of the hill and the dale.

The playful colts skip-after lambs to the brook,
The brook slow and filently glides;
The furface so smooth, and so clear, if you look
It restects the gay green on its sides.

By his feather'd feraglio in farm-yard carefs'd, The King of the Walk dares to crow, No Nabob, nor Nimrod enflaving the east, Such prowefs with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, Nancy presses the teat,
Her face like the ruddy-fac'd morn;
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshers repa
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wives, at the doors of their con Sit spinning, dress d neatly, though coarse, To their babes, while unheeding the traveller to They shew the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the steed bark the base village who
Each puppy rude echo bestirs;
[yd]
Eut the horse too high bred, bounds away from the

Difregarding the clamour of curs,

Illiberal railers thus envy betray,
When merit above them they view;
But Genius difdains to turn out of his way,
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such infanes we commi

May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,-Here's a health to those dunces hate most.

HITHER turn thy wand'ring eyes, Here the vale of pleasure lies; The Wak Come Cooli Meag Shall Care, But y

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The trilling flute, and warbling grove, Wake the melting foul to love. Come and tafte the golden hours, Cooling fountains, mossy bow'rs, Meagre looks, nor raking noise, Shall disturb thy peaceful joys, Care, nor thought, nor fear you'll see, But young-eyed hope and liberty; More than wisdom, more than fame, I give, for pleasure is my name.

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HAIL politeness, pow'r divine,
Pleas'd we bend beneath thy shrine,
Studious of the true bon,
Lovers of the Cotilion.
Hail politeness, &c.

Flaunting belles, and powder'd beaux, House-wives drest in Sundays cloaths, Spruce mechanics, old and young, Learn to dance the cotillon,

Lawyers, doctors, leave your fees, Careful but to dance with ease, Nimbly how they trip along, In the charming cotillon,

High and low, and rich and poor, Think on humble joys no more, All with dancing madness stun, Doat upon the cotilion.

Bath and Tunbridge Wells, adieu!
Now no more we think on you;
True politeness is our own,
Since we've learn'd the cotillon.

EE yon fair prospect, how lovely it seems, ow bright on the river shines Sell's silver beams, hat a concert is here with the lark and the thrush it linnets that warble and sing from each bush? It well may they warble, and nature look gay, since Damon was wedded to Pbillis to day.

is now just a month, that as croffing the plain, hat Phillis first faw, and was feen by the swain;

Some glances they chang'd, the youth faw her home, And foon, very foon, did they lovers become; He pres'd her to marry, she bid him to stay, If she found him in earnest, she'd fix on a day.

She prov'd he was faithful, both tender and kind, For shepherds are not like the great, false inclin'd; Notlike a coquet, void of feeling and sense, [pence; The nymph scorn'd to keep him too long in sufthe next time he ask'd her, she d'd not say nay, So Damon and Philis were wedded to-day.

'Tis here in the village true peace reigns alone, Here only the sweets of contentment are known; The swains are sincere, the nymphs all are kind, True love only wins them, to intrest they're blind; Whene'er that invites them, its call they obey, Uniting like Damon and Pbillis to day.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains,
A passage to the female breast,
Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess'd.

To heal the pangs our minds endure, Reason in vain its skill applies; Nought can afford the heart a cure, But what is pleasing to the eyes.

WHAT are outward forms and shows,
To an honest heart compar'd;
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd,

Oft we see the homely flow'r,
Bearing, at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy, Fair Rosalie a rustic maid; They met, they lov'd; each other's joy, Together o'er the bills they stray'd. Their parents faw, and blefs'd their love,
Nor would their happiness delay;
To-morrow's dawn their blifs should prove,
To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite fave;
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wanderer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore, When faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies : Ah Rosalie! for ever more,

In his cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank — Oh! fill be seen, Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid; And with sad wreaths of cypress green, For ever-sooth thy Lubin's shade.

OH! never be one of those sad filly fellows,
Who always are snappish, suspicious, and jealous,
Who live but to doubt,
To pine and to pout,
To take one to task,
Examine, and ask

A hundred crois questions, to pick something out. Oh! never, &c.

If by chance he shou'd come, And not find her at home,

'Tis, " Madam, why so late,
" Where the devil could you wait?

"What's been done? what's been faid?" Zounds! I feel it on my head."

Oh! neval, &c.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove

'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung fymphonious a Hermit began
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he selt as a man,
Ash why! all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, alone Philomela, that languishing sall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay, [mourn,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away,
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the fky,

The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays,
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,

She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze, Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue.

The path that conducts thee to splendor again,

But man's faded glory what change shall renew?

Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more, I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you

For morn is approaching your charms to restore;
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance and glitt'ring with
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn; [dew.
Kind nature the embryo blossom will fave;

But when shall spring visit the mouldering um!

O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

HIS form by nature's hand was cast,
In beauty's manly mould,
His heart a costly jewel was,
Cas'd in a shrine of gold.
The gods in heav'nly synod met,
And each a blessing gave,
Wife, valiant, virtuous, he became,
But ah! he was a slave.

He ferv'd as flave yet never ferv'd,
A proud unworthy dame;
He lov'd as youth ne'er lov'd before,
But fed a hopeless flame;

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For hard the heart of her he lov'd,
And stubborn was her pride,
One day she drove him from her sight,
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.
And never shall his mournful tale,
Soft pity sail to move;
Nor was there one who saw the youth,
That ever fail'd to love.
And was it then that fortune's blind,
Or was it fortune's spite,
Oh! take away her pow'r, ye gods!
Or give her back her sight.

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WHAT a lover is he that has nothing to give,
Rut a look, and a vow, and a figh! [live,
Silly maid, take my-word, you should know how to
before you're so ready to die.

How stupid a pair are the bridegroom and bride, Who wed but for cooing and billing; Oh! how dull will they be, as they fit side by side, If it happens they're not worth a shilling.

At first, by good luck, every hour of the day, 'Tis my darling, my soul's dearest pleasure; But at last, says the wife, I want money to pay, Come, give it, my heart's richest treasure!

"Eut I have it not, sweeting!"—This theme may
"Come let us be cooing and billing" [breed strife
Go, barbatous husband—go, termagant wife—
So it happens when not worth a shilling.

YE fair, ye lovers, at my call, Young, grave, and gay, come hither, All take me, take me while ye may, Fortune comes not ev'ry day. Ye fair, &c.

I know you a child pursue,
Who from her tyrant father flew,
Go on to find her rack your brains,
And wear the fools cap for your pains.
I know, &c.

You to his schemes affistance lend, But little think how things may end; Regard but in this magic glass, You see a goose, and you an ass. An ass, &c.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover,
Is attentive to the fair,
'Till the doubtful courtship's over,
Is she then so much his care?
Warm as summer, his addresses,
Hope and ardour's in his eyes;
Cool as winter, his caresses,
When she yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty, Sees no more an angel's face; Half is love, the rest is duty: Pleasure sure is in the chace.

LET court lovers pay adoration to crowns,
That man is a monarch for me,
Who cheerful improves the few acres he owns,
Unenvying, industrious, and free.

At night, in high health, from his labour he refls, His houshold fit round in a row, Wife, children, and fervants, domestical guests, Such circles in town can ye shew,

He smiles on his babes, as some strive for his knee, And some to their mother's neck cling, While playful the prattlers for place disagree, The roof with their shrill trebles ring. Those cynics who brood o'er a single life's spleen,

The offspring they have dare not own, But happy-wed pairs can enjoy the fond scene To you wretched mortals unknown.

His dame the good man of the house thus address'd,
"Twas so with us when we were young."
Her hand within his he with gentleness press'd,
While sentiment prompted his tongue.

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"I remember the day of my falling in love,
"How fearful I first came to woo;

"I hope that these boys will as true-hearted prove
"And our lasses, my dear, look like you."

A tear of joy flarting, he kis'd from her cheek, Love gratefully glowing her face,

Too full her fond heart, not a word cou'd she speak But, fighing, return'd his embrace.

'Tis by fuch endearments affection is shewn, In silence more nobly express'd

Than all the cant phrase, the Bon Ton of the town, Where Love is a Monmouth street guest.

Go on, ye high births, and pretend to despite, Those scenes which to you are unknown; But laugh not too long, rather aim to be wise, And compare such a life with your own.

Vain jesters be mute, I'll a sentiment give, A toast which esteem will not scorn; May they who can taste them, Love's kisses receive, And tenderness meet a return.

FAIR Sally lov'd a bonny feaman,
With tears the fent him out to roam;
Young Thomas lov'd no other woman,
But left his heart with her at home.
She view'd the fea from off the hill,
And as the turn'd her spinning wheel,
She sung of her bonn, feaman.

The wind blew loud, and the grew paler
To fee the weather cock turn round,
When lo! the fpy'd her bonny failor
Come tripping o'er the fallow ground,
With nimble hafte he leapt the file,
And Sally met him with a fmile,
And hugg'd her bonny failor.

This knife the gift of lovely Sally,
I still have kept it for her sake;
A thousand times in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've carv'd upon the deck:
Again this happy pledge returns
To shew how truly Thomas burns.
How truly burns for Sally.

This thimble did'st thou give to Sally.

While this I see I think on you;
Then why does Tom stand shilly shally,
While yonder steeple is in view.

Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the willing mind,
And went to church with Sally,

YE virgins attend,
Believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan;
Ne'er let it be faid,
There goes an old maid,
But get married as fast as you can.

As foon as you find
Your hearts are inclin'd
To beat quick at the fight of a man;
Then choose out a youth
With honour and truth,
And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud, Your charms foon will shroud, And this whimsical life's but a span; Then, maids, make your hay, While Sol darts his ray,

And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake
Will artfully take
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan;
But bassle their snare,
Make virtue your care,
And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Ha'e join'd both your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan;
Ne'er harbour the stings
That jealoufy brings,
But be constant, and blest while you can.

THE mind of a woman can never be known, You never can guess it aright: His or She The

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WHE Who'd I her char Away w I'll tell you the reason—she knows not her own; It changes so often 'ere night.

'Twould fuzzle Apollo,
Her whimfies to follow;
His oracle would be a jest:
She ll frown when she's kind,
Then quickly you'll find,
She'll change with the wind,
And often abuses
The man that she chuses,
And what she refuses
Likes best.

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NATURE gave all creatures aims, withful guards from hottile harms; aws the lion brood defend, forrid jaws that wide diftend; forns the bull, refiffles force; olid hoofs the vig'rous horfe; limble feet the fearful hare; Vings to fly the birds of air. o the fox did wiles ordain, he craftiest of the fylvan train; ulks the gave the grunting fwine, wills the freeful porcupine; ins to fwim, the wat'ry kind; an the virtues of the mind; ature, lavishing her store, hat for woman had the more? elpless woman! to be fair auty fell to woman's share; auty, that nor wants or fears ords, or fl mes, or fhields, or fpears; auty fronger aid affords, ronger far than shields or swords; onger far than iwords or shields; an himself to beauty yields,

WHEN the maid whom we love, no entrea-Who'd lead a life of pining; [ties can move, her charms will excuse the fond rashness you use, Away with idle whining; Never stand like a fool with looks sheepish and Such bashful love is teazing; [cool, But with spirit address, and you're sure of success For honest warmth is pleasing, &c.

And tho' wedlock's your view, Like a rake if you woo; Girls sooner quit their coyness, They know beauty inspires, Less respect than defires; Hence love is prov'd by boldness, So ne'er stand like a sool, Sc.

COME come, bid adieu to fear,
Love and harmony live here:
No domestic jealous jars,
Ruzzing slanders, words and wars,
In my presence will appear;
Love and harmony reign here;
Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, bosoms burning:
Bosoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those wishes wanting
Are the only tumults here,
All the woes you need to fear;
Love and harmony reign here.

THIS is a petit maitre's day—
Awake at noon,
Or scarce so soon,
See him to his sofa creep.
Sipping his tea—half asleep—
Curse the vapours!
Reach the papers—
What's the opera?—demn the play.
Air my boots, I think I'll ride—
Tho' rot it, no!
It shakes one so—

Lounging there, his lordship see,
With vacant air,
And sullen stare,
Born of dullness, rais'd by pride!

Let them bring the vis a vis:

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Stop

Stop at Betty's!—what's the news?—

A battle they fay—

Have you pines to day?—

Yes, my lord—we've beat the Dutch.

Ha—lome ice—I thought as much:

What, and nothing more?

That's a monstrous bore!

Well, drive to Isfachar the Jew's.

Last at Brookes's—deep at play;

Islandar's debt,

At Faro set.

Win or lose, serenely sad,
Calm he fits, nor vex'd, nor glad;
'Tis half alive,
He cuts at five—

This is a petit-maitre's day.

Zounds Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest, The thing of all things, which I hate and detest; A coxcomb, a fop,

A dainty milk fop; Who, effenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top, Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,
And pride and conceit;
All fathion, no weight;
Who shrugs and takes snuff,
And carries a muff;
A minikin,
Finiking,

French powder puff; And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

YE mortals who fearch for content, And yet the fweet path never find, Come learn how your cares to prevent And give trouble and care to the wind. Give, &c.

They tell me no man e'er was blest With spirits so even before;
That grief has no place in the breast.
I am happy and can be no mo:e.

Why 'tis true, and I tell you the cause That makes me thus joyous appear; Tho' my plan may not meet with applause, 'Tis useful and I am sincere.

My blifs is not founded on wealth, For that would my pleasure destroy; The great are but happy by steath, And few are the sweets they enjoy. It is not from love that I boast,

A life that's unclouded with woe; Ah! that is a dangerous coaft, And love is felicity's foe

Hygeia, sweet goddess! from thee Our delights are made firm and secure; Yet thousands are healthy as me, Who lament what they all might endure. Employment's the charm that will please, Embrace it and ever be glad; For surely that mind is at ease,

Which never has time to be fad.

F a daughter you have, the sthe plague of you No peace thall you know tho' you've beried your will At twenty the mocks at the duty you taught her,

O! what a plague is an obflinate daughter,
Sighing and whining, dying and pining,
O! what a plague is an obflinate daughter.

When scarce in her teens, they have wit to perpla With letters and lovers, for ever they vex us, [w While each fill rejects the fair suitor you've brough O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter, [he Jangling and wrangling, flouting and pouting.

O! what a plague, &c.

WHEN a tender maid is first essay'd

By some admiring swain;

How her blushes rise is she meets his eyes,

While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand she trembles quite!

Fouch her lips and the fwoon outright:

While a pit a pit a pit a pat a pit a

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But in time appear fewer figns of fear; The youth the boldly views: If her hand he grasp, or her bosom clasp, No mantling blush ensues! Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move, While her smiles her contentment prove, And a pit a pat, &c. Her heart avows her love!

THE wand'ring failor ploughs the main, A competence in life to gain; Undaunted braves the Rormy feas, To find at last content and ease; In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll, And thunders shake from pole to pole; Tho' deathful waves furrounding foam, Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home; In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew The early scenes of youth renew; Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boaft, This is the universal toast! May we, when toil and danger's o'er, Cast anchor on our native shore!

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s eyes,

POON as the busy day is o'er, And evening comes with pleafant shade, outing. We gondoliers from shore to shore, Merrily ply our jovial trade. nd while the moon shines on the stream, And as fort mufic breathes around; he feathering oar returns the gleam, And dips in concert to the found. own by fome convent's mould'ring walls Oft we hear the enamour'd youth; oftly the watchful fair he calls, Who whispers vows of love and truth. And while the moon, &c. And oft where the rialto swells, With happier pairs we circle round; Whose secret fighs fond echo tells. Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound. And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd, That fearful love must own its fighs; Then smiles the maid, to hear reveal'd How more than ever she complies. And while the moon, &c.

I OUNG Colin having much to fay, In fecret to a maid, Persuaded her to leave the hay, And feek th' embow'ring shade; And after roving with his mate Where none could hear or fee, Upon the velvet ground they fat Under the greenwood tree. Your charms, fays Colin, warm my breaft,

What must I for them give? Nor night nor day can I have reft, I can't without you live. My flocks, my herds, my all is thine, Could you and I agree, O fay, you to my wish incline Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain, The wary lass replies, A lad who must not sue in vain, Now for my favour tries; He bids me name the facred day. In all things we agree; Then why should you and I now stay Under the greenwood tree. All this but ferv'd to fire his mind, He knew not what to do; 'Till to his fuit she would be kind, He would not let her go; His love, his wealth, the youth display'd, No longer coy was the;

Kk3

At

At church she seal'd the vow she made.
Under the greenwood tree.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.

Let others to London go roam,

I love my neighbour

To fing and to labour,

To me there's nothing like country and home.

Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as a curd, and now red;
La! how would you tiare,
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.
Let others, Sc.

Then 'is so dizen'd out,
And with trinkets about,
With ribbands and slippets between;
They so noddle and toss,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels, and bells in a team
Let others, &c.

Then the fops are fo fine,
With lank waisted chine,
And a little skimp bit of a hat;
Which from fun, wind and rain,
Will not shelter their brain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Would you the creatures ape,
In looks and their shape,
Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
Let him waddle in gait,
A skim dish on h's pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau,
Let others, &c.

In the city of Phabus a wid w there dwelt,
Of her honour so nice and so jealous,
It was clear as the sun that whatever she felt,
She'd no feeling for us honest fellows.
It was, &c.

For she flouted and pouted, and look'd so demure, On her knees she was ever a praying; Her blood was as cold as December I'm sure, When other young bloods were a maying.

This widow a challenge to Venus would fend,
On her pride the had fuch a reliance;
S y Cupid stood by while her message she penn'd,
And smil'd at her faucy defiance.

In a moment an arrow he shap'd from her pen,
Then aim'd at her heart and let fly;
Let no widow he cried forswear marriage again,
One and all from this hour shall comply.

My name's Ted Blarney I'll be bound, And man and boy upon this ground, Full twenty years I've beat my round, Crying, Vauxball watch.

And as that time's a little short
With some small solks that here resort;
To be sure I have not had some sport,
Crying, Vauxball watch.

Oh! of pretty wenches dress dso tight, And macaronies, what a sight Of a moon-light morn I've bid good night, Crying, Vauxball watch.

Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where e'er you can.
Young man, &...

See, see, the humble bee
Draws weath from the meanest flow'rs,
Then he hies away
With his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.
No passion,

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Wild youth, passion and truth So opposite never agree; Be prudent sage, Draw wit from old age, Ee wise as the humble bee.

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Be prudent, &c.

GREAT Cafar once renown'd in tame,

For a mighty arm and a laurel'd brow,

With his veni, vidi, vici, came.

And conquer'd the world with his row dow dow.

And conquer'd, &c.

Thus should our vaunting enemies come,
And winds and waves their course allow,
In freedoms cause we'll beat our drum,
And they'll fly at the sound of our row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, &c.

Then come my lads our glory share,
Whose honest hearts B itish valour avow,
At honor's call to camp repair,
And follow the beat of my row, dow, dow.
Row, dow, dow, &c.

Down the bourne and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou',
Dear she loo'd the well known song.
While her, Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praise the whole day long,
Down the bourne, &c.

Coffly claiths the had but few,
Of rings and jewels nae great flore,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wifely wish'd no more;
Love's the pearl, the shepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the bourne, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;

Youthful Mary's greatest wealth
Was still her faithful Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find!
Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the bourne, &c.

THE mifer thus a shilling sees, Which he's oblig'd to pay; With sighs resigns it by degrees, And sears 'tis gone for aye.

The boy thus, when his sparrow's flown,
The bird in silence eyes;
But soon as out of fight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

THERE was a maid, and she went to the mill, Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lolly, lo. The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.

Oh oh! did she so? did she so? did she so? The miller he kiss'd her, away she went;

Sing trolly, &c.
The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content.
Oh bo! was he fo? &c.

He danc'd and he fung, while the mill went clack; Sing trolly, &c.

And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack.

Oh ho! did he so? Sc.

THE sweets of peace shall be our own, And smiling plenty crown the plains; Tis peace adorns the monarch's throne, And chears the cottage of the swains.

The rifing fun shall bless the mead, And fair the mountain olive spring; The vine its richest clusters spread, When glory crowns a patriot king.

W HEN the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarm'd at the fireke,
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When

When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout;
O these were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings;
Each lad in his holiday clothes,
And the laffes in all their best things;
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Colin prove such;
Odzooks! but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

A Fond father's blifs is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face;
With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
Men of pleasure be mute, this is life's lovely view;
When we look on our young ones our youth we renew
Thus living we love, and thus loving enjoy;
No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;
From the may-morn of youth unto winter's white age
Hand in hand, with contentment, we sing thro' life's

THE poachers for fortune who damsels ensure,
With dress and addresses deceive;
To lasses of wealth how those miscreants swear,

When death bids up flop we end our easy fong, stage;

And give the Gods thanks that we liv'd well so long.

And, alas! how the lasses be ieve.

Nay, fome ladies feem to expect being loft, They trust whom they know are forsworn; They listen to him who has ruin'd the most, And hope to be ruin'd in turn.

Can this be believ'd?—no!—the fong-maker jokes, Tis the tale of a flanderous crew;

A figh!—then I fear that there may be some folks Who are forry to say it is true.

But when love for love is receiv'd on each fide, How tenderness imiles on the pair; This, this is a triumph, and this is my pride, I enjoy such a savourite sair. No paint on her face,—no art in her mind, Her thoughts are explain'd by her eyes; From principle faithful from gfatitude kind, And fcorns the deceit of disguise.

All along on the slope, by the side of a stream, Our hours we happily pass;

My head on her lap, while my love is her theme, And my looks I lift up to my lafs.

Enjoying the breeze from the fields of new hay, We gather the summer's sweet pride; Or point to the brook where the small fishes play, And count them beneath the clear tide.

In rooms rich embellish'd with luxury's store, Let wealth pamper'd indolence yawn; Let wantonness act her deliriums o'er,

'Till dupes to her dungeon are drawn.

Let common - place fondness her blandishments
And tempt by the toilet's parade; [spread,
The squeeze, the soft sigh, wanton glance, and sly
Are pantomime tricks of her trade. [tread,

I have try'd, and can tell,—I have frolick'd away,
And follow'd the fashion of fun;

The same farce have acted that's play'd at this day, And while the world wheels will be done.

How brim full of nothing's the life of a beau!
They've nothing to think of, they've nothing to do;
And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
Such, such, is the life of a beau,
Such, &c.

For nothing they rife, but to draw the fresh air; pend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare; Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, Sec.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they croud; To mind nothing done there, they always are proud; But to bow, and to grin, and talk nothing aloud: Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, &c.

For no And for For the Such, Such, They

They Such, Such, Such, And I Do pa The C Mock Cucke

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And That Or w For nothing they run to th' affembly and ball; And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call; For they fill must be basted, who've nothing at all Such, such, is the life of a beau, Such, Such. Sc.

For nothing, on fundays, at church they appear; They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear; They can be nothing no where, who nothing are such, such, is the life of a beau, [here: Such, &c.

WHEN daifies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow buds of yellow hue,
And lady fmocks all filver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks marry'd men; for thus lings he:
Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
Unpleasing, &c.

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When shepherds pice on oaten straws, And merry larks are ploughmens clocks; When turtles tread, and rooks and daws, And maidens bleach their summer smocks; The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he: Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear, Unpleasing, &c.

HOPE, thou fource of every bleffing,
Parent of each joy divine,
Every balmy fwest poffsfling,
Every promis'd blifs be thine.

Softest friend to heart-felt anguish, Lend, O! lend thy powerful aid; Bid the lover cease to languish, Cheer the fond despairing maid.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleafures prove
That vallies, groves, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or fleepy mountain yield.

There will we fit upon the rocks, And fee the shepherds feed their slocks, By shallow rivers, to whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roles,

With a thousand fragrant posses, A cap of flowers, and a kittle Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle. A gown, made of the finest wool, Which from our pretty lambs we pull; Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold; With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds, With coral class, and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy filver diffies for thy meat, As precious as the gods do eat, Shall, on an ivory table, be Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

IF all the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee, and be thy love. But time drives flocks from field to fold; When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold, And Philomel becometh dumb, The rest complain of ca es to come. The flowers that bloom in wanton field, To wayward winter reckoning yield; A honey-tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's fpring, but forrow's fall. Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roles, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy pofies, Soon break, foon wither, foon forgotten, In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy

Thy belt of straw, and ivy bude, Thy coral clasps, and amber stude; All these in me no mind can move, To come to thee, and be thy love. What should we talk of dainties ther

What should we talk of dainties then, Of better meat than's fit for men? These are but vain; that's only good Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed; Had joy no date, and age no need; Then these delights my mind m ght move To live with thee, and be thy love,

YE fair, be advis'd by a friend,
Whose council proceeds from the heart,
On beauty no longer depend,
Or fly to the efforts of art;
If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
Let virtue each action approve,
Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
And softens the foul into love,

To day be not nice as a bride,
To-morrow untimely severe;
Let prudence and truth be your guide,
Nor caprice nor folly appear:
Unless you thus govern your mind,
And banish deceit from your breast,
Too soon by experience you'll find,
Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.

Neglected, you'll wither and fade,
Till beauty, by age, shall decay;
Then lonely retreat to the shade,
And mourn the sad hours away:
How desp'rate will then be your sate,
How great your sad loss to deplore;
Repentance, alas! is too late,
When the power to charm is no more.

WHY should we of humble state,
Vainly blame the pow'rs above,
Or accuse the will of sate,
Which allows us all to love?

Love (impartial gentle boy)
Deals his gifts as free as air,
Love is all the shepherd's joy,
Love is all the damsel's care,
Hope, that charmer of the soul,
Hope, in love should ever live,
C uid our years for ever roll,
Love would blessings ever give:
Youth, alas! too swiftly sies,
Nor can Cupid bid him stay;

Love has wings and will away.

He better is pleas'd with the note

Beauty like a shadow dies,

THE shepherd who roves the wood thro'
To hear the sweet warblers in May,
If by chance there's a songster that's new,
He listens a while to the lay.
Tho' the thrush and the nightingale's throat
Are sweeter by far than the rest,

That fuits with the tune of his breaft.

So I, the the least of the choir,
May win for a moment your ear,
Love and pleasure my voice would inspire,
And pleasure and love can endear.

The flender my pipe and my song,
There are who may list to my strain;

My fame is to please the gay throng,

Nor fing in the grove all in vain.

85

THE prospect clear'd around is heard
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "Sing and play;"
From eve to morn the sages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!"

Each lively fcheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poers chuse;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the muse:

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Tell r Sweet o may'f The war's no more, our chief's come o'er;
Again the grave ones fay,
"Where-e'er we tread, temptations spread,
"Beware the ides of May!"

In the blaze and bloom of beauty,
Shepherds mind to be fincere;
Keep to virtue, 'tis your duty,
Then the nymph has nought to fear.

Else she'll slight whate'er you mention,
Nor by looks your fuit approve;
Honour knows no base intention,
Virtuous love's reward is love.

In the blaze, &c.

SHOULD the god of fost affection, Gentle fair-ones, touch your hearts, Seek in virtue your protection; Virtue will repel his darts.

But should gen'rous be the passion, Scorn to keep the youth in pain; Softly sooth his inclination, And give love for love again.

But fhould, &c.

The

SWEET echo! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,
By slow meander's margin green,

And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her fad fong mourneth well,
Can'ft thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That likest thy Narcissus are.

O! if you have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave;
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
may'ft thou be translated to the skies,
adgive resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

SHEPHERD, would you here obtain Pleasure unalloy'd with pain, Joy that fuits the rural fphere, Gentle shepherd lend an ear. Learn to relish calm delights, Verdant vales and fountains bright, Trees that nod on floping hills, Caves that echo murm'ring rills. Tranquil pleasures never cloy, Banish each tumustuous joy, All but love, for love inspires l'ender wishes, fiercer fires, See, to sweeten thy repose, Bloffoms bud, the fountain flows: Lo! to crown thee, at thy word All that music can afford.

BUSY, curious thisfly fly.
Dink with me and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou d'st thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.
Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline,
Thine's a summer mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore;

Threefcore fummers when they're gone,

HOPE and fear alternate rifing.
Strive for empire o'er my heart,
Ev'ry peril now despissing,
Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Will appear as short as one.

Teach, ye learned lages, teach me, How to stem this beating tide; If you've any rules to teach me, Haste and be the weak one's guide,

Thus

Thus our trials, at a distance, Wisdom's science promise aid; Yet, in need of their assistance, We attempt to grasp a shade.

COME lift to me, ye gay and free,
And ye whom cares moleft,
War, wine, and love, but tend to prove,
That Second Thoughts are best.

The queen of charms, the god of arms,
Gay Bacchus, and the rest,
When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce
That Second Thoughts are best.

The jealous boy, if Daphne's coy,
'Gainst Cupid will protest,
His nymph distain, then think again;
For Second Thoughts are best.

The fair one too, unus'd to woo,
Drives Strephon from her breaft,
Then feeks the elf, makes love herfelf,
For Second Thoughts are best.

And Mars who doa's on scarlet coats,
I'm sure will stand the test,
Nor frown on her who dares aver,
That Second Thoughts are best.

Ev'n Neptune too, our fleet in view, Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest; They meant to fight, he put them right; Their Second Thoughts were best.

Again! but mark the tippling spark,
When seated as a guest,
At first resign his darling wine,
But Second Thoughts are best.

And you, I fee, will fide with me, Some louder than the rest, Will cry. "ne more" and then "encore!" But Second Thoughts are best.

LONG time had Lyfander told Daphne his pain, And repeated his pathon again and again;

The obdurate fair one awhile was fo coy,. That all her reply was, Pardonnezmoy.

In vain he intreated, implor'd, and carefs'd, Of all his pretentions the made but a jest; Tho' his life he declar'd her disdain would destroy, Yet regardless the answer'd him Pardonnezmoy,

But finding his fights no impression could make, He determin'd another expedient to take; And artifice now he resolves to employ, To make her forget to say, Pardonnezmoy.

He swore that her eyes like bright Phæbus did shine, That her air was majestic, her form all divine; With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy, And slatt'ry prevail'd over Pardonnezmoy.

A ND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman Who at Black friars bridge us'd for to ply? He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity, Winning each heart and delighting each eye:

He look'd so neat and row'd so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily, [air
And he eyed the young rogues with so charming a
That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare,

What fights of fine folks he oft row'd in his when 'Twas clean'd out so nice and so painted withal He was always first oars, wheh the fine city ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went, or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes wou'd they be giggling and leering
But 'twas all one to Tom their jibing and jeering,
For loving or liking he little did care,
As this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet, but to fee how firangely things happen,
As he row'd along, thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damfel so lovely and charming. I hat she smil'd, & so strait way in love he did so And would this joung damfel but banish his som He'o wed her to night before it was morrow: And how should this waterman ever know care, When he's marry'd and never in want of a fare!

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Ye Since Will t AT Totterdown bill there dwelt an old pair,
And 't may be they dwelt there fill,
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
They kept a small farm and a mill;
But fully contented with what they did get,
They knew not of guile or of arts;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bee.
And she was the pride of their hearts.

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Nut brown were her locks, her shape it was strait,
Her eyes were as black as a floe; [gait
Her teeth were milk white, full smart was her
And sleek was her skin as a doe;
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour
No bit of true blue could be spy'd,
Achild, wet and cold, came and knock'd at the door
Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was is mild as the mornings of May,

The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
She chaf'd him all over, he smil'd as he lay,
She kis'd him and lull'd him to rest;
But who do you think she had got for her prize,
Why Love, the sly master of arts;
No sooner he wak'd, but he dropp'd his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings, and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but yet be not afraid,
Tho' all I make shake at my will,
So good, and so kind, have you been, my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
A friend you shall find in me still,
Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
The Venus of Totterdown bill.

AT a filent evening hour,
Two fond lovers in a bower,
Sought their mutual blifs,
Though her heart was just relenting,
Though her eyes feem'd just consenting,
Yet she fear'd to kifs.
Since this filent shade, he cried,
Will those rosy blushes hide;
Why will you resist?

Since no tell-tale fpy is near us,
Eye nor fees, nor ear can hear us,
Who would not be kiss'd?

Celia, hearing what he faid,
Gently lifted up her head,
Her breast fost wishes fill:
Since, she cried, no spy is near us,
Eye nor fees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiss—or what you will.

As t'other day young Damon came,
Where Chico fat demure,
He figh'd and gaz'd to own his flame,
For love had firuck him fure,
His aukward mien amaz'd the fair,
Which he no doubt feem'd fly at;
And when he prais'd her flape and air,
She answer'd, Swain, be quiet.
My dear, he cry'd, O! be not coy,
Nor deem my meaning rude;
Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne're intrude.

Let love like mine thy mind employ,
True love can ne'er intrude.
Her hand he then effay'd to kifs,
Which, frowning, the cry'd fye at;
And when he ftruggled for the blife,
'Twas be a little quiet.

The swain perceiv'd her alter'd tone,
And boldly grasp'd her hand;
The nymph was forc'd to own the slame,
And join'd in Hymen's band,
Alas! how chang'd each wedded pair!
The power of words they try at;
Now Damon has not one to spare,
But, Pray, dear wife, be quiet.

COME listen, and laugh at the times,
Since folly was never so ripe,
For ev'ry man laughs at those rhimes
That give his own follies a wipe s
We live in a kind of disguise;
We flatter, we lye and protest,
While each of us artfully tries,
On others to fasten the jest.

The

The virgin, when first she is woo'd,
Returns ev'ry figh with distain;
And while by her lover pursu'd,
Can laugh at her foliy and pain:
But when from her innocence won,
And doom'd for her virtue to mourn,
When she finds herself lost and undone,
He laughs (though unjust) in his turn.

The foo's who at law do contend,
Can laugh at each other's diffres,...
And while the dire fuit does depend,
Ne'er think how their fubstance grows less;
Till hamper'd by tedious expence,
Altho' to compound they are loth;
They'll find, when restor'd to their sense,
The lawyers sit laughing at both.

But while we perceive it the fashion

For each fool to laugh at the other,

Let us strive, with a gen'rous compassion,

To correct, not contemn, one another.

We all have some follies to bide,

Which, known, would dishonour the best;

And life, when 'tis thoroughly tried,

Like friendship, will seem but a jest.

THOU foft flowing Avon! by thy filver stream, Of subjects immortal thy Shakspear wou'd dream; The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Here (wains shall be fam'd for their love & their truth And cheerful old age feel the transports of youth; For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread, For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head,

The love-stricken maiden, the fighing young swain. Here rove without danger and toy without pain; The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread, For hallow'd the turf is that pillows his head.

Flow on, filver Avon, in fong ever flow, Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow, Ever full be thy stream like his same may it spread And the turf ever hallow'd that pillows his head.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its luftre, Which in the garden enamels the ground; Near it the bees in play flutter and clufter, And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis fent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is tood under seet,

WHEN lovely woman floops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What chaims can foothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art, her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die!

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho thy breath be rude,
Altho' thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;

As benefits forgot;
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember'd not,

As friends remember'd not.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Ereak out at gamiorum;

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The flame to cool,

My golden rule

Is—push about the jorum.

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With fift on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag,
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

THE card invites, in crouds we fly,
To join the jovial routful cry;
What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight Hark-away!
Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
Nor drough husbands enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight Hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowfy waichmen idly knock!;
'Till daylight peeps, we sport and plays
And roar to the jolly Hark away.
When tir'd with sport to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep,
To morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight Hark away.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The first of all swains,

He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was I ke to the fweet Willy O.

He fung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O, He sung it so rarely, Sc.

He melted each maid, So skilful he play'd, No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

Ail nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O, All nature obey'd him, &c.

Wherever he came, Whate er had a name,

Whene'er he fung, follow'd the sweet Willy O.

He would be a foldier, the sweet Willy O, He would be a soldier, Se.

When arm'd in the field,
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O, He charm'd them, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that figh'd
To part with her all in the Iweet Willy Q.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn, When Dolly tript across the lawn, Young Colin follow'd with his stail, She went to fill her milking pail; He lov'd and begg'd she'd hear him now, She answer'd she must milk her cow.

He fighing vow'dhe lov'd her more
Than ever youth did nymph before,
With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
And prefs'd the fair one in his arms;
She bade him keep his distance now,
Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve An artless shepherd's honest love, You little farm, you flocks are mine, All; with their master's heart, is thine, Then begg'd she wou'd his stame allow, She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth, With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth, So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent, And to the church they instant went; His slame she did not disallow, But quite forgot to milk her cow.

WATER, parted from the fea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or, through fertile valleys glide,

Though,

Though, in fearch of lost repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty?
'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
Thence to discern rough industry
At the harrow or the plough:
'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
Never felt unmanly fear;
'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
Such as Britannia yet shall fee,
These are the sweets of liberty.

OH! how vain is every bleffing,
How infipid all our jors,
Life how little worth poffeffing,
But when love its time employs!
Love the pureft, nobleft pleafure,
That the gods on earth beflow,
Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known;
And friendship in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one:
O! clear him then from this offence;
Thy love, thy duty, prove:
Restore him with that innocence
Which first inspir'd my love.

BEHOLD on Letbe's dismal strand
Thy sather's troub ed image stand!
In his sace what grief profound!
See he rolls his haggard eyes!
Hark! "Revenge! Revenge!" he cries,
And points to his still bleeding wound,
Obey the call, revenge his death,
And caim his soul that gave thee breath,

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trisse like this What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss? The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace) Would do the same thing were they in the same place No age, no profession, no station is free;

No age, no profession, no station is free; To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee; That power, resistless, no strength can oppose; We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu-Fach rude and sensual joy; Gay, sleeting pleasures, all untrue, That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly, Where folly keeps her court, To wholesome, sound philosophy, And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell, How blest the deep retreat, Where forrows billows never swell, Nor passion's tempests beat!

But fafely thro' the fea of life, Calm reason wasts us o'er, Free from ambition, noise, and strife, To death's eternal shore.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion !
Source of all sublime delight;
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond heart's in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
If compar'd with true content?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When too late, we may repent.

L'awless passions bring vexation,
But a chaste and constant love,
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

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LOVE! fweet poison, torment pleasing,
Pure delight in pain you give.
Thrilling anguish, flattering, teasing,
Ne'er from grief or rapture ceasing,
Yet I'll love, or cease to live.

TEACH me; ye nine, to fing of tea,
Of grateful green, of black bohea;
Hark! the kettle foftly finging,
How again it bubbles o'er;

Quickly John, Black Sufan, bring in,

Water in the tea pot pour.

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e place

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le ;

The bread and butter thinly flice,
Oh! foread it delicately nice;
Let the toast be crisp and crumpling,
The rolls as doughy as a dumpling:
Then, eating, sipping, snussing up the steam,
We chat, and 'midst a motley chaos seem
Of cups and saucers, butter, bread, and cream.

MISS Danae, when fair and young, (As Horace has divinely fung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us, Why so mysterious, why so jealous? Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar, Make thee secure, thy wife less fair? Send her abroad, and let her see That all this world of pageantry, Which she, forbidden, longs to know, Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind, Be to her faults a little blind,

Let all her ways be unconfin'd, And clap your Padlock-on her mind,

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moord,
The fireamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Sufan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jovial failors, tell me true, If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the bil ows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He figh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cords sly swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the fweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast.

If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest;
The noblest captain in the British steet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet:

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My wows shall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen fay,

Who tempt with doubts thy conftant mind;
They'll tell thee failors when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go,

If to fair India's coast we fail,

Thine eyes are 'een in di'monds bright; ]

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns away the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

LI3

The

The boatswain gave the dreadful word, The fails their swelling bosom spread;

No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she figh'd, he hang his head; Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land; Adieu! she cry'd, and way'd her lily hand.

To Anacreon in heav'n, where he fat in full glee,
A few fons of hermony fent a petition,
That he their imporer and patron would be.

When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Greeian "Voice, fiddle and fiute,

" No longer be mu'e,

" I'll lend you my name, and inffire you to boct,

"And besides I'll instruct you with mirth to entwine "The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine."

This news through Olympus immediately flew, When old Thunder pretended to give himfelf airs

" If thefe me reals are fuffer'd their scheme to purfue

" The devil a godders will flay above flairs,

"Hark I already they cry,

" Away to the fons of Anacreon we'll fly;

" And there with good fellows we'll learn to entwine

" The myr te of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

"The yellow-hair'd god & his nine fufty maids, "From Helicon's banks will inconvinent flee,

"Idalia will beaft but of tenantless shades,
"And the biforked hill a meer desart will be.

" My thunder, no fear on't,

"Shill foon do its errand, [rant;

"And dam'me, I'll fwinge the ringlesders I war"I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine

" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

Apollo rose up, and said, "Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,

"Good king of the gods, with your vot'ries below "Your thunder is useless;" Then showin; his laurel

Cry'd, " Sic evitabile fulmen, you know; "Then over each head,

My laurels I'll spread, [dread

" So my 'one from your crackers no mischief shall
" Whi e snug in their club-room they jovially twine

"The myrile of Verus with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up. with his rifible phiz,
And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join,
"The full tide of harmony still shall be his.

"But the fong and the catch and the laugh shall be "Then Yove, be not jealous, [mine,

"Of these honest sellows.". [us, Cry'd Jove, "We retent, fince the truth you now tell "And swear by old Sepa that they long shall entwine

"The mystle of Venus with Bucchus's vine."
Ye fons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
"The ways to support what's so harvily placed."

'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd;
You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jova
While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be.

May our club flourish happy, united, and free:

And long may the fons of Anacrean entwine

The mystle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

In the golden barge we ride;
Down the filver Thames we glide,
Eternally picking
Cold ham and cold chicken;

Ladies fm ling and joking: Common-councilmen gutting and fmoaking,

Ladies joking, councilmen fmoaking, Smoaking, joking; joking, fmoaking,

Puff! puff! puff!— With flute, double flute, And ferpent to boot.

Hum! hum! hum! toot! toot! toot! With flats and with flarps,

French horns and Welch harps: And fometimes by fnatches,

Glees, canons, and catches, They fing and bawl away; Bebbiamo tutti tre,

Bebbiamo, &c.

And the city barge reigns
Up the river to Staines:

While Cheapfide Antonies are row'd in fase, And Allgate Cleopatras eat White-Bait, Eat White-Bait, &c. &c. &c. To Y Wh Seve

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Yet to know your paffion vain; To harbour heart-felt anguish,

Yet fear to tell your pain. What pow'rs unrelenting, Severer ills inventing,

Can tharpen pangs like thefe; Where days and nights tormenting, Yield not a moment's eafe.

DESTOW your attention on this little fong, If its not very good, it is not very long; I flatter my felf no person here grudges To give an opinion-you're monstrous good judges. The fage politician still low'rs on the times, On ruin and beggary ringing the chimes: The free-hearted fellows old quidnunc despile, Who revel like princes they're monstrously wife. The ladies, good creatures, mean all for the beff, Why, if the French come they will find us well dreft; Encamp'd fo like foldiers, trair powder'd & fruzzled, To decide which was which, they'd be monfiroufly puz Let no four grey beard deride their intention, [zled. Any lady among them could vanquish a Frenchman; Should the monfieurs invade, what with women and They'd be monstrously glad to get safe back again. men Some disciplinarians who service have known, Think Britens have fririt enough of their own; They fee with concern, our fair ladies roam, And think they'd be monftroufly better at home; Each night hither flock, let pleasure invite, Here Venns, Apollo, and Bacchus delight; If I but enjoy the gay fmiles of this throng. I shall think this of mine is a monstrous good fong,

- 123 GAY flattering hope the fancy warms, That none can fly from beauty's charms, And fill allures us with a fcene Of pleasure lovely and ferene.

When oft the dawn is roly red, Succeeding clouds the Ikies o'erfpread, So love, that feems at once fo fair, Its joys oft changes to defpair.

124 -COME hafte to the wedding, ye friends &ye neigh-The lovers their blifs can no longer delay; Forget all your forrows, your care, and your labours, And let ev'ry heart best with rapture to-day : Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call, Come revel in pleasures that never can cley. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy,

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition, Still croud to, and beat at the breaft of the great; To such wretched passions we give no admission,

But leave them alone to the wife ones of flate; We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health, In mirth and in friendship our moments employ. Come, fee rural felicity, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl; Are jocund and gay, but all within meafure,

For fatal excess will enflave the free foul. Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding, No care shall intrude, here, our bliss to annoy. Come, see rural felicity, &c.

--- 125 -OME hither my country squire, Take friendly i fructions from me ! The lords shall admire Thy tafte in attire, The ladies shall languish for thee. Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting, And frolicking thou shalt see,

Thou ne'er, like a clown, Shall quit London's sweet town, To live in thine own country.

A skimming dish hat provide, With little more brim than lace ? Nine bairs on a fide, To a pigtail ty'd, Will fet off thy jolly broad face, Such flaunting, Gc.

Go

Go get thee a footman's frock,
A cudgel quite up to thy nose;
Then frize like a shock,
And plaister thy block,
And buckle thy shoes at thy toes.
Such flaunting, &c.

A brace of ladies fair
To pleasure thee shall strive;
In a chaise and pair
They shall take the air,
And thou on the box shall drive.
Such flaunting, &c.

Convert thy acres to cash,
And saw thy timber trees down;
Who'd keep such trash,
And not cut a flash,
Or enjoy the delights of the town?
Such flaunting, gallanting, and jaunting,
And frolicking thou shalt see,
Thou ne'er, like a clown,
Shall quit London's sweet town,
To live in thine own country.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave, [Greve, Where honour and justice most oddly contribute To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet,

Derry down, down, hey derry down. [put on, There death breaks the shackles which force had And the hangman compleats what the judge but begun There the squite of the pad, & the knight of the post Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes Derry down, &c. [no more crost.

Great claims are there made, many fecrets are known And the king, & the law, & the thief has his own: But my hearers cry out, what a dusce doft thou ail? Cut off these reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws, And for want of salse witness to back a bad cause, A Norman of late was oblig'd to appear, And who to affift, but a grave cordelier. Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace wasto open the scene, Seem'd not in great haste that the shew should begin Now sitted the halter, now travers'd the cart, And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, Sc.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the priest You murder'd are forry, and have been confest? O, father! my forrow will scarce save my bacon, For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken, Derry down, Sc.

Poh! pr'ythe, ne'er trouble thy head with fuch fan-Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis: [cies If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest, You have only to die, let the church do the rest. Derry down, Sc.

And what will folks fay. If they fee you afraid? It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade: Courage, friend; to day is your period of forrow, And things will go better, believe me, to morrow. Derry down. &c.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd, in a fright; [night, He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-Tell your beads, quoth the priest, & be fairly tuck'd For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup. [up, Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat:
I should therefore esteem it a favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the father, & thank you to booth But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit The feast I propose to you I cannot taste, For this night by our order is mark'd for a fast. Derry down, &c.

Then turning about, to the hangman he faid, 10 Dipfatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;

For thy And we Derry

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Jove ki And to When ( (For no Reflect Says he But no Give m Let me

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For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie, And we live by the gold for which other men die. Derry down, &c.

COLIN. one day, in angry mood,
Because Myrtilla, whom he lov'd,
Laugh'd at his flame, and mock'd his sighs,
Thus fervently to Jova applies:
Oh, Jove! thou sov'reign god above,
Who know'st the pains of slighted love;
Hear a poor mortal's pray'r, and take
All the whole sex for pity's sake;
And then we men might live at ease,
Secure of happiness and peace.

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Jove kindly heard, (he pray'd not twice;)
And took the woman in a trice.
When Colin saw the coast was clear,
(For not a fingle girl was near,)
Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind,
Says he, to gratify my mind;
But now my passion's o'er, O! Yove,
Give me Myrtilla back, my love;
Let me with her on earth be bleft,
And keep in heaven all the rest.

COME liften, ye fair,
And the reason declare,
('Tis a point much your answer behoving)
Why the words of a scold,
As we often are told.
Are so very pathetic and moving?
Why the reason's soon shewn;
Was there ever man known.

Was there ever man known,
In his fenses, would tarry to hear her?
Then there needs little proving
Her words must be moving,
Since none who can move will stay near her.

COME all ye shepherds of the plain, Come ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain, Leave all your work, and haste away, For Damon weds his Philida. Let mirth and pleasure then go round, Let ev'ry heart with joy abound; And we'll be merry, brifk, and gay, For Damon weds his Philida.

The swains shall pipe in pleasing strains, The nymphs shall dance blithe o'er the plains, In honour of this happy day, That Damon weds his Philida. No melancholy shall be seen, All shall be happy on the green; For we'll cast all our care away. When Damon weds his Philida. The rose and lily we'll entwine, And ev'ry pleafing flower we'll join. And make a chaplet fair and gay. To deck the lovely Philida. Beneath their feet we flowers will ftrews And garlands hang on ev'ry bough; And all to grace the wedding-day Of Damon and his Philida,

FAIREST isle, all isles excelling.
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And sorsake her Cyprian grove;
Cupid, from his favourite nation,
Care and envy will remove,
Jealousy that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, fweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love,
Soft repulfes, kind diffaining,
Shall be all the pain you prove.
Ey'ry fwain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And, as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love:

F AIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
So eager he for billing,
When lo! the nymph the swain forfook,
To show her pow'r of killing:
The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,
And cty'd, coquette, remember,

The

The lover you refuse in June, You'll wish for in December.

Young Johnny foon met Philomel, Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny, She footh'd the love-fick fwain fo well, Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.

Coquettes take warning, change your tune,

This woeful truth remember, The lover you refuse in June, You'll wish for in December.

Alas! poor Kate! with scythe so sh arp, Time o'er her forehead ftruck her, And now her charms begin to warp, She's in a piteous pucker.

Coquettes, take warning, change your tune, This weeful truth remember;

The lover you refuse in June, You'll wish for in December.

I ROM filent shades and the Elyfian groves, Where fad departed spirits mourn their loves; From eryftal freams, and from the country where Fove crowns the fields with flow rets all the year : Poor senseless Bess, in atters cloath'd and folly, Is come to cute her love fick melancholy :

Bright Cynthia kept her revels late, While Mab, the fairy queen did dance; And Oberon did fit in fate,

When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowflip lies my dear, Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew; Each day I'll water it with a tear, Its fading bloffom to renew.

For, fince my love is dead, And all my joys are gone,

Poor Befs, for his fake, A garland will make.

My mufic shall be a groan: I'll lay me down and die within fome hollow tree,

The raven and cat, the owl and bat, Shall warble forth my elegy;

Did you not fee my love as he pass'd by you. His two flaming eyes, if he come nigh you

They will fcorch up your hearts.

Ladies, beware ye, Left he should dart a glance that may enfnare ve; Hark! hark! I hear old Charon bawl,

His boat he will no longer flay;

The fories lash their whips and call, Come, come away, come, come a ay :-

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came Since the world is fo mad the can hope for no cuie,

For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name, Which fools do admire and wife men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown, Ambrofia will, I feed upon. Drink nectar still, and fing Who is content, does all forrow prevent, And Bess in her straw, whilst free from the law, In her thoughts, is as great as a king.

133 HONEST lover, who foever, If in all thy love there ever Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame Were not still even, still the same:

> Know this; Thou lov'ft amis ; And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when she appears i'th' room, Thou doft not quake, and art ftruck dumb; And in striv'ng this to cover, the thick and Doft no fpeak thy words twie over : " ? ? ...

Know this, Thou lov'ft amiss And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou doft not mistake, And all defects for graces take; Perfuad'ft thyfelf that jefts are broken, When she hath little or nothing spoken :

Know this, Thou lov, ft amis; And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

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With ev' Tis then When ey And fries Fraught 1 Tis then When tw

Feel dead Torn from Tis then If when thou appear's to be withing
Thou lett's not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer's, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly:

Know this, Thou lov'st amiss; And to love true,

Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat, Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat, And with much gazing on her face Dost not rise hungry from the place:

Know this,
Thou lov st amist;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:
Know this,

Theu lov'st amis;
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

How prone the bosom is to sigh!
How prone to weep, the human eye!
As thro' this painful life we steer,
This valley of the sigh and teat.
When by the heart with forrow griev'd,
A thousand blessings are receiv'd,
With ev'ry comfort that can chear;
'Tis then bright virtue's grateful tear.
When ev'ry parting pang is o'er,
And friends long absent meet once more,
Fraught with delight, and love sincere;
Tis then sweet friendship's joyful tear.
When two fond lovers, doom'd to part,
Feel deadly pangs invade their heart,
Torn from the object each holds dear;

Tis then, O then! the parting tear.

When wretches, on the earth reclin'd, Their doom of condemnation fign'd, (The end of earthly being near;) 'Tis then foft pity's gentle tear.

If on some lovely creature's face, Rich in proportion, colour, grace, A pearly drop should once appear; 'Tis then the lovely, beauteous tear.

When mothers, (O! the grateful fight)
Their ch Idren view with fond delight;
Surrounded by a charge fo dear,
'Tis then the fond, maternal tear.

When lovers see the beauteous maid, To whom their fond attention's paid, With conscious blushing sobs draw near; 'Tis then the lovely, pleading tear.

When two dear friends, of kindred mind, By ev'ry gen'rous tie conjoin'd, Behold their dreaded parting near, 'Tis then, O then! the bitter tear.

But when the wretch, with fins oppress'd, Strikes in an agony his breast; When torn with guilt, remorfe, and fear; 'Tis then the best, the saying tear.

AH! why should fate, pursuing
A wretched thing like me,
Heap ruin thus on ruin,
And add to misery
The griefs I languish'd under,
In secret-let me share,
But this new stroke of thunder,
Is more than I can bear.

How pleasant a failor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main!
No treasure he ever amasses,
But chearfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
o hanour and honesty true,

And

And would not commit a base action,
For power or profit in view.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?

A light heaft, and a thin pair of breeches,
Goes thorough the world, my brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the bleffings of life.
The toiler with plenty rewarding,
Which plenty too often breeds firife.
When terrible tempefts affail us,
And mountainous billows affright,
No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
But skilful industry steers right.
Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
Who rules at the helm of the state,
Than we, that to politicks strangers,
Escape the snares laid for the great.
The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try;
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Then why, &c.

IF you at an office folicit your due,

And would not have matters neglected,

You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,

To do what his duty directed.

Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent, She, too, has this palpable failing, The perquifite foftens her into confent; That reason with all is prevailing.

If the whitpers the judge, be he ever to wife,
Tho' great and important his truft is;
His hand is unifiedly, a pair of black eyes.
Will kick up the balance of justice.

If his passions are strong, his judgment grows weak

For love through his veins will be creeping;

And his worship, if near to a round dimplid cheek,

Though he count to be blind, will be pecking.

WHEN the roly morn appearing,
Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
Bees on banks of thyme disporting.
Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming Carol sweet the lively strain They forsake their leasy dwelling, To secure the golden grain.

See, content, the humble gleaner, Takes the scatter'd ears that fall Nature, all her children viewing Kindly bounteous cares for all.

How happy a flate does the miller posses, who would be no greater, nor fears to be less; On his mill and himself he depends for support, which is better than servitely cringing at court.

What tho' he all whiten'd and dusty does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not sit to be
The hands of his betters are not very clean; [seen
A palm more polite may as direily deal'
Gold, in handling, will stick to the singers like med

What tho' if a pudding for dinner he lacks, He cribs, without scruple, from other men's sacks In this, of right noble example he brags, Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate, In this too he mimicks the tools of the state. Whose aim is alone his own costers to still, As all his concern's to bring grists to his mill. He eats when he's hengry, & drinks when he's did And down when he's weary contented does he; Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing: If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

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WHEN Britain's queen on Albion's strand
First landed from the German main,
Neptune, the guardian of our land,
With Naids join'd, and sung this strain:

Hail, happy isle;
Whose sun has seldom seen,
So gracious, so
Belov'd a queen.

Fair freedom dreads no galling chain, In George and Charlotte's love fecure; For while the laws his will restrain, Her mild commands our hearts allure.

Britons with glory,
With glory crown the day,
From whence fprung George
And Charlotte's fway.

In her the power to charm is feen, With unaffected wit and fense; A truly great, yet humble mien, Effulgent truth and innocence.

And when no more these virtues shine, Save in the bright historic page, Or in her own illustrious line, Prolong'd by heav'n from age to age.

Still Britannia

Her grateful voice shall raise,
In joyful strains,
To Charlotte's praise.

THE breed came forth frae the barn,
And the was diting her cheeks;
How can I be married to-day,
That ha' neither blankets, ne theets?
That ha' neither blankets, ne theets,
And wants a covering too?
The breed that has aw things to borrow,
Has e'en right muckle to do,

Woo'd and marry'd and aw; Marry'd and woo'd and aw;

And was she not very weel off. To be woo'd and marry'd and aw? What is the matter? quoth Wolly, Though we be scant o' claiths, We's creep the claifer together, And drive away the fleas. The fummer is coming on, And we's get pickles of woo; We's fee a lass of our ain, And she'll spin blankets enow. Then up spake the breed's mother, The deel flick aw this preed! I had ne a plack in my pocket, The day I was made a breed. My gown was linfy winfey, And ne'er a fark at aw; Ane you ea' gowns and bulkins, Mair than ane or twa. Then up spake the breed's fether, As he came frae the plough: Hawd your tongue, my daughter, And yese get geer-enough; The flirk that gaus in the tetker, And our brawd baffen yade, To lade your corn in harvest : What wad ye ha', ye jade? Then up spake the breed's brother, As he came home frae the kye; Wolly wou'd ne'er ha' had you, Had he known you as well as L. For you're baith proud and faucy, Ne fit for a poor mon's wife;

Then up spake the breed's fister,
As she sat down by the fire:
O, gin I married to neet,
'Tis aw that I'd desire;
But I, poor girl, must live single,
And do the best I can;

Gin I ne'er ha' a better than you,

I'fe ne'er ha' ane in my life.

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We's creep the claifer together,
And drive away the fleas.
The fummer is coming on,
And we's get pickles of woo;
We's fee a lass of our ain,
And she'll spin blankets enow

Then up spake the breed's mother,
The deel stick aw this preed!
I had ne a plack in my pocket,
The day I was made a breed.
My gown was linsy winsey,
And ne'er a fark at aw;

Ane you ea' gowns and buskins,
Mair than ane or twa.

Then up frake the breed's fether

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And yese get geer-enough;
The stirk that gaus in the tether,
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I'se ne'er ha' ane in my life.

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As she sat down by the fire:
O, gin I married to neet,
'Tis aw that I'd desire;
But I, poor girl, must live single,
And do the best I can;

Mm

I did not care what came o' me, So I had but a gude man, Woo'd and marry'd, &c.

e 142 WHEN Farmy to woman is growing apace, The role-bud beginning to blow on her face; For mamma's wife precepts she cares not a jot, Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what. No fooner the wanton her freedom obtains. Than, among the gay youths, a tyrant she reigns; And finding her beauty fuch power has got, Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what. Tho' all day in splendour she flaunts it about. At court, park, and play, the ridotto and rout; Tho' flatter'd, and envied, yet pines at her lot, Her heart pants for fomething, but cannot tell what. A touch of the hand, or a glance of the eye, From him she likes best, makes her ready to die; Not knowing 'tis Cupid his arrow has shot, Her heart pants for something, but cannot tell what. Ye fair, take advice, and be bleft while you may; Each look, word, and action, your wishes betray Give ease to the heart by the conjugal knot, [what. Tho' they pant e'er so much, you'll soon know for

- 144 THEY fay there is an echo here, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try; Ha !- 'tis not here-ha !- nor is it there, You'll find it by-and-by. Pray try again-ha!-try again. Perhaps this place more likely is; We'll find it by-and-by. Ha! -- Ha! Echo. - ha! - ha! That's it-that's it: By Youe, you've hit it to a T. Ecbo. Tea; The echo calls for tea. Ecbo. It calls for tea-'tis very droll, Echo. roll.

The echo calls for tea and roll. Ecbo. roll. It feems to be in a humour to cram. Ecbo. To cram - cram, cram, cram, cram, Echo. - ham - - ham, ham, ham, As I hope to live, it calls for ham. - 145 -I HERE was an old man, & tho' it's not common Yet, it he said true, he was born of a woman: And tho' its incredible, yet I've been told He was once a mere infant, but age made him old! Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for fome meat, And, if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat; When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot, And his liquor, most commonly ran down his throat. He feldom or ever could fee without light, And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night; He has often been awake in the day time, 'tis faid, And has fallen afleep as he lay in his bed. 'Tis reported his tongue always mov'dwhen he talk'd And he stirr'd both his arms & his legs when hewalk'd And his gait was fo odd, had you feen him you'd For one leg or t'other would always be first. [butft, His face was the oddest that ever was seen, For if 'twas not wash'd, it was feldom quite clean; He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin And his mouth flood acros' twixt his nose & his chin man, Among other strange things that befel this good year He was married poor foul, & his wife was a woman; And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd, We may roundly affirm he was never with child. At last he fell fick, as old chronicles tell, And then, as folks fay, he was not very well; But what was more strange, in so weak a condition

As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

But peace to his bones that in afthes now moulder!

Had ne liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

What pity! he died; yet, 'tis faid that his ceath

Was oceasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath;

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WITH a chearful old friend, & a merry old fong, And a tankard of porter, I could fit the night long, And laugh at the follies of those that repine, [wine Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great; Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate; But what I abhor, and deem as a curse, Is meanness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then let us, companions, be cheerful and gay, And cheerfully spend life's remainder away; Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise, For, the more we are eavy'd the higher we rise.

THE farmer's dog leapt over the ftyle,
His name was little Bingo.
The farmer's dog leapt over the ftyle,
His name was little Bingo.
B with an I—I with an N,
N with a G—G with an Q;
His name was little Bingo:
B—I—N—G—O!
His name was little Bingo.

The farmer lov'd a cup of good ale, He call'd it rare good stingo. The farmer lov'd, Sc.

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And is not this a fweet little fong?

I think it is—by jingo.

And is not this, &c.

I with an I, &c.

YOU know I'm your priest and your conscience is But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign, [mine So leave off your raking, and marry a wife, And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life, Sing Ballynamono, oro,

A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride & the bridegroom in coats white as snow

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look, You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballynamono, oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away, She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey. You take her dear hand to have and to hold, I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing, &c. That snug little guinea for me.

SINCE Kathleen has prov'd so untrue, Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off, and gallop to town:
I'll dress, and I'll strut with an air,
The barber shall frizzle my hair.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash. 
At gaming, perhaps, I may win;
With cards I can take the flats in,
Or trundle false dice, and they're nick'd;
If found out, I shall only be kick'd,

But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But first, I'll be sure he won't fight.
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot without powder, and the devil a ball.

DEAR Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find fleep how very fweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis,
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along, to bid
Good morrow to your night-cap,

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Last night a little bowsy
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
To let me fit beside her.
Her anger rose,
And sour as sloes,
The little gypsey cock'd her nose:
Yet here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your night-cap.

" Beneath the honey-suckle,
" The daify and the vi'let

" Compose io sweet a truckle,

"They'll tempt you fure to spoil it.

" Sweet Sal and Bell

" I've pleas'd fo well—
" Bu hold, I must'nt kiss and tel

" So here I've rid,
Along, to bid

"Good-morrow to your night cap."

OUR reck'ning we've paid, here's to all bon repos, The decks we have clear'd, & 'tis time we should go A coach did you say? no, I'm sober and strong, Waiter! call me a link boy, he'll light me along. Obsequious the dog with his dripping-torch bows, Your honor, poor Jack, sir, your honor, Jack knows For the sake of the pence hus he'll honour me on, Gold-dust strows the race-ground where all honor's

Hold your light up! what half-naked objects here lye,
Thus huddled in heaps? good your honour, they cry;
To poor creatures, your honour, some charity spare
Honour's phrase is necessity's common-place prayer
Young perishing out-casts thus nightly are found,
No parishes care, they're too poor to be own'd.
For he, in these times, wou'd be policy's scorn,
Who distress wou'd assist, yet expect no return.
With courtier-like bowing the shoe cleaners call.
And offer their brush, stool, & shining black ball
Japanning, your honour, these colourists' plan,

And, really, some honours may want a japan.

To varnish the taste is,—as cases from dust,
Each picture now glares with a transparent crust;
Nay, some ladies faces are colour'd like blinds,
While men use japanning, which masquerades minds
Of honour, of freedom, yet England can boast,
And honour and freedom's an Englishman's toast;
May infamy ever deserters attend,
But honours crown those who our honours desend.

JOCKEY faid to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a whit, quoth Jenny, for my fortune good,
For my fortune good, I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quoth Jockey, ye may let me be.
I ha'e gold and gear, I ha'e land enough,
I ha'e feven good oxen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and wand'ring o'er the lee;
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I've ain geud house and barn, and eke a bire,
A peat stack 'fore the door, will make a ranting fire
I'se make a ranting fire, and merry we will be,
And gin you will not ha've me, ye may let me be,
Jenny sid to Jockey, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,

Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

As you mean to fet fail for the land of delight, And inwedlock's foft ham mocks to fwing ev'ry night If you hope that your voyage fuccessful should prove Fill your fails with affection, your cabin with love, Let your heart, like the mainmast, be ever upright, And the union you boast like our tackle be tight; Of the shoals of indistrence be sure to keep clear, And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

If husbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives, [wives They must reckon themselves, give the helm to their For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail, And on ship-board the helm is still rul'd by the tail,

Then lift to your pilot, my boy, and be wife; If my precepts you foorn, and my maxims despite, A brace of proud antiers your brows may adorn, And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horns

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No She's WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,
That you with youth uncommon,
Have forr'd the girls this trick,
And wedded an old woman?
Happy Dick!

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Each belle condemns the choice
Of a youth fo gay and sprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly a
Happy Dick!

Though odd to some it sounds,

That on threescore you ventur'd,

Yet in ten thousand pounds

Ten thousand charms are center'd a

Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short liv'd flower;
Nor can the fairest maid
Insure her bloom an hour;
Happy Dick!

Then wifely you refign,

For fixty, charms to transient;

As the curious value coin

The more for being ancient;

Happy Dick!

With joy your spouse shall see
The fading beauties round her.
And she herself still be
The same that first you sound her;
Happy Dick?

Oft is the married state
With jealousies attended;
And hence, through foul debates;
Are nuptial joys suspended:
Happy Dick!

But you, with such a wife,
No jealous fears are under ;
She's yours alone, for life,
Or much we all shall wonder ;
Happy Dick!

Her death would grieve you fore,
But let not that torment you;
My life! she'll see fourscore,
If that will but content you;
Happy Dick!

On this you may rely,

For the pains you took to win her,

She'll ne'er in child-bed die,

Unless the devil's in her a

Happy Dick!

Some have the name of hell
To matrimony given;
How falfly you can tell,
Who find it fuch a heaven;
Happy Dick!

With you, each day and night
Is crown'd with joy and gladness;
While envious virgins bite
The hated sheets for madness;
Happy Dick!

With spouse long share the blise
Y' had miss'd in any other;
And when you've buried this,
May you have such another;
Happy Dick!

Observing hence, by you
In marriage such decoruma
Our wifer youth shall do
As you have done before 'em s
Happy Dick!

My wife she died last Saturday night,
I buried her on the Sunday;
I courted another, in coming from church,
And I married again on Monday.

On Tuesday after, I stole a horse;
On Wednesday apprehended;
On Thursday, I was tried and cast,
And To morrow the week will be ended.

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NEW

## NEW SONGS fung at Public Places in 1784.

## SONO I.

HEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother oft wou'd in a rage,
Cry, girl take care in time;
For you are now fo forward grown,
The men will you purfue,
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, huffey, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasten o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young sylvan swain;
Yet by the bye, I must declare,
I virtue had in view,
Altho' my mother cry'd beware,
Mind, hussey, what you do.

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand;
His blooming face and comely mien
I could not well withstand;
But strait to church we tript away,
With hearts both firm and true,
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say—
Mind, hussey, what you do!

Ye laffes all aftend to me,
And hence this leffon learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,
Altho' your mother's crying still,
Afind, husey, what you do!

LET poets praise the flow'ry mead,
The moss-clad hill, the dale;
The shepherd piping on his reed,
The maid with milking pail;
The lark who soars on pinions high,
Or sweetly purling rill,
While I bresth forth a tender figh
For Molly of the Mill.

In vain to fing her charms I try,
And all her beauties trace;
Such brilliancy informs her Eye,
Such excellence her face,
Her easy shape, engaging air
My breast with transport fill;
No nymph so pleasing or so fair
As Molly of the Mill.

Tis not her person charms alone,
The beauties of her mind;
Wit, sense, and sentiment, we own,
In her are all combin'd;
Such is the nymph who sways my heart,
And makes my bosom thrill,
Adorn'd by nature more than art,
Sweet Molly of the Mill.

FOR the brook and the willow forfaking the plain, Young Celia came mournfully speaking her pain, Soft zephyrs and willow, kind brook lend your aid, Regard the complaint of a wrerched fond maid, To the willow, the willow complain.

While echo repeats the sad cause of my pain.

If the man that I love should here chance to stray In murmuring sounds, let the brook softly say,

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' Dea To tree I prof On the Whill They I I told And w Each All bid I faid He ap

If I off I, la Thofe Thy We'll r

Then

We me For a And I, But

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> > Re

For you ev'ry fhepherd fhe us'd with difdain, But Strepbon, alas, is a false-hearted swain. To the willow, &c. Tenfnare

For the fake of the nymph, whom your wit did Add a tear to the brook, add a figh to the air; But if your hard heart doth relentless remain, May you love as I love, and like me love in vain. To the willow, &c.

WHEN first my sage mother began to advise, Dearest Nancy (faid she) to be virtuous and good, To treacherous man shut your ears and your eyes.' I promis'd for certain I wou'd if I cou'd. On the green when I danc'd, and the lads call'd me While fighing and flatt'ring on tip-toe they stood, They begg'd I'd believe them their Vows were fin-I told them I certainly wou'd if I cou'd. And when my dear Jockey appear'd on the plain, Each elderly maiden and ill-natur'd prude, All bid me beware of the blooming young fwain. I faid with a figh I wou'd if I cou'd. He approach'd with delight, and call'd me sweet Then whisper'd with all the respect that he shou'd If I offer'd my hand, you'd refuse, I'm afraid; I, laughing, reply'd, I wou'd if I cou'd.

Those smiles are propitious, the shepherd then cry'd Thy meaning, tho' humble, be foon understood, We'll meet in the morn, & I'll make you my bride, I promis'd, with blushes, I wou'd if I cou'd. We met this blest morning, and hasten'd away, For my shepherd is honest, and faithful, and good And I, fimple I, faid I'd love and obey; But certainly meant, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

WHEN dewy morn on moon beams bright, Invite our nymphs to sport and play; To me their fongs give no delight, Love tunes my fad and mournful lay; And all the day long, I fing this fad fong, Return to my arms, my dear fwain;

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O love bring him here. To banish my care. Or-give me my heart back again. He promis'd he foon wou'd return, While tender fighs befpake his truth; Yet fill my Jemmy do I mourn, I still lament the absent youth. And all the day long, &c.

Thus Jenny fung among the broom, Where lift'ning flood her conftant fwain; The lad came forth, he ken'd him foon, And carroll'd sweet her alter'd firain. Now all the day long, Love and joy claims my fong; For Jemmy once more cheers our plain; Fond love brought him here, To banish my care, Not to-give me my heart back again.

I Told a sweet damfel a tender soft tale, Each eve as we fat in the shade, In hopes that in time my fond fuit might prevale For she was a delicate maid. I faid that my love was fo ardent and true, That nothing my paffion cou'd cure, But she only answer'd, ah! what will you do? 'Tis a pity indeed to be fure,

I play'd on my pipe, and fung a fost fong, The fentiments warm from my heart: She listen'd attentive, but then ere 'twas long, Declar'd it was time to depart. I press'd her white hand with a languishing smile, And faid, pity the pangs I endure, But no other answer cou'd gain all the while, Than, pity indeed to be fure. At length little Cupid affisted my plan, To fosten the nymph to my mind, My wishes to crown, and my heart more trepan, She foon became tender and kind;

To church the next day the confensed to go, Suspense I no longer endure, For wedlock's the greatest delight we can know, COME,

'Tis charming indeed to be fure,

COME, and crown your Billy's wishes, Vain's the task you now pursue; Leave, O leave, those pewter dishes, Think not they can shine like you.

What, the curling streams around thee, Quick in circling eddies play, Beauty's lustre might confound me, Did not those obscure its ray.

While you fcour that radiant pewter, Which reflects your roly hue; Who'd not wish to be a fuitor To its bright reflexion too.

FORTUNE's like a tight—or flip shoe,
As I've heard that poets say;
If tight it galls—if loose it trips you—
So I'll keep the middling way.
Tight shoe nips you—

Loose shoe trips you.

Nips you,

Trips you;

So I'll keep the middling way.

SINCE I feel I am growing old,
Let me not united prove
Fire and water—heat and cold—
The feythe of time and fhaft of love.

But would you know the art
Of possessing the heart,
Unrivall'd fix'd—constant and kind,
That loves you—not your poss,
Fall in love—with yourself,
And the devil a rival you'll find.

BILLY Briftle fcorns to rank with those slims,
Who with heelpiec'd constitution, and with never
Yawn out a life of pleasure: [paid for clothes,
They faintly squeeze the hand, while I boldly
squeeze the toe; [cry out oh!
But 'tis all in the way of business, tho' the ladies
Of the foot and the heart I take measure,

Like a double channel pump, & as smart as a seal.

Skin shoe, [wear out two,

Tho' I don't much look the beau-but egad I'll Who yawn out life a pleasure,

And faintly squeeze the hand! while I boldly squeeze the toe, [cry out oh! For 'tis thus I fit the ladies, tho' they sometime Of the foot and the heart I take measure.

THE stag through the forest, when rouz'd by the Sore frighted, high-bounding. slies wretched, forlorn Quick panting heart burshing, the hounds nowinview Speed doubles! speed doubles! they eager pursue, But 'scaping the hunters again through the groves, Forgetting past evils, with freedom he roves—Not so in his soul who from tyrant love slies, The shaft overtakes him, despairing he dies.

BEAT on my heart, eyes pour your tears, Corroding grief consumes my years; As thou, my girl, I once was glad, But now a widow ever sad.

Love made me happy for a while, And then, like thee. I'd chearful fmiles Now like the willow droops my head, I mourn a lover husband dead.

WHEN cruel parents fullen frown,
And loud complaints and chidings stun me,
I cry, "alas! if I'm undone,
"Tislove, dear love! that has undone me."
Oh how happy, happy e'en in ruin!
What pleasures flow from my undoing!
My parents, friends, were all forgot,
When once my true love came a-wooing!

No terrors from the world I fee,

No fear of babblers I discover;

Talk on, gay world! the world to me

Is my dear constant, constant lover!

O how happy, &c.

Can ye, ye old, refuse consent?

Oh let not rigid rules entrap ye!

As on To char Viewing He from Alarm of

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The fair Ambrof Had hea And foo To his f Which

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For what means prudence, but content?

Or what content, but to be happy?

Oh how happy, happy! &c.

AS once a gentle red-breast took his stand,
To chant his song upon Eliza's hand;
Viewing the garden with a wishful eye,
He from his lovely mistress strove to sty:
Alarm d, she caught him quickly to her breast,
And thus the soolish flutt'ring bird address'd:

" What though, when morning gilds the plain,

" And nature's fongsters crowd the spray,
"You never trill your love-taught strain,

" Melodious to the bright ning day:

" Torn from its mate, thou ne'er shalt know

"What pangs a lover's breast invade,
"Nor pour thy tale of tender woe

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" Mid the dark forest's dreary shade."

The faithful Damon, who had feen him fip
Ambrofial fragrance from Eliza's lip,
Had heard him oft his plaintive notes prolong,
And footh her with his foft enchanting fong,
To his feather'd friend this lesson did impart,
Which foon recall'd and fix'd his wand ring heart:

" Sweet focial bird, contented rest, " Eliza's captive still remain,

"With ev'ry kind endearment bleft"Tis liberty to wear her chain,

"Then swell for her thy little throat, "For her attune thy sweetest lay;

"Her beauty will inspire each note,
"Her smiles thy labour well repay."

AH! where is my Damon, ye fongsters, ah where!
Say, what can occasion his stay?
He press'd me to go with him once to the fair,
And I told him it must be to day:
When he ask'd my consent, I agreed with a smile,

And foon as we fettled the plan,

He promis'd to wait for me here at the stile, And I'm certain he'll come if he can. But 'tis not the crowd of the village I feel,
Nor does Damon delight in such joys;
For well I remember he told me last week;
Content sted from tumult and noise:
His heart is a stranger to falshood and guile
No virgin he strives to trepa;

He promis'd to wait for me here at the sti le, And I'm certain he'll come if he can.

Though great folks, to make me a wife may be Though Damon no riches can boast, [glad, From his childhood he shar'd with me all that he And his kindness shall never be lost. [had,

As a boy I partook of his sports and his toil, So his fortunes. I'll share as a man;

He promis'd to wait for me here at the file, And I'm certain he'll come if he can,

WHEN o'er the downs, at early day,
My lowland Willy hi'd him
With joy I drove my cows that way,
In milking to abide him:

In milking to abide him;
My bonny bonny lowland Will,
My bonny lowland Willy;
My bonny bonny, &c.

O love, to shew thy pow'r divine, Make the lowland laddy mine, My bonny bonny, &c.

'Twas o'er the downs he first began
To tell how well he lov'd me;
Cou'd I refuse the charming man
Ah! no, his passion mov'd me.
My bonny bonny, &c

My Willy's love to me is joy,
I own'd it soon believe me;
To Kirk I'll hie me wi' the boy,
For he will ne'er deceive me.
My bonny bonny, &c.

WHAT virgin or shepherd in valley or grove,
Will envy my innocent lays,
The song of the heart and the offspring of love,
When sung in my Corydon's praise,
O'er

O'er brook and o'er brake as he hies to the bow'r, | My love to obtain with endearments effay'd How lightsome my shepherd can trip,

And fure when of love he describes the soft power, The honey dew drops from his lip.

How sweet is the prim ofe the violet how sweet. And fweet is the eglantine breeze,

But Corydon's kiss when by moonlight we meet, To me is far sweeter than these

I blush at his raptures, I hear all his vows. I figh when I offer to speak

And oh what delight my fond bosom o'erflows, When I feel the fost touch of his cheek.

Responsive and shrill be the notes from the spray, Let the pipe thro' the village refound,

Be smiles in each face O ye shepherds to day, And ring the bells merrily round :

Your favours prepare my companions with speed, Affift me my blushes to hide,

A twelvemonth ago on this day I agreed, To be my lov'd Corydon's bride.

WHILE absent from the swain I love, Tho' dull each feason of the year,

I know his mind can never rove, And still to him I'll prove fincere,

While absent, Oc.

What are all the beaux of pleafure, That around the city rove, Or the mifers wealth or treasure, To the shepherd I approve, He has ev'ry charm to please me, He alone is my defire, Cease ye coxcombs then to teazeme, Damon only I admire. Damon, &c.

N fearch of some lambs from my flocks that had One morning I roam'd o'er the plain, [ftray'd, But alas, after all the enquiries I made, I found it was labour in vain.

Then vex'd and fatigu'd I reclin'd in the shade, And fung how young Colin the fwain,

But he figh'd and he footh'd me in vain.

Ah me! filly fool thus I chid my coy heart, Who cou'd let him unpitied complain, And fuffer a bosom untainted with art To despair and still labour in vain.

From the copie full of rapture my Colin flew light Where he lurk'd and had heard my fond frain Now, now, said be, Phabe my passion requite And no more let me labour in vain.

A blofh gave my hand and my heart to the youth While he thank'd me and thank'd me again, And now to deny a return to his truth Lack a day, it were labour in vain.

> RECITATIVE. AH Celia why affect disdain, To vex the heart you most approve. Why wou'd you give the shepherd pain, Because he's true to thee and love, Coquettish airs and pride give o'er, In time sweet maid in time relent, The fwain tir'd out may fue no more And you too late, too late repent,

Celia let not pride undo you. Love and life fly fwiftly on, Love and life fly fwiftly on, Let not Damen still pursue you, Still in vain till love is gone, Let not, &c. When your beauties are decay'd, You'll repent and die a maid. You'll repent &c. See how fair the blooming role is, Once by all so justly prais'd, When the rose its fragrance looses, See the wither'd thing despis'd. Da Cape. When the rofe, &c.

WHAT foft pretty things both by night and by Was it not your fond cuftom to promite and lay,

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low we fancy lou'd fi What w The lav f I had n my r In m

f once We fhor But love If they

 $\mathbf{W}_{\mathbf{F}}$ And. What w With I faw Oh! I

Oh Was ! To v And lea Tho'

Iam And th You prest me, Carest me, hardly was able to answer you nay. I hardly, &c.

But then you cou'd go, and to others be kind, by to bring other maidens as much to your mind, Careft them,

And prest them,

faw not your falshood, for love made me blind.

But now all my fondness is turn'd into hate,

I'll have my revenge you shall feel 'tis from Kate,
I'll haunt ye,

To daunt ye, ay doubts and suspicions thro' life be your fate.

To court at one time three young maids ye bold How well must you think of that creature yourself I fancy one of us might very well do, You'd find me enough of all conscience for you.

What wou'd you have done if all three had complied The law fays one thepherd can have but one bride, if I had been rated the third of a wife, In my rage I had made you be tried for life. In my rage, &c.

If once we cou'd do without love and the men, We shou'd not be cozen'd again and again, But love is our errand, and swains speak their mind If they were more sheepish we might be too kind.

WHEN you knelt at my feet,

And kis'd me so sweet,

What was I to think or to do?

With joy and with pain,

I saw my dear swain,

Oh! I had not been in love but for you.

Was it worth fo much art,
To win a poor heart,
And leave its young owner to grieve,
Tho' a dupe to your charms,
I am fafe from your arms,
And the tengue that was made to deceive.

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nd by

ay,

Get you gone you false lout,
Your tricks are found out,
Be hooted for this off the plain a
May the nymph ne'er be true,
Who is courted by you,
May you love, and be lov'd not again.

I'M not to be flinted in love,
Nor yet to be flinted in ladies,
I thought I cou'd bill like a dove,
And courting my pleasure and trade is:
I lik'd one for the charms of her face,
For wit and for wisdom another,
The third for a nameless foft grace,
Then why is so mighty a pother?
Put all these perfections in one,
To one only one I'll be fleady,
But surely the swain you won't shun,
Who for beauty at all times is ready.

LET us fly to cooling bowers,
From the hot and fultry hours,
From the hot and fultry hours;
Let us feek the shelt'ring shade,
Where the sun beams can't invade,
Where the sun beams can't invade,
Let us. &c.

Who for, &a

All our passions may be still.

Near the gently purling rill.

Ev'ry tumult of the breast,

Silent groves can lull to rest.

Farewel then to strife and noise,

Welcome sweet and tranquil joys.

Silent groves, &c.

Farewel sweet and tranquil joys, Sounds of riot charm no more, Rural scenes can peace restore, Rural scenes can peace restore, Rural, Sc.

WHEN

WHEN the trumpets shrill notes call'd the sold-Each youth lest soft pleasure for wars rude alarms. The trumpets shrill notes led to conquest & same, And each youth is return'd with a heroes great name. And each, Sec.

Fair beauty now invites the swain,
Where peace and pleasure ever reign,
To tragrant wood and shady grove,
Sacred to friendship and to love.
Sacred to. &c.

When the trumpets shrill notes shall again call to Again our protectors shall shield us from harms, When the trumpets shrill notes shall again lead to same Bright conquest their valour and worth shall pro-Bright conquest, &c. [claim.

A SOLDIER, a foldier, a foldier for me,
His arms are fo bright,
And he looks fo upright,
So gallant and gay,
When he trips it away,

Who is so nice and well-powder'd as he.
Sing rub a dub rub a dub rub a dub a dub dub
Thunder and plunder, sub a dub

A foldier, a soldier, a soldier for me.

Each morn when we see him upon the parade,
He cuts such a stash,
With his gorget and sash,
And makes such ado,
With his gaiter and queue,
Sleeping or waking, who need he asraid,
Sing, rub a dub, So.

Or else when he's mounted so trim and so tall,
With broad sword in hand,
The whole town to command,
Such capers, such prances,
Such ogling, such glances,
Our hearts gallop off, and are left at Whitehall.

Sing taran tantaran tantaran tantaran tan
'I'rumpet and thump it,
A foldier, a foldier, a foldier for me.

A foldier, &c.

YOUNG Patie blames me ev'ry day, For having 'gin my hand away, For, having, &c.
Unto a care that's dim and auld, Because that he had store of gold, Yet Patie must by me be taught.

It was not mine but Mither's fault.

I was too young to think of love,
Which made me then her choice approve,
But had I then my Patie seen,
Auld Gilpin's wite I ne'er had been,
By charms of gold I then was caught,
Yet 'twas not mine but Mither's fault.

Yet fince I'm wedded I'll be true, And keep my word and honour too, Perhaps Auld Gilpin foon may die, Then Patie may his place supply, But if by age again I'm caught, It sha'no be my Mither's fault.

I N I S.

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